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Fathers and Mothers

Read every word on this page revealing the cold bare facts on exposing children's knees in winter

GREAT authorities on bone diseases, lung and kidney trouble deplore the present fad for children to go without long stockings during the Fall or Winter and thus be submitted to the insidious chilling which can come from exposing the knees. By following this fad, parents are not hardening growing children but taking a cruel chance with them, risking their very health, and sometimes wrecking a whole life of happiness. Read what some of these world-known authorities have told us. Their names are not published in accordance with their wishes, but are on file. Their advice will coincide with that of your own doctor. Ask him.

Expert Opinion

"I think it's a crime. You don't know what pelvic or kidney troubles you are developing. Chilling always brings about congestion and that induces infection. It's a great crime, a pitiful crime, not to cover children's knees."

"Doctors have noticed that among girls who are dressed scantily according to the present style, there is an increase in cases of cystitis (inflammation of the bladder) which is thought to be directly due to chilling the lower parts of the body."

"When mothers bring their children to me, I advise covering the knees because I'd rather err on the side of safety for the child."

"It's a question that has concerned us here for a long time (at a famous hospital for children). I don't think that fat children or under-weight children should be dressed with exposed knees in cold weather. Fat children have the least resistance to the cold. They are the first ones to go under—they have low metabolism, you see. Under-weight children are next least able to withstand cold. Both of these classes of children should be protected."

"Bare knees in damp or cold weather presuppose to arthritis. People have enough trouble in their knees without exposing them to any more."

"In summer time it may be fine for children to have bare knees because sunlight is always good for the skin, but in temperate climate there is not enough value in winter sunshine to make exposure worth while."

"By analogy the argument is reasonable that exposure of the knees or upper limbs makes a lowered resistance that conduces to bladder infection (the bladder being a very delicate membranous part in which bacilli can work much as they do in the nose membranes). Then it probably lowers the bars for any number of other infections of nose, throat or lungs, and might give tuberculosis a start.

Long Stockings Help Keep Them Well

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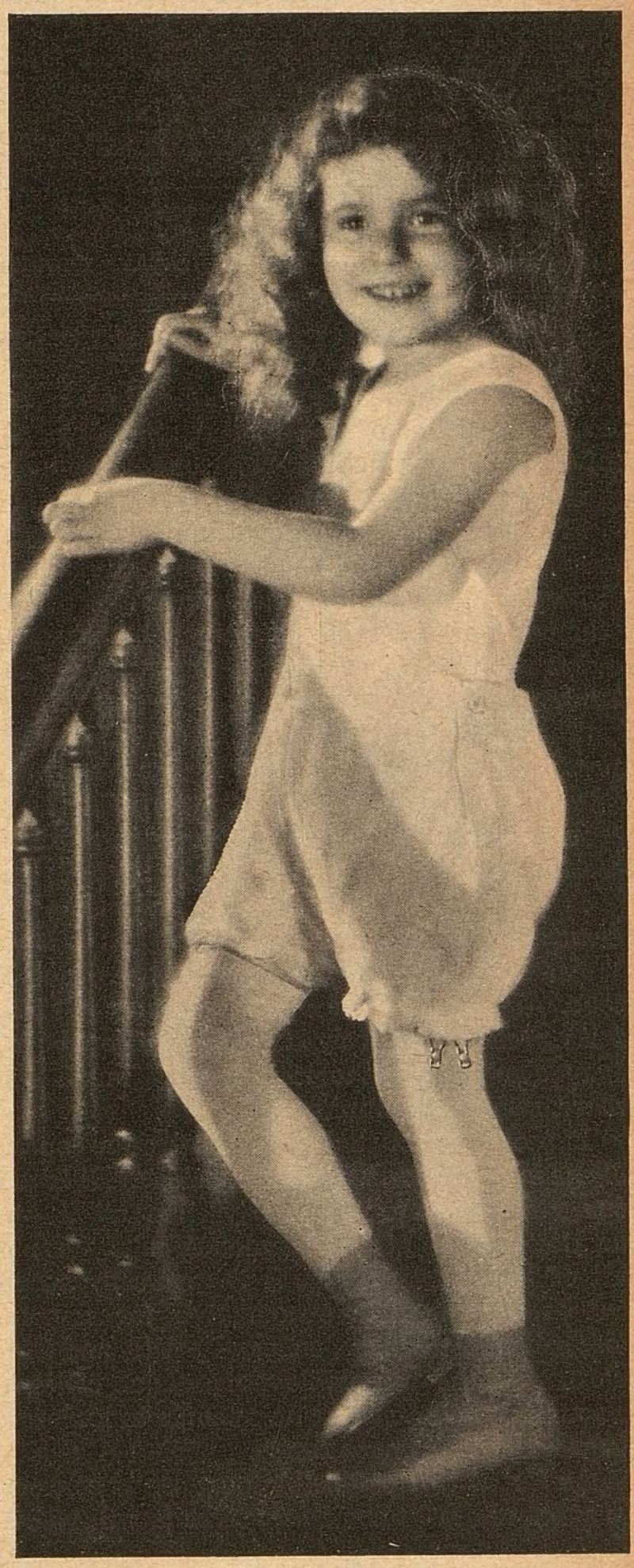
Since bare knees at this time of year can work such tragic things with children's health, as some of the greatest authorities on arthritis, bone diseases, lung and kidney trouble will attest, surely parents cannot afford to take the chance of not giving children the simple protection of long stockings. Better be safe than sorry. And, see that the stockings are held properly and neatly in place with HICKORY GARTERS of real live rubber. Made to last — of genuine Hickory Elastic (the same as you buy by the yard). At your favorite notion department; Hickory Garters, 25c and more.



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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

YALE BOYS OR YALE MEN?

President James Rowland Angell of Yale said recently that one of the gravest difficulties at the university is the inclination of undergraduates to go away week-ends.

If the weekly exodus continues, he added, the university may have to do something about it. "There has more than once been urged," he said, "the wisdom of establishing the habit of required registration in New Haven once or twice on Sunday."

There is also a tendency, more or less widespread, to deplore the old days when the boys at Yale sat on the fence, sang "Drink Her Down," went in for hazing, and held a great get-together meeting the night before the big football game.

If this editorial is of any consequence it is because it discusses a situation that has to do with all American universities and colleges, not Yale alone. Yale is simply a symbol, and the attitude of its president merely a manifestation of what many academic authorities, pretty much everywhere, seem to be thinking.

It seems to us that the object of a course in college is twofold. Primarily, we'd say, it is to live four years, and as pleasantly as possible—what the Declaration of Independence calls "the pursuit of happiness." But it is generally assumed that everything is a preparation for something else: school for college, college for life, and life for death. So the ostensible purpose of college, as announced, is to teach young people to understand the world and prepare for it.

As far as this ostensible purpose is concerned, we cannot help feeling that students will be better prepared and will have more understanding of the world if they are not cloistered in academic shades throughout nine months of each year.

We can't see why it is not as broadening to see the world when they are of college age—assuming they keep up in their studies—as in later years, when, presumably, they will have less leisure to learn things.

The more self-control they are permitted, the more manly they will become.

It is stated at Yale that automobiles have a bad influence on undergraduates—that they are a temptation to get drunk and reckless and dangerous. None but members of the senior class may own or operate them while they are in residence at New Haven.

It may be true that automobiles are a temptation, but driving them is a part of the life these students probably will live after college. Most young men, when they come out of Yale or any university or college into the world, will have occasion to own or at least drive automobiles.

It will be to their advantage to learn to drive as young as possible. If accidents happen—well, danger is the common lot of mortals. Taxi drivers and truck drivers of no greater age than college students, and anyone who takes the family riding of a Saturday night, all take risks.

Transportation is an essential part of our daily existence. We do not believe grown men should be kept away from it because they happen to be attending a university.

We know some will disagree, especially parents. But the question is an important one, and it hasn't been solved yet in the universities.

At least there is room, we think, for a difference of opinion.

Is it in all ways best to say a student must not drive an automobile while he is a student? Or, as another Yale rule provides, that he may not use a motorcycle? Or, as threatened at Yale, that he must punch an academic time-clock twice on Sunday to show he can't go away?

In other words, are students in American institutions to be treated as boys or men?

We think treating them as men is better. They will become men sooner after they leave school. Now, most of the new-fledged graduates are incredibly callow. It costs most of them too much time and too many hard knocks to get over the rah-rah stage.

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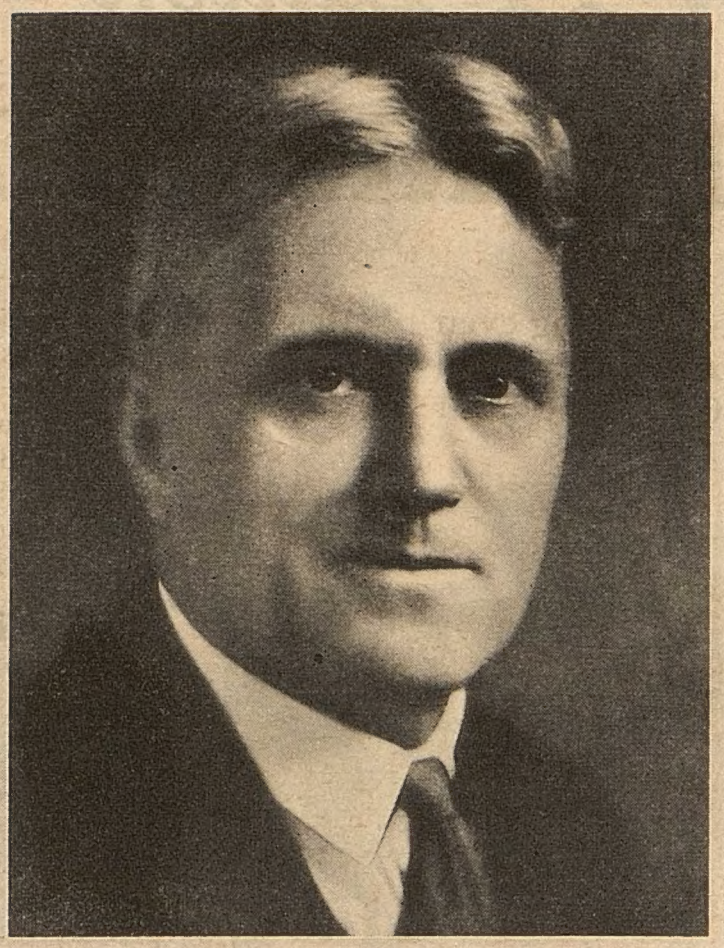

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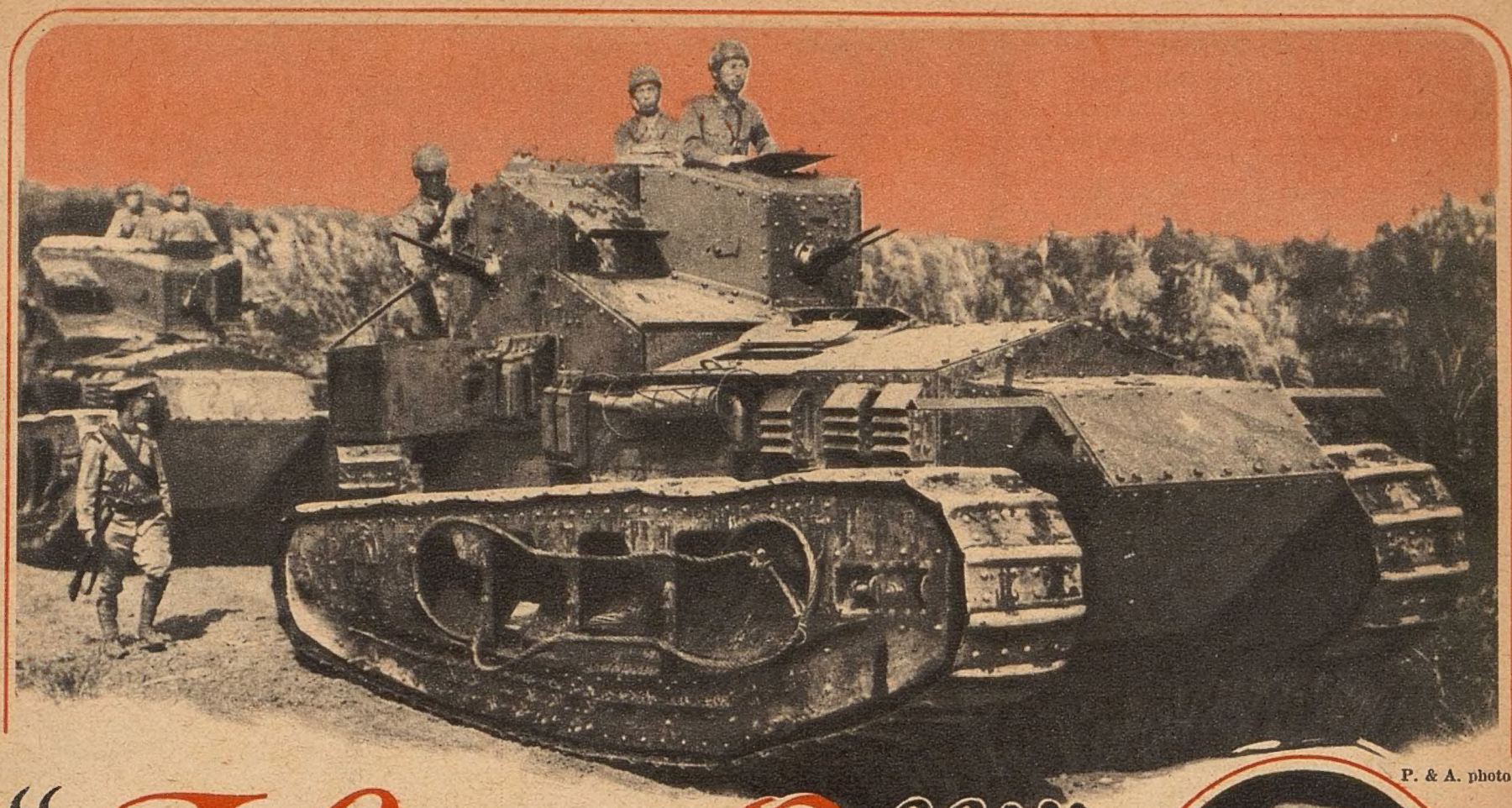


P. & A. photo

"Hands Off!" Says JAPAN

An Inspection of the Two-Sworded Warder of the Turbulent East

U. & U. photo

Japan's new premier, Yuko Hamaguchi, whose government, although pledged to economize, is not stinting the army and navy; and above, Japanese tanks in maneuvers.

By

FREDERICK PALMER

dean of American war correspondents, whose articles on How They Drink in Canada have recently appeared in Liberty. His investigation for the concluding article of that series led him to British Columbia, and he was in Vancouver when the Russian-Chinese altercation in Manchuria reached the boiling point. Liberty at once asked him to go to the Far East—and like the veteran campaigner he is, he caught the next boat.

THEIR problem is not installments on their radios but their meal tickets—the billion people between the China coast and the Mediterranean Sea. They are a majority of the population of this earth that communications are daily making smaller.

The Mediterranean side of Asia is known as the Near East and the Chinese side as the Far East. The long-repeated "Look out for a little row in the Balkans to start a big row!" was a prophecy about the Near East. It was confirmed by the assassination at Sarajevo which started the World War.

Today the worry-spot has moved across Asia to the Far East. As I write, a clash between Russia and China over a stretch of single-track railroad in northern Manchuria, which does but a fraction of the business of a trunk line between Chicago and Omaha, is signaling alarm in world headlines.

The traveler's picturesque Asia of robes and turbans which gives us weird plots for movies with colorful backgrounds! Mysterious Asia of Buddha and Confucius and the baffling Oriental mind! My aim will be to present it in modern realities.

After seeing much of the Far East in my youth, I had my last glimpse of it twenty years ago. That is a basis for comparisons.

Before I had been long on board a trans-Pacific liner Seattle and San Francisco seemed as far away as New York and London.

Among my fellow passengers were Japanese business men and officials, and a Chinese delegation, under a cabinet minister of the new Nationalist government, which had been abroad studying foreign methods in commerce and labor.

All the Chinese were young. The chief, a colonel in the Nationalist army, who spoke English, French, and German fluently, was only thirty-one. Youth for action youth for revolution.

Not one of those Japanese or Chinese might settle in the United States or Australia. They might live there only as students, tourists, or diplomats.

A limited number may enter Canada but they may not bring their women so as to breed their kind. No meal tickets for Asia's millions in western lands.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

["HANDS OFF!" SAYS JAPAN
Continued from page seven]

You might think that this would make a common cause for an Oriental solidarity. That possibility envisions the "yellow peril."

While the westerners of all the races on board ship mingled with one another, not so the Chinese and Japanese. In vain I tried to draw them together for a talk. One explanation of this was in that map of Japan and the coast of China which I showed to Japanese and Chinese in turn.

"You have China sewed up tight!" I said to a Japanese.

"Aw! So!" was his only reply, as if I had given him a piece of news.

When I showed it to the young Chinese they understood what the sixty-three million Japanese had done to the four hundred and fifty million Chinese.

"We are a little late," said one of the young Chinese.

Sixty years late after the 4,000 years of Chinese history, the Chinese "study boys." Sixty years behind the Japanese study boys who modernized Japan, which now has the third if not the second most powerful navy and the most trained soldiers of any nation in the world.

With this map before me, I shall make Japan the subject of the first of these articles. In the voyage across the Pacific you come to Japan first, with that little dot of Hawaii the only land on the way. To grasp the Far Eastern situation from the Philippines to that stretch of the Chinese Eastern Railroad, you must start with Japan's part in it.

You must also go over some history as an approach to understanding the map of the East. It is as necessary as a review of the World War would be in explaining the present map of Europe to a visitor from Mars; or of the American Revolution in answering an inquiry as to why the United States, although English-speaking, is not a part of the British Empire.

Seventy-odd years ago, when Commodore Perry steamed into Tokyo Bay to open Japan to the world, we thought the Japanese were savages and they thought we were. Perry sprang the same kind of surprise on Japan as it would be if in the present year of grace some strange-looking aircraft were to appear above our coast and drop a few little pills which spread gas and put Richmond and Baltimore to sleep.

Then suppose the commander of these aircraft were to send down word from his aërial base, suspended by some unknown power against the law of gravity, five or six miles high:

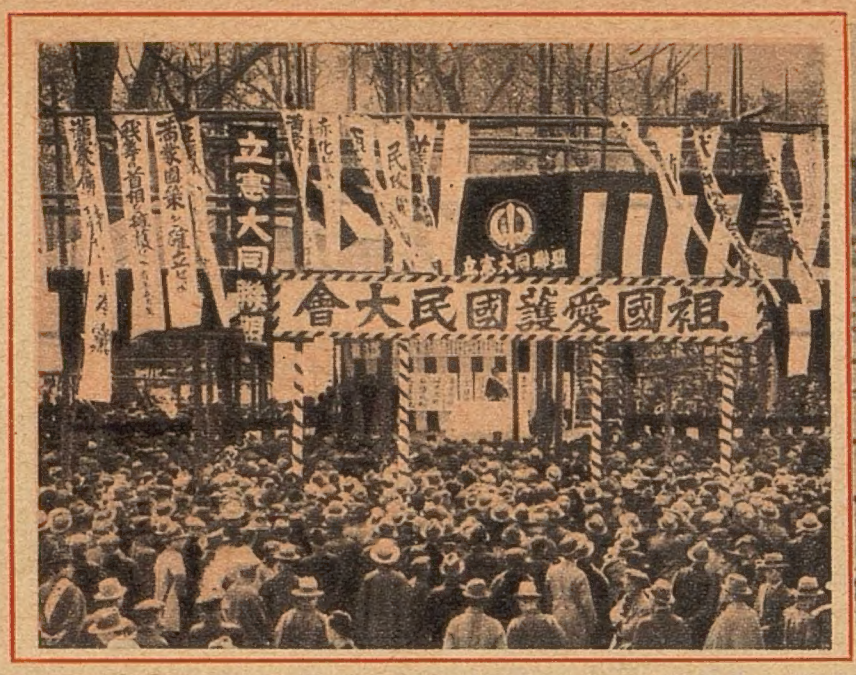
"We think it's time we developed your planetary market for exports from our planet Mars. If you are not agreeable we will drop pills on the White House and the Capitol and then move on to New York and Philadelphia. For your earth has got to come into the great planetary game. You must be modernized."

THEN the home defense leagues and the pacifist societies and the Wets and the Drys would see eye to eye. Every Republican senator would be back on the reservation and every Democrat an administration supporter.

We should be a united people as favorably disposed to the Martian suggestion as the passengers of a stagecoach to the "Hands up!" of bandits. That was the way the Shogun felt in granting treaty ports ruled by foreign consuls where the western barbarians might begin trading—even on the sacred soil of "Under Heaven Land."

While the Chinese have always been individualistic and governmentally disorganized, the Japanese, when Perry came, were very highly organized.

Under the Shogun, hereditary lord for three centuries, were the princes and *daimyos* of the different states with the power of life and death over their subjects. Under the *daimyos* as retainers were the *samurai*, or gentlemen of various grades, some two millions of them, all with their names in the Social Register, as it were.



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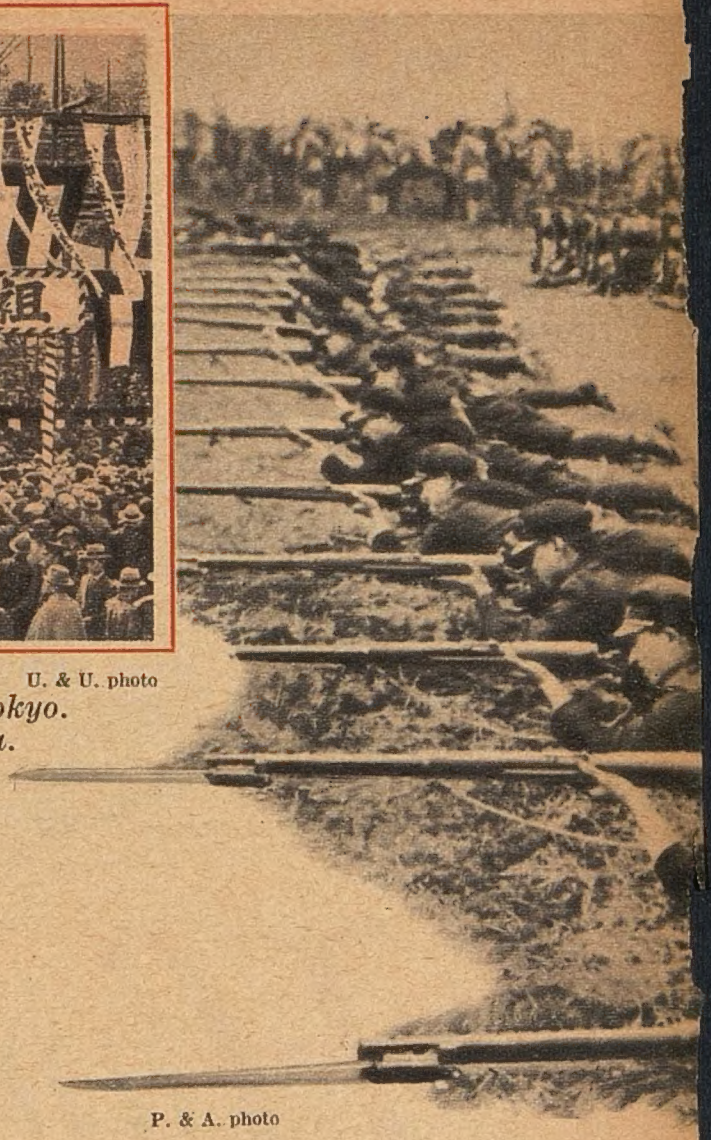
A recent anti-Red mass meeting in Tokyo. The speaker is ex-Premier Tanaka.



P. & A. photo

Tokyo college students going through military maneuvers in an Army Day celebration.

The *samurai* alone had the right to bear arms. They wrote verse, fenced, intrigued, philandered, and discussed the makes of their swords as we discuss the makes of our automobiles. A *samurai* had to keep in training. Physical fitness was more than good form to him. If he got soft and his sword arm uncertain, in the eternal feuds he might be hurried to meet his ancestors whom his defeat had shamed. When he wanted to see if a new sword had a good edge, he might cut down any passing common man, who would have no redress.

THE rest of the population supported the *samurai*. They too had their social grades. At the bottom were the *eta*—outcasts or pariahs, who did the butchering, carried the swill, and emptied the latrines.

So every Japanese had his number. He was ticketed, card-indexed. He had to have a passport if he moved from one town to another. He knew his place and knew it would be his son's.

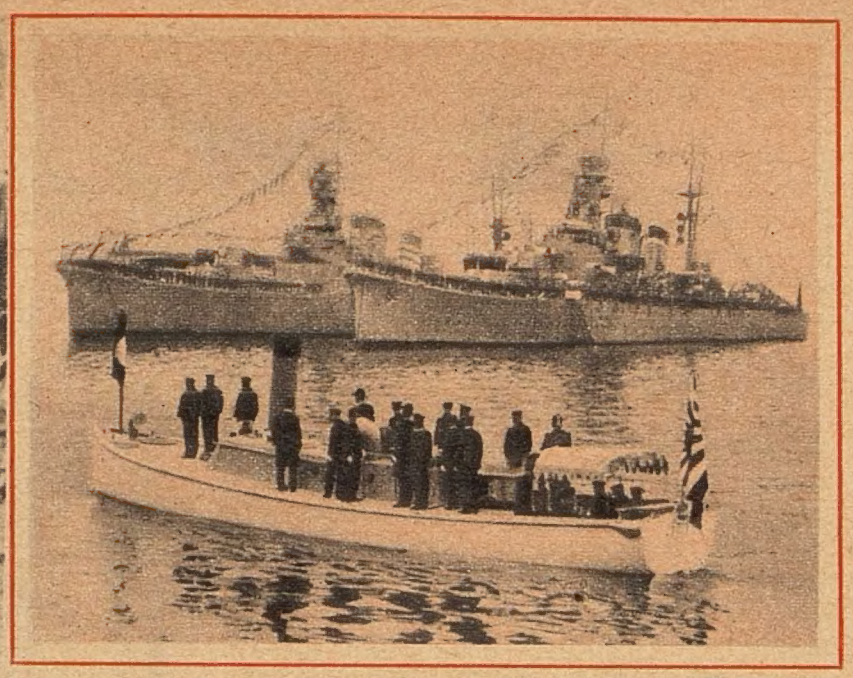
One of every five Japanese was a spy reporting any word spoken against the government, any suggestion that all was not for the best in the best of worlds, even when a *samurai* tested his sword on your flesh.

Only one of the five knew which was the spy. This led to soft speech and a poker face. It was the most conventional, molded civilization in human history, in those islands of screens and frail wooden houses.

Except to fish, no Japanese was permitted to leave the shores of Japan, and foreigners were forbidden to enter. Blessed Under Heaven Land would have no truck with barbarians. This proud old family would have no neighbor's children playing in its aristocratic back yard.

Three hundred years of this, in relation to the many centuries preceding, produced the Japanese mentality which led Lafcadio Hearn, who became a Japanese subject, to conclude at the end that no foreigner could ever become one of these people. Long before Christopher Columbus was born, the Japanese melting pot had finished its task and produced racial solidarity.

What was the mysterious power, puffing smoke from the tubes in the middles of Perry's ships, which made their paddle wheels go round and propelled the iron balls from the tubes sticking out of their sides? Those iron balls could reach farther than the arrows sent from Japa-



U. & U. photo

Two new Japanese cruisers are inspected by the Emperor from his launch.

nese bows. They left Japanese swordsmen to slash hopelessly in the air.

Japan's thought at sight of those ships was the same as ours would be when the Martian aircraft began dropping the pills. The thing to do was to get the stranger's weapons, turn them on himself, and forever rid Under Heaven Land of these barbarians who walked into the house with their boots on and sat in chairs instead of squatting on clean mats.

But when the first study boys went forth to look and see, they found that it was not a flat world; and how small a part of it was their little Japan—and how mighty was the white man! There was only one way to save Japan from the fate of India and from what seemed to be the coming fate of disorganized China, and that was fully to adopt foreign ways and get into the international game.

A far-seeing group of young *samurai*, led by Ito and Inouye, pioneer study boys, spread the gospel. That old one-in-five spy system meant an instinct for gaining information and using it wisely. The Shogun of three hundred years' hereditary rule was unhorsed, and Mutsuhito of the divine royal line, which traced its origin from the maternity of the sun goddess twenty-six hundred years ago, was put on the throne for the great Mei-ji epoch of westernization. Research historians say there are some breaks in the line, but that is not to be mentioned in the royal household.

WITH a people so molded to discipline, westernization meant only a change of routines under command of the godhead of the Emperor. Silk and tea, which the foreigners wanted, paid high wages for foreign instructors in all branches from industry to the army and navy; and paid for ships and arms until Japan should be able to make her own. If ever a people had had a lesson in the value of force, it was the Japanese. Their army and navy kept growing stronger. Soon this martial race was doing everything "on its own" in the military branch.

Foreign embassies and distinguished visitors know Japanese hospitality, foreign style, and the charm of entertainment, Japanese style, where the *geisha* girls dance. The *geisha* has been a most valuable adjunct in Japanese foreign policy, and after the foreign-style dinners Japanese officials go home to their kimonos in relief.

There is the red-carpeted approach to the Imperial Presence for very favored foreigners, and also the decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun, Third Class. Starting fresh, the Japanese adopted what they thought was the best for their purpose from the customs of the different foreign nations.

In 1894 little Japan surprised the world by jumping immense China. Most of the Chinese did not know there was a war; and those who did thought it was a private affair of the statesmen in Peking. By that victory the island of Formosa with a government monopoly of camphor was won, and also the Pescadores to increase the length of the island chain. Now Japan had become somebody at the world's council table. Force had done it. Britain made Japan an ally.

Russia's formidable mass, then held in such awe, was advancing to the Pacific. Russia had Port Arthur, she was building a great port at Dalny, she was threatening Korea and Japan's dominance of the China seas. In 1904 Japan dared war with Russia before the astonished world; and I learned something of Japanese character in following her armies in their victories to Mukden.

Japan was exhausted in men and money. She was not yet on Russian soil. A strong Czar, a Peter the Great, an Ivan the Terrible, or an Alexander III, would have kept on; but weak Nicholas yielded.

JAPAN annexed the Korean peninsula, she had Port Arthur, she had control of Manchuria—as an outpost on the Asiatic continent such as England once had in France. The situation was the same as if Cuba had taken Florida and had railroad control in Georgia and the Carolinas. Japan's ambassadors, no longer ministers, now sat up close to the head of the world's council table. There was an end to the talk of breaking up China under European protectorates—so strong was Japan at the gate.

And Ito and Inouye of the group of *samurai* leaders had lived to see it. They were old men of the group known as the *genro*, the wise elder statesmen of Japan. Cabinets might come and go, but they were the final council as they put their heads together considering a crisis and all the reports of the study boys. When they made their decision they took it to the Emperor to be announced as his own.

Only one of the *genro* now remains, Prince Saionji, who is past eighty. Recently a premier said in the afternoon that his government was going to stick; but that evening he resigned. Saionji had told him it was time to go. Saionji had seen the Emperor, and the Emperor said so because Saionji said so.

And the spoils from Russia had included a part of another island, long narrow Sakhalin, opposite the Siberian port of Vladivostok on the edge of the arctic.

As an ally of Britain, Japan was against Germany in the World War. Her flag went up in place of the Kaiser's over the strong German protectorate in the Chinese province of Shantung.

As a first-class power at the Versailles Peace Conference, what was Japan asking for? Those mandated German islands, the Marshalls and Carolines and the Marianas, to extend the chain southward to the equator. Such small islands—but land on the Asian side of the broad Pacific!

Now look at the map! Through all the climate range from the arctic to the equator, Japan's island chain is complete. For comparison, imagine such a chain, the stronghold of a foreign power, extending off our Atlantic coast from Newfoundland to Cuba, or off our Pacific coast from opposite Puget Sound to past the Mexican border. It will help you to appreciate the shrewd foresight of the *genro* in acquiring those islands to complete their island

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

["HANDS OFF!" SAYS JAPAN
Continued from page nine]

empire. It will help you to realize how Japan, as I said, has China sewed up tight.

For every passage through that island chain from the Pacific to China and the reverse is, relatively, a narrows like that between the Atlantic and New York harbor. Only two of the passages are so deep that mines cannot be laid; but submarines with bases in safe harbors could lie in wait in them and airplanes from nearby bases can patrol them.

In a lonely position south of China are the Philippines. Japan could have our little garrisons there under siege in a week. Hong Kong, Britain's Chinese outpost, could not hold out long unless the British battleship fleet came to its support; and only the battleship fleet could prevent the Japanese taking Australia. Hence the British naval demand for the base at Singapore to protect India.

These, without unfriendly implication, are the facts of the map which nothing can gainsay.

"But you will find Japan changed," I was told. From some accounts I might have concluded that all the girls were out of kimonos and wearing bobbed hair and that the *samurai* spirit had departed from all the men.

In character the Japanese are about as changed as the French or Germans. There are fifteen million more Japanese than there were twenty years ago, but they are the same kind of people.

The man still stalks ahead of his wife out of the dining room and along the street. Even in the few hotels that have chairs and foreign ways, she is rarely in foreign dress instead of the kimono with its pillowlike *obi* which is meant as modesty's protest to disguise that she has breasts or hips, or that one part of her body is particularly adapted for sitting down.

When I called upon a Japanese who has been much abroad and speaks English well, he remarked incidentally, "My wife," as a woman brought us tea and cakes. I rose at the mention of the servant's identity, but he did not as he continued with the conversation, while she withdrew with a low bow. Later, when he and I left the house together, she brought his *getas* and went down on all fours in the old-fashioned Japanese obeisance to male superiority.

"You might take that for any foreign city," said an American as we looked out of the window at the new reinforced-concrete, earthquake-proof buildings in the heart of Tokyo, which such admirable and marvelous industry has built since the earthquake.

"Have the people still the same awe of their divine Emperor?" I asked.

"In a different way, perhaps. One of the irritations of business men is that, when the Emperor passes, all the windows of the upper stories must be closed and everybody must go downstairs, as no one must stand above him or look down on him."

A DISPUTE was on when I was in Tokyo because the windows of a new high building gave a glimpse of the windows of the Emperor's palace surrounded by its moat whose high stone walls are overhung by the branches of ancient pine trees.

Great concrete bridges and piers, warehouses and new manufacturing plants—but the click of the wooden *getas* was as noticeable in the railway stations as of old, and no larger a percentage, it seemed to me, were wearing European clothes than wore them twenty years ago.

The heart of Tokyo may have western structures and bronze statues of departed *genro* of the Mei-ji era in frock coats, but where the mass of people live there are the same one-story houses and little shops for mile on mile. They have the same thin wooden walls, the same sliding partitions with paper windows, which make life in a Japanese home as public as that of a goldfish in a bowl.

In the village in a valley at the foot of a hydroelectric plant—and no country has been quicker to develop its water power than Japan—dress, food, and sanitation were much the same as when Perry came. Electric light and bicycles (so much in use in Japan) and an occasional automobile passing on the main road marked the only vital difference. There are 47,000 automobiles in all Japan, fewer than in an American city of a quarter of a million people. Of these automobiles only 5,000 are privately owned; and the rest are for hire.

Scuff, scuff go the *getas*—wooden *getas* and cotton kimonos are cheap—to the doors of the textile factories in Nagoya and in Osaka, which now has 2,000,000 people. Wide kimono sleeves are looped back in tending the machines. Then scuff, scuff back go the industrial automatons to squat on the mats of their wooden houses, whose rents are about one-fifth of those paid by a family of factory workers in the United States. And all wanting more comforts and wishing they could have some meat instead of so much fish!

A street of Tokyo as rebu

U. & U. photo

A maiden in the kimono and obi of Old Japan—with a finger wave.

Japanese cotton mills are underselling the British not only in China but in India and other British Asian colonies. The Japanese have been buying out British mills in China until now they have 500,000 spindles there.

I saw Japanese coolie laborers carrying the earth in baskets on their backs in the excavation for the abutments of a new bridge—a job that was obviously the steam shovel's. In Japan human backs and arms, both men's and women's, are still cheaper than many forms of machinery.

Not quite the same as of old but still there, in the rebuilt Tokyo, is the *Yoshiwara,* the section of the city set aside for the prostitutes. The women are not exhibited in the windows any more, but the new façades are even more sumptuous in appeal.

It is still a dutiful act of sacrifice for girls of the poorer classes to sell themselves for sums which will relieve their parents of financial distress; and still those who survive and return with a bonus, to which they are entitled by law, may marry in their own class and become respectable wives.

Modern Japan has not yet broken with that ancient tradition which it considers the most practical solution of the social evil.

Very, very much the same were those square-shouldered stocky figures that I saw looking out of the doors of passing box cars of a train that was moving a battery of artillery. For those were specimens of the pink, the "absolutely fit," the cream of the male youth of Japan.

With so many to choose from in the rapid increase of population, the army divides the men called to the colors each year into the "absolutely fit" and the "fit." The best go into the army for one year and ten months; with only ten months for certain occupational exceptions. The standing army is 200,000 of the pink.

The playgrounds in front of the schoolhouses are drill grounds. Every boy wears a uniform school cap. Every boy in the middle schools has thorough military drill. There are five million men of service age in Japan who have had military training.

In case of war, scuff, scuff—every man numbered, every peg falling into its hole—to the mobilization stations, where *getas* and kimonos are replaced with boots and khaki uniforms.

With more than 3,000 steamers, Japanese built, on call to transport them, it is estimated that Japan could land a million men, fully equipped, in China within thirty-five days, all being under thirty and of the "fit" and "absolutely fit" classes.

This is one reason—the most potent one, when talking ends and fighting begins—why Japan means to dominate the future of Asia. Another is her navy

Ewing Galloway photo

...er the earthquake and fire.

which guards the passage for troops crossing.

The Japanese civilian sees his army, but rarely sees ships of his navy, that mysterious supreme power of national defense whose secrets are guarded by a people who have such a gift in "the security of information." And who keep that navy up-to-date! Perry's lesson in the value of modern arms remains deeply instilled.

Not even the most distinguished of guests, to whom the most flattering attention would be paid and for whom red carpet would be spread to the palace door, is ever invited on board a major ship of late design. At Kure, Japan's main naval base in the landlocked Inland Sea, she has concentrated arsenals, docks, and shipbuilding plants.

U. & U. photo

Women at work in one of Japan's big cotton mills, which are underselling the British in China and India.

WITH her three-to-five capital-ship ratio to Britain and America won at the Washington Arms Conference, Japan no less than Britain turned to see what were the possibilities for increasing naval power advantageously in the nonlimited classes of vessels.

Submarines? Japan ought to have a few more for the defense of her straits through the island chain, although China had no navy and the Russian navy had been destroyed. She has sixteen new submarines laid down to three for the United States, and nineteen new destroyers to our none.

And light cruisers—the type with long steaming radius which can run away from anything afloat and lick anything except a battleship or battle cruiser? Japan should hardly need them, since her problem would be one of short distances in the China seas, with the natural defense of the broad Pacific at her back.

But the far-ranging ravages of the German cruiser Emden in the World War had shown what damage, in a future war, a large number of fast cruisers could inflict on an enemy's shipping in distant seas. Japan has thirty-three cruisers to our eighteen. Her military policy is the offensive-defensive. Hit the other fellow before he reaches your window in the middle of the night with a jimmy.

Where does Japan get the money for armaments when her wealth is about one-thirtieth and her national budget one-fourth of ours? Personnel costs little. Her conscript soldiers and sailors get barely more pay in a year than our men get in a week. But beyond that she makes a sacrifice for military power that is incredible when judged by the standards of other great nations.

Japan has her Fords, Rockefellers, Du Ponts, and Mellons, although their millions are to our magnates' as one to twenty. Two families, the Mitsui and Mitsubishi, are rivals in interlocking ownership of banks, mines, and industries. The Mitsui support the Seiyukai political party and the Mitsubishi support the Mensei. Manhood suffrage from the age of twenty-five—woman suffrage is not yet in sight—does not prevent power being concentrated in a few hands in an increasingly industrialized land. Bonuses, such as Wall Street gives to employees at Christmastime, are a method of encouraging workers by sharing profits.

THERE is much talk of political corruption on the part of statesmen who feel they are worthy of their hire. Descendants of *samurai*, who sometimes long for the good old days before westernization, say that this is the result of the passing of standards; of the mixing of the *samurai*, the common people, and the outcast *eta* of the feudal days; of an era in which men, regardless of birth, are honored in proportion to their bank accounts.

The Mitsubishi were up and the Mitsui down when I arrived in Japan. Hamaguchi of the Mensei had just come in as premier, in place of Tanaka of the Seiyukai, who had held the reins for three years. To the victor the spoils. That meant a new governor general of Korea, a new president of the profitable South Manchurian Railroad, and new governors of the different states whose governors are appointed by the premier instead of being elected. Concentration holds in peace as in war, in modern as in feudal Japan.

The new government, pledged to retrenchment, lopped off ninety million yen in the national budget, but of this only five million were for the army and two million for the navy, and even through the earthquake disaster Japan was putting aside a sum each year toward building new capital ships when the time limit set by the Washington Arms Conference should expire.

But be Mitsui or Mitsubishi, Seiyukai or Mensei in power, there is one problem which haunts all councils. Japanese have not changed in their love of children. They want lots of them, boys. Little sister soon learns that little brother is the mighty male.

Japan's sixty-three millions are increasing at the rate of nine hundred thousand more mouths to feed every year, and this though the national death rate is so high—over nineteen to the thousand.

The area of the main islands is only that of California; and this area is so hilly that a very small per cent of it is arable. The tough bamboo grass, which seems ineradicable, prevents cattle raising. Even goats will not eat it. Japanese diet lacks the important vitamin that comes from milk products.

Does the answer to the pressure of population lie in emigration or industrialization? Whither may the excess emigrate when the white races have preëmpted all the temperate zone outside Asia? To Manchuria or Korea? There the Japanese, already used to a higher standard of living, is worsted in competition by the natives.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

["HANDS OFF!" SAYS JAPAN
Continued from page eleven]

To Hokkaido, the northern island which grows good wheat and which will support ten million more people? But in this case the populace, usually so docile, will not respond to the government's direction. The government has had some success in giving those under court charges the alternative of jail or settlement in Hokkaido.

Industrialization? More factories?—when tariff walls are high and China is manufacturing cotton goods for her own consumption?

Why have so many babies? the foreigner asks. Why the Mussolinian birth-rate model instead of that of France? The racial answer you may discern before the Shinto shrines. Shintoism is the religion of patriotism, a 100-per-cent Japanese religion which seeks no converts from other races.

It calls for children to worship ancestors for the glory and beauty of Under Heaven Land. Whereas the ancestor worship of the Chinese is for the worshiper's family's sake, Shintoism assures the worshiper himself of immortality in a heaven that stretches no farther than the boundaries of Japan. The spirit of the soldier who dies for Japan will hover over his village and witness the pride of his parents in their son.

Back of the racial cult is the government's attitude. When a foreigner wrote an article in a Japanese newspaper offering his solution of the problem, the words "birth control" were deleted by the censor. The suggestion that three children were enough for a Japanese family for the present was not allowed.

So keep on having babies! A way will be found to care for the eighty millions twenty years hence as a way has been found now to care for sixty, though forty at one time seemed too many. It will be if you schoolboys drill hard and every ant in the beehive works hard.

Japan has known no famine, although a large proportion of Japanese are undernourished in the American sense, which may account for a lower average of productive energy than we have. Agitation against the liquor traffic has been almost negligible, despite the fact that so many millions of bushels of rice are consumed annually in making *sake*, rice beer.

AND what of those radical tendencies of the educated younger men of which I had heard much? Japan established colleges to meet the demand for trained men in the process of modernization. Production now exceeds demand. Parents have made sacrifices to educate their sons. No country has a greater excess of college graduates than Japan. They feel they have become *samurai*. It is beneath them to work with their hands.

When a Tokyo newspaper announced that it had six jobs for cub reporters at thirty-five dollars a month, half of the thousand applicants were found worthy of examination. Embittered young intellectuals were turning Red and forming groups in touch with Moscow to Bolshevize Japan. The government gave them rope until it had the goods on them, and then suddenly pulled the noose one day in a nation-wide haul of 1,400 ringleaders, the news of which the censor suppressed for several weeks. They await trial in jails which are not of the prison-reform type. Those who are penitent and show a good spirit may be allowed to settle in Hokkaido.

The racial solidarity and wonderful patriotism of the most homogeneous of peoples remain unaffected in the mass. "Wound one Japanese and we all bleed." Their inheritance and training glue them together.

"I knew it was a heavy one," said a Japanese who was caught in his bath in the big earthquake. "At first I was scared. But I felt better when I thought that if I died lots of other Japanese would be dying too. I would have good company."

And the old wisdom in council in directing the policy of the whole! When the venerable Saionji, the last of the *genro*, passes, who will take their place as the divine voice of the Emperor? One suggestion is the group of former premiers; another is chosen members of the privy council; and still another, members of the imperial household close to the Emperor's person.

How Japan with her island chain, shown in red, has China "sewed up tight." Korea, also in red, is Japanese territory. Manchuria, diagonally shaded, is the scene of the Russo-Chinese embroilment.

BUT the son of the great Emperor Mutsuhito, whose epoch was that of the making of modern Japan, was a weakling; and the present Emperor, while amiable and intelligent, is far from having his grandfather's ability.

Be that as it may, even those youths who complain against military conscription will be in their places if there is ever a mobilization. If not they will have their heads cracked.

Always the chief of staff of the navy or of the army may go direct to the Emperor over the heads of the Minister of War or Navy and the premier.

Young Japanese army officers frequently quote Napoleon's maxim that morale is to material as three to one in war. But older officers who know the history of the World War and who thought, after Port Arthur and Mukden in the war with Russia, that Japan had a corner on courage, have changed their minds. Therefore, their appeal is to keep weapons up-to-date and industrialize on a war footing.

Japan is always willing to sit in, polite, smiling and deeply interested, at all manner of international confabs; but she puts not her trust in round-table resolutions for her security.

Her fleet is ready as it always has been to spring from its harbors, her airplanes from their fields, and a million, two million, three million armed men to cross into Asia.

Therefore, in face of the Russo-Chinese difference, the Japanese Foreign Office has been as calm as a baseball umpire on a ball field backed by a machine gun battalion. It knows China better than the Chinese government knows it.

China is Japan's near, vital, ever-pressing problem. Across the seas that Japan commands and through the region of her conquests to where, in Manchuria, her outposts meet those of the one hundred and fifty million Russians and the four hundred million Chinese, I shall go to find the subject of another article.

Colonel Palmer's article outlining the situation in Manchuria will appear in an early issue.

"You remember the pretty little waitress at Wellington House?"

Hokum

The Story of a War Flyer's Heritage of Love

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by J. M. CLEMENT

WHENEVER Joe Gish has to take a trip he finds it necessary to travel via New York. If he is going from St. Louis to Chicago he will pass through New York en route and return the same way. Consequently he is in and out of the club frequently with some outlandish lie to explain his presence. Thanks to these visits we are kept posted on how the other half of the world is standing the winter.

I ran into him in the club recently just after he had returned from a trip abroad. He was sitting in the lounge scowling.

"Hello," I greeted him. "When did you get back?"

"Yesterday."

"How'd you enjoy your trip?"

"All right," he said. He was apparently in a bad humor.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"When I saw the grave I thought I had 'em sure. There was a headstone with his name and the date of his death on it."

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"See anybody I know?"

"Sure. Same old crowd. London never changes. Everybody seemed grieved to hear that you were still alive. Dora gave me a package of ground glass to put in your oatmeal. I should have brought more of it."

"What's the matter?" I inquired. "You sound as if somebody had stolen your candy and you were holding a creditors' committee over it. Aren't you glad to get back?"

"No. I'm already fed to the teeth with this fine broad-minded American spirit of tolerance, charity, and benevolence. I think I'll go back to England."

"You've been reading the Mercury," I accused him.

"No."

"Well, tell me your troubles," I invited him. "You will, sooner or later, so you might as well go ahead and get it off your chest now."

"All right," said Joe. "And part of the story will interest you. Just before I sailed, Bill Caldwell's father asked me to stop in to see him. You remember Bill, don't you? Sure you do. That's right. He was killed up at Ayr when he half-rolled a scout plane taking off—I think it was a Camel.

"Weren't you one of the pallbearers at his funeral? I thought so. The adjutant had a bad hang-over that morning and I had to be ringmaster at the funeral. And what a mess it turned out to be! I couldn't find an American flag, and forgot to get a minister, and we had to wait half an hour for one at the grave. One of the firing party let his gun go off accidentally and shot himself in the foot, and the Scotch band only knew two notes of The Star-Spangled Banner and tried to fake the rest. Remember it?

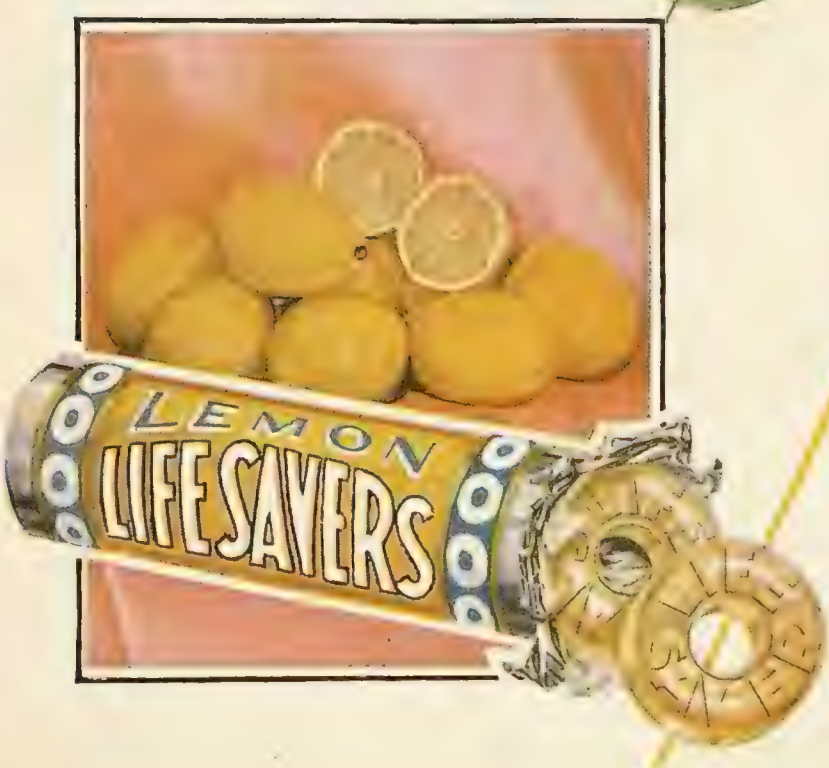
"WELL, Bill was an only child and his mother and father couldn't stand the blow. I've kept in touch with them ever since and they seem to get worse instead of better as the years go by. Of course, that sort of thing is particularly hard to bear. They were simply told that he was dead and that's all. It wasn't as if he had been sick and they had nursed him and seen him sinking gradually. The last time they saw him he was the picture of health and strength—a big kid of twenty-two. They didn't have an opportunity to go to the funeral. His actual death never had a chance to soak into their minds. All they had was a form telegram from the War Department and a letter from me.

"His mother kept her courage up by pretending he wasn't dead. Right now his room is just as he left it. His clothes are still hanging in his closet and are pressed regularly. His shoes are kept polished and his gloves are in the top bureau drawer. His car is in the garage and every year gets a new license plate. Everything is just as he left it, and if he came back today all the maid would have to do would be to turn down the bed.

"They have never let his name appear on any bronze tablets and Mr. Caldwell still pays his club dues and keeps him on the membership list. If you'll look down-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Millions have waited and asked for
FRUIT DROPS WITH A HOLE



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A NEW TASTE SENSATION!
A NEW FORMULA!
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THE most amazing improvement in fruit drops ever presented to the American public is...the *FRUIT DROP WITH THE HOLE!*

A new taste sensation! It is the patented *LIFE SAVER HOLE* that brings out a new, tantalizing fruit-flavor taste-thrill. Why? Because the hole gives a greater tongue surface than a round flat drop, and releases the marvelous fruit flavor more quickly.

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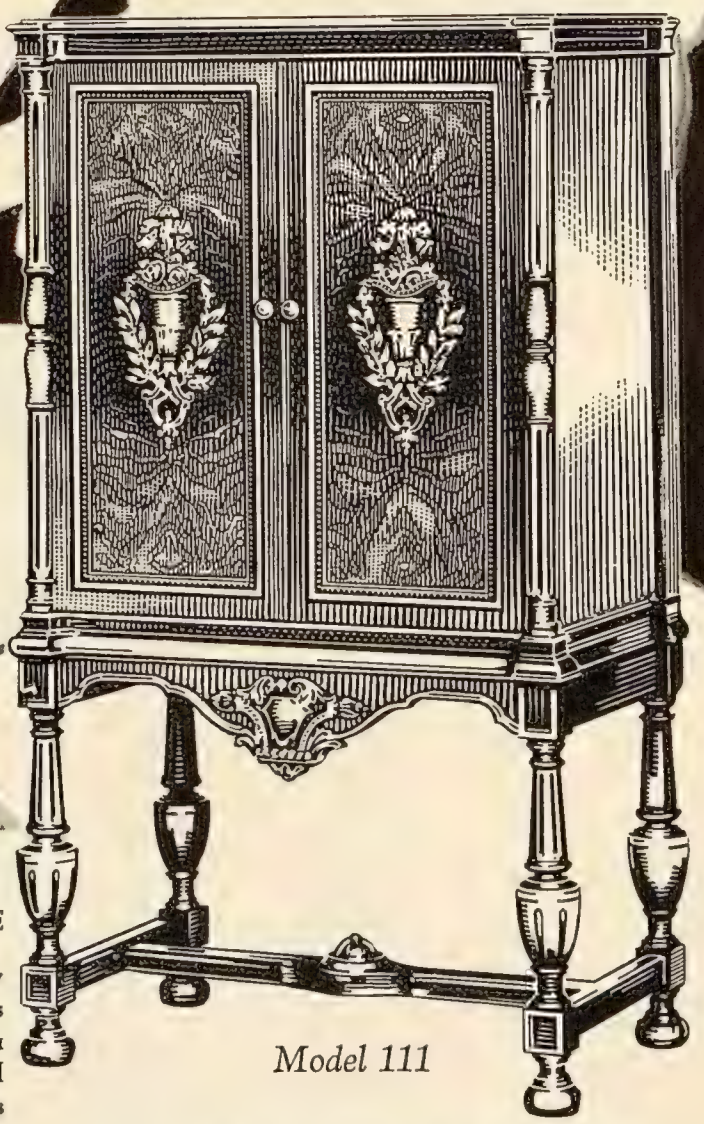


Model 111

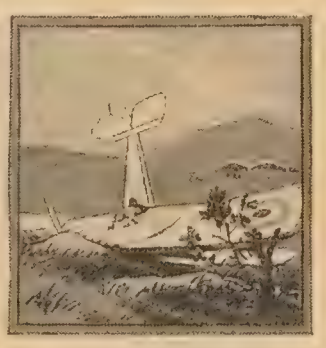
The NEW SPARTON
EQUASONNE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

stairs you'll see his name on a mail box. They act just as they did a week before he was killed: William is in the army; we don't know when he is coming back. They never admit that he's never coming back.

"They'll have nothing to do with the war. There's no picture of him in uniform in the house. There's none of this gold-star twaddle about his mother. A lot of mothers went in for spiritualism after the war, but not this one. Mrs. Caldwell beat the Christian Scientists at their own game by even refusing to accept an idea. She's not fooled by any messages from the War Department or letters from friends.

"Ever since I got back in 1919 I've been in the habit of going up to call on them when I was in town. But I can't stand much of it. It gives me the willies. They keep a stiff upper lip but I know how they feel inside. And I'm always afraid I'll speak of Bill in the past tense.



"Anyway, I dropped in to see Mr. Caldwell before I sailed.

"He told me that he felt very badly over his seeming neglect of certain things. He had never taken any action about Bill's grave.

"I told him that it was properly marked as a soldier's grave and that was all a soldier needed. I told him I was glad he had left Bill's body in Ayr where he had died, and I knew that suited Bill.

"The old gentleman said he had humored his wife in everything and he wasn't going to tell her what he was doing now, but he did want a monument placed at the grave and a suitable memorial established somewhere. He had never touched a penny of Bill's insurance and he wanted me to take the ten thousand and the interest and see that the proper thing was done. I could arrange for fresh flowers to be placed on the grave every week, or I could endow a bed in some hospital, or I could give the money to a disabled veterans' fund, or do with it whatever I thought Bill would approve of.

"I told him I would run up to Ayr and look the situation over before I made a decision and then report to him. He said to go ahead and use the money and tell him about it when I got back.

"So I accepted the draft and took off for Blighty.

"I went up to Scotland the second week I was in England.

"And how it did give me the creeps to step off the train at Ayr again and walk past the bar where Bubbles used to keep us from getting the woofits by overeating and underdrinking! I had lunch at the Dalblair and found our initials there where we cut them on the table in the grill. Then I walked past Wellington House and on out to the cemetery feeling like a ghost.

"I WENT right straight to the grave as if it was only yesterday that we buried him. When I saw the grave I thought I had 'em sure. There was a nice marble headstone with his name and the date of his death on it. On the footstone was carved a pair of American wings with the R. F. C. motto underneath: *Per ardua ad astra.* The grave was the best kept one in the cemetery, with flowers planted around it and a vase with some faded roses in it. They hadn't been there more than a week.

"There were five other pilots buried in that plot, but their graves were just like we left them.

"I decided that Mrs. Caldwell had been cheating on her husband and was on my way back to town when I saw a caretaker and asked him who had charge of the grave and paid for the upkeep.

"He told me the flowers were brought by a lady who lived in Ayr. I went with him to the office and he found her address for me.

"I thought I might as well go call on her and see if everything was all right. She ran a little millinery shop in the square opposite the statue of Bobbie Burns. I stepped into the shop and thought I'd been hit on the head when I saw her.

"You remember the pretty little waitress at Wellington House? I known darn well you do! I remember seeing her with you at the movies a couple of times. Well, she was the one who took care of Bill's grave. Then I recalled the fact that he had gotten the inside track on us all. After he'd been in Ayr a week she wouldn't look at anybody else. We used to kid him because his room was on the same hall as hers.

"She remembered my face, but not my name. She said she remembered me particularly because I had charge of Bill's funeral and packed up his things. She had helped me do it.

"We chewed the fat a while, and then I asked her about Bill's grave and told why I had come up.

"She told me I could go on back as she had taken care of it for ten years and expected to continue.

"I asked her if Mrs. Caldwell had anything to do with it and she nearly snapped my head off. I asked her why she was doing it and she began to cry. I shed a few tears myself to keep her company.

"BUT I didn't have to repeat my question, for about that time a boy walked into the room and said, 'What are you crying for, mother?' That's what he meant, but he said it in a Scotch brogue you could cut with a knife.

"One look at the kid was enough. I knew right then what sort of a memorial Bill would approve of, and handed over the draft to her.

"After some argument I got her to accept it on the plea that it really belonged to the boy and she ought to take it to educate him and keep fresh flowers on Bill's grave.

"I asked her why she had never told his parents about the matter.

"'I did write to them,' she told me, 'just after he was killed. I wrote just a nice letter of sympathy. They never answered it. I suppose they thought I wasn't the right sort of girl for their son to know. And then, later, when they didn't do anything about his grave, I wrote again. And when they didn't answer that I was through with them.'

"You could hardly blame her. I tried to explain their attitude to her and she softened a little.

"'But hasn't it been very difficult for you?' I asked her.

"'Yes,' she told me, 'it has. My people live in Girvan and they took it pretty hard. They tried to make me marry a man there, but I wouldn't do it. Then father died and left me a little money. So I came down here and rented this shop. I do well enough with it. I can't complain. But it's bad for the boy having no regular father. He doesn't know about it yet, but he'll find out some day and it'll hurt!'

"I agreed with her that it would. But I pointed out that she could send him away to school with the money. She didn't like the idea of sending him away. She said he would learn enough there without going away. He'd led his class ever since he started to school. She showed me his report cards. He was a bright lad, all right. He took me for a walk around town later, and there wasn't much he didn't know. And he's a proud youngster. Told me his father was an aviator and showed me where he was killed. His mother had given him a copy of War Birds and he knew it by heart. Wants to be an aviator when he grows up.

"So I came on back and reported to Mr. Caldwell this morning. He didn't say a word until I had finished and then he thanked me.

"'I hope you acted wisely,' he told me. 'It is not for me to judge.'

"He seemed to think the matter was ended and was about to tell me good-by.

"'But what about the boy?' I asked him. 'Aren't you going to do anything about him? Don't you even want his name and address?'

"'No,' he told me. 'There is nothing for me to do about it. Mrs. Caldwell must never know about this, of course. It would break her heart. She hasn't been well lately anyway.'

"I gasped. I couldn't follow him.

"'In the first place, we have no assurance about the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOKUM
Continued from page seventeen]

matter,' he remarked as if he was thinking out loud.

"'The kid speaks for himself,' I told him. 'If he isn't Bill's boy then he must be his brother's.'

"'And besides that,' he went on, ignoring my crack, 'a woman who does that sort of thing with one man very likely does it with others. She must be a common woman.'

"'Say, listen here,' I told him. 'I knew that girl before Bill got to Ayr. She was so pretty that every officer there was after her. I worked on her a couple of nights myself and I'll testify she was a good girl. So can the others. In those days I was pretty hot. You should have seen me in field boots, pink breeches, a Bedford-cord tunic, and a split-ear cap. Any girl that could resist me for two nights was sure a good girl.

"'Bill was a nice boy, but he was on his way to the front and this little Scotch lassie could have gotten a valentine out of Schopenhauer. You forget there was a war on then, and Bill was a handsome young devil and this girl wasn't used to gentlemen. You oughtn't to hold a little thing like that against her.'

"'I am not sitting in judgment,' he said, 'but it is quite impossible for me to recognize a connection of that sort.'

"'THEN you can go to hell,' I invited him. 'I'm sorry I told you about the boy. Well, I'm plenty able to look out for him and I propose to do so. I thought a lot of Bill. I'll see that the boy gets his chance to learn to fly like his father. If anybody asks any questions, I'll say he's mine. And let me tell you a common-law marriage in Scotland is lots better than these here in New York that are tied up with zippers. If you wish, I'll get you your insurance money back.'

"And with that I left. Can you beat it? I've been sitting here foaming at the mouth ever since and regretting the sympathy I've wasted on that sanctimonious pair."

"I don't much blame you," I told him, "but I suppose it was hard on the old man. You see, he never had the refining influence of a good war exerted on him like you and I have. He's a citizen and believes everything Will Hays tells him. He would naturally feel just as bad about this as if Bill had married a Democrat or worn a red necktie. That's the spirit that made our great country what it is. It takes all sorts of people to make a world and, after all, we have to have somebody to sit in the windows of the Fifth Avenue clubs."

"Rats!"

"Sure. I remember once I came home from college and announced I had a new roommate. Dad wanted to know about his father's business; mother wanted to know if his family was in the Social Register; and Aunt May wanted to know what church he attended. When I couldn't answer any of their questions they were disgusted. So was I. And I expect your family would feel the same way, so don't hold it against Bill's father. Remember you didn't mention matrimony to the girl when you were proposing to her, so you must be tarred with the same brush."

"Well, it's too bad I didn't. She's just as pretty as ever. In fact, I'd say she was prettier."

"How long did you stay in Ayr, Joe?" I asked suspiciously.

"That is most decidedly none of your business," he informed me.

"Have it your own way."

And I left him swearing softly to himself.

I heard later that he had left town.

ABOUT a month after that I was in the club library when one of the attendants approached me doubtfully.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said. "I hesitate to mention it to you, but Mr. Gish is in the bar acting very queerly."

"That's nothing," I said. "He's probably been drinking."

"Yes, sir, he has. Quite freely," he went on. "But that's not why I spoke to you. He's been sitting over in the corner crying, sir. I've seen him drink freely for years, but never cry, sir. It's not my affair, but since I knew you were a very good friend of his I thought I'd better mention it to you."

"All right," I said. "I suppose he's got to the pink-elephant stage and is crying over the sad death of Alexander the Great. I'll go get him and take him up to the Turkish bath."

I found Joe in the corner of the bar crying into a rye highball.

" Mrs. Caldwell took one look at the boy. Then, without a word, she folded the kid in her arms."

" You're a disgraceful specimen," I told him.

He broke down and choked on a sob.

I took a seat beside him.

" Pull yourself together," I told him. " This won't do. What's the matter with you? "

" Hokum! " he told me. " Hokum! I never could stand hokum."

I looked at his bottle. It seemed all right.

" I'm not drunk," he told me. " But I'm going to be. I can't stand it."

" Can't stand what? "

" I'll tell you about it," he volunteered, and managed to stifle his tears. " You remember I told you about Bill's father? Well, he came to see me the next day all broken up. He said he was sorry he'd spoken as he had. He was thinking only of Mrs. Caldwell then. He said he realized he was wrong. But the news of this might kill her. Bill was her idol. He couldn't let it be smashed. But he said he wanted the boy. Would I help him out?

" HE was so anxious about the matter that I forgave him for the day before and decided I'd play on his side after all. I remembered what the girl had said about it being hard on the boy not to have a father, and I said I thought I could arrange something for him. But he was afraid of Mrs. Caldwell. He couldn't bring himself to break the news to her. That was the stumblingblock. She was so strait-laced and puritanical. I told him I'd take care of that—just to leave the matter to me.

" So I wrote the girl and told her to bring the boy on over here, and we'd weigh him in gold for a little visit, and she could go sight-seeing around the country and have a vacation. She came.

" So this afternoon I arranged my little party. Mrs. Caldwell went out to lunch, and when she came back Mr. Caldwell and I and the boy were all in the library. We'd gone into the storeroom and gotten a suit that Bill used to wear when he was that size. We found shoes and a shirt and a cap. We had a picture to guide us and got his hair brushed right and let him get his hands dirty. And we dragged down an old toy train we found.

" Mrs. Caldwell walked in and took one look at the boy. We held our breath. Then, without a word, she folded the kid in her arms.

" I'VE seen hokum on the stage and screen, but, believe me, that was the largest dose ever administered to any audience.

" Mrs. Caldwell never asked a question. She didn't have the slightest curiosity. Here was Bill again and she didn't care where he'd come from. She looked at the shirt and shoes as if she'd bought them yesterday. She saw a hole in one stocking and sent the maid upstairs after her darning bag.

" Mr. Caldwell and I were on the verge of dissolving. I never felt as bad in my life. But that kid saved the situation. He began to talk. And when that Scotch burr rolled out and hit the ceiling nobody in the world could have kept from laughing. He was a scream.

" When I left, the old man was down on the floor trying to get the squeak out of the locomotive's driving wheels, and the old lady was thumbing a cookbook trying to find out how to make some deadly molasses concoction that Bill used to crave. And not a question from her. She knew Bill would come back and here he was!

" I came down here to have a good cry and get drunk."

I needed a drink myself by that time and reached for his bottle.

" I don't blame you for shedding a tear," I told him. " If anybody put that much hokum in a show, the audience would mob him. There's been nothing like that since Way Down East. Let's go take a Turkish bath and after you sober up I want you to take me up to see the kid."

" Not now," said Joe. " Leave the old folks be."

" By the way, where's the mother? " I inquired.

" She's at a hotel."

" Well, it's a shame to take her kid away from her and leave her by herself. What's her name and what's the hotel? I'll call up and see if she'd like to go out for dinner."

" Hokum! " said Joe. " Hokum to you, and many of 'em. You have good ideas, haven't you? Well, get some others. What do you think I brought that girl all the way from Scotland for—to entertain you? Go over and get one for yourself."

So I took Joe up to the steam room and left him.

THE END

What Is Beauty in Words?

By

KATHLEEN NORRIS

who is probably the most widely read and loved American woman novelist. She began her career with social service and newspaper work in her native San Francisco. At thirty, after marriage to Charles Norris, she wrote Mother, her first success. Most of her many books have been best-sellers, as Red Silence now is. She lives in Saratoga, California.

Etching by Will Foster, A. N. A.

Youth dies, physical perfection and beauty die, love vanishes, vanity is mortally hit, pride goes down in the dust.

IN a recent issue of Liberty, David Wark Griffith answered the question, What Is Beauty? from the standpoint of a producer of motion pictures. Mrs. Norris presents herewith her reply to the same question in an article for which she suggests, as an alternative title, The Beauty That Is Letters.

"LET thanks be to Allah," says some character in a Kipling story, "that He has not terminated all the Delights."

No—nor will He, while the miracle of beauty goes on and on, eternally ours, caged for us between the covers of books.

Yesterday and today treat us cruelly, and we fear tomorrow. Life, although it takes us many years to discover it, is only another name for death. The child just born is already beginning the dull process of dying—youth dies, physical perfection and beauty die, friendships die, love vanishes, vanity is mortally hit, pride goes down in the dust. The years bring us surprises increasingly painful, we marvel innocently at life's swiftness, its shortness, its unimportance, at our own ineffectual groping. School-day agonies, the uncertainties and jealousies and fears of the mating years are gone like a morning mist—the marriage time, not all good, not all bad, is over and done with. Gray hair is no longer a joke to be explained merrily away as premature; this time wrinkles are not going to vanish with rest and restored health.

We are puzzled and hurt by all this. If we really are to be so soon done for, we wonder what we were begun for, anyway. If stupid mistakes in youth are to grow to great vines, and strangle us in the later years, then the game is not quite fair. We adopt a quieter, a sober mood—a little watchful, a little affronted. Life is not what it seems.

And yet, if at the end of the day there is a quiet room somewhere, and that room our own—if there is a light burning above white pillows, and a pile of books on the table under the light, we may still praise Allah that He has not terminated all the Delights.

Beauty—healing, miraculous, inexhaustible—lives on in books even when Beauty elsewhere is dead. The clearing house of the spirit, the book lifts it away from the petty, crowded, sordid day's smallness and entanglements, and it goes free. And when it returns to earth, balance and proportion are again restored.

The lover of books is a miner, searching eternally for gold. He finds his nuggets; his heart leaps in his breast; he cannot believe in his good fortune. Traversing a slow page, to come upon a buried lode of pure gold is to exult inwardly for greedy hours. It belongs to no one else, it is not interchangeable.

"Ha!" says the reader, as one struck. A casual bystander may ask what stirs him. "Nothing. Only this is—darned good," the reader admits grudgingly. He is immersed again.

But to find beauty in great books is an art. It must be cultivated, like all the arts. Every secondhand bookstore contains a million raptures, but only one out of every five hundred persons goes into the bookshop, and only one out of every score of those knows how to seek what he needs and wants.

THE violinist, the astronomer, the architect are resigned to days and years of patient learning. They know that they must dig deep into the hard, dull, resisting earth before the crystal waters will begin to flow. What these students like in the beginning, what they can do easily, is as nothing to them. They throw it aside. For years they must do what they do not like, must persist in what is difficult and thankless.

We all see that, for them. But what we do not see so clearly is that book-reading is a fine art, too—perhaps the highest and finest of them all; we do not arrive at its perfection overnight. Thoreau's Walden, Emerson's Essays we *know* must be good, because all the publishers put them out in handy leather classic form. But The Bellamy Trial—one of the best of its type, incidentally—is certain to be easier reading.

And when that's finished, there is always a cross-word puzzle in the evening paper, or a not-too-idiotic movie round the corner.

Thus we stroll comfortably through the shallows under which lies the vein of pure gold.

Gold it is. To buy a neat new book, Excerpts from Shakespeare, is sacrilege, and whoso does it is repaid by nothing but boredom. But to read steadily through the Tragedies, and come legitimately upon—well, say

that matchless page in which fatuous old Pandarus stands with Cressida watching the return of the Roman warriors—is to taste Delight indeed.

One must know all of Emily Dickinson, the shyness of her, the boldness of her, the flaming agony of her love, the cloistered years when bashful glasses of her currant jelly, each with its diamond verse, were all her friends knew of her—one must know all of this to know her poetry, "music that is too grievous of the height, for safe and low delight," and to get the breath-taking effect of that last flying message from her pen "called back!"

One must read all through Strachey's Victoria to realize the sheer beauty, the imagination and daring of that final sentence that paints an old woman's feverish dream of age—and power—and lesser age; ministers, envoys, battles; love and death, motherhood, wifehood, royal girlhood at Canterbury, "and some friendly flounces of sprigged muslin, and the trees and grass at Kensington."

These joys are not for the skimmer. What is we read slowly, savoringly, before the heartbreaking tea-party on Rumpty's perch, the talk between Lady Dedlock and Tulkinghorn, the school party at which Paul is so languid, so faltering a guest, were stalked and brought down?

It was not for the skimmer that William Stirling wrote his all-too-scanty pages, that Tomlinson conquered sea and jungle, that Stevenson fared forth on donkey-back.

The skimmer laughs at Mark Twain. But the children of the kingdom of books know that it is sweeter still to hunt among the highways and byways of these more than two hundred tales, and suddenly pause, arrested by something that is not laughter. For tender and touching beauty, taken in its context, I know nothing more poignant than a passage in an insignificant story supposedly funny; the name is something like Every Man His Own Courier. The incomparable Mark defines for us there, in a few burning words, our weakness for praise from those we love, our stupid shamed bravado when we fail them. And reading that, one muses, "Fun may have made him popular. But the heart that dictated that passage made him great."

Picture by Will Foster

How many thousand pages, you lovers of Dickens, have we read slowly, savoringly, before such trophies as the talk between Lady Dedlock and Tulkinghorn were stalked and brought down?

To the reader who "can't get into" the Russian novels, and to whom Anna Karénina is still a fountain sealed, how could one possibly describe the devastating thrill that comes to a simple country gentleman when he asks his toiling field hands for a drink, and is given a "dipper filled with clear warm spring water, in which grass and leaves are floating"? How many chapters precede that? What seas did Balboa sail, what miles were measured by the tireless feet of Ponce de Leon? "What of the way to the end?" asks Robert Browning.

Steerforth to him, or he to Steerforth? He has not followed David through that lonely childhood into this hero-worshiping ecstasy. His eyes are dry when David says good-by, in one of the passages that will save Dickens for us when Scott and Thackeray are forgotten. "Never again, oh, Steerforth—"

How many thousand pages, you lovers of Dickens, have

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

The *Dangerous* MINUS in your Diet

BREAD, meat, potatoes, cereals . . . the typical American diet, which gives a feeling of satisfaction and yet starves the system of vital mineral elements so necessary in forming bone, in aiding digestion and metabolism, in maintaining the normal alkaline reaction of the blood.

High medical authorities insist that the importance of these facts cannot be over-emphasized. Which may explain why physicians in 58 countries have for years prescribed FELLOWS' Syrup, with its five mineral elements and two dynamic ingredients skillfully compounded into a potent tonic.

For men and women who are "never ill but never quite well," for convalescents, for expectant mothers, for growing children, FELLOWS' is the medically approved body builder and reconstructor. Decide now to find out what it will do for you. Learn how it helps the mentally and physically "run-down." It quickens vitality, energy, and aliveness.

FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets, a vegetable compound, are mild and effective.

THE TONIC

FELLOWS' SYRUP

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

And, speaking of Beauty, the seeker who has not read enough of Browning to feast on One Word More, or on Pompilia's story, knoweth not bad from good.

"Thy face is far—" says Kipling, on this very subject.

Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I shall not find Thee quick and kind,
Nor know Thee, 'till I die.
Enough for me in dreams to see
And touch thy garments' hem;
Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow them!

As we rise to the heights, in all humility we learn this. We may not follow. The path leads straight away from the little world, up, up to the stars. "'Tis to have drunk too well the drink that is divine," says Francis Thompson, complaining, in lines that are themselves immortal in beauty, of the "mystic wall of strange felicity, the incredible excess of unsensed sweet."

Before the stupendous, crushing light of any one of a score of phrases from the Carpenter's sermons, caught by the ears of peasants, and filtered through their slow pens, we may well shade our eyes.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. . . ."

Life without these, and other words? It would be the life of animals in a jungle, or cows grazing endlessly in a field. Animals never laugh, they never cry, nor dream, nor yearn for anything beyond clover-tops and tree shade. Animals never joke; theirs is a brief knowledge of grief. The cat that loses her kittens, the cow that misses her calf, feel no kinship with Tennyson watching the gray seas break on an English coast—with the father of "W. V." immortalizing a child's life and death—with David mourning his "little lad." But our lives are quick with emotions, and great books define and accent them for us.

Living, we need this beauty and sustenance hourly. And as for death, who could die untouched and unchanged, who could die afraid, if once he had found Ben Ezra or Prospice, or chanced upon those pages in Jowett that tell how Socrates died, or lived for years in the promise of the exquisite words, "Father, into Thy hands—"

A life term in prison holds promise rather than menace to the lover of true books. He knows that Keats and Shelley, Boswell, Hudson, Morris, a hundred others have yielded to him only a tithe of their sweetness; from one stout volume of Wordsworth or Whitman he will gather honey enough to make bearable a dozen life terms.

Life without books is, to him, the only real prison. Books are the stairs by which his days and years must mount, from Nick Carter and Little Women to Dickens and Tennyson—on through the biographies, the histories, the essays, and so to poetry, and so to mysticism—up, up, up from the dream and shadow of living into the light. Copyright, 1929, by Kathleen Norris.

In an early issue, Herman Patrick Tappé, designer, will answer the question, What Is Beauty in Clothes?

NEXT WEEK—

The Mann Act Grows Up
A Study in Changing Times, by
EDWARD DOHERTY

Pieces of the Game
A Sparkling Mystery Story, by
COSMO HAMILTON

The Inside of the Bowl
or, How to Be Happy Though Famous, by
MARY PICKFORD and DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What city was the capital of France during a part of the World War?
2—Which is heavier, milk or cream?
3—What is a supercargo?
4—How many quarts in a bushel?
5—What does the Latin phrase *ignorantia legis neminem excusat* mean?
6—What was the black death?
7—What is taxidermy?
8—What are riparian rights?
9—How many squares on a chessboard?
10—What is the capital of Venezuela?
11—What state capital bears the name of a famous German statesman?
12—What is the new name of Peking, China?
13—What state does United States Senator William E. Borah represent?
14—What war was concluded in 1648 by the treaty of Westphalia?
15—What is cambric tea?
16—How are justices of the United States Supreme Court selected?
17—What is common to the names Anopheles and Stegomyia?
18—What is a chiliad?
19—What is a *contretemps?*
20—In what year did the Pilgrim Fathers land at Plymouth, Mass.?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-eight.)

Ever wish you were dancing with *HER?*

This one girl, how she stands out in a crowd!

How clean and clear her complexion is, how attractively fresh her dress, how nice her hands, how trim her shoes, how healthy and shining her hair.

Oh yes . . . and what gay self-assurance she has.

Come to think of it, doesn't cleanliness always *have more to do with popularity (and poise and charm) than one might casually suppose?*

Try this just for a month

If you have any doubts whatever about the connection between happiness and careful personal cleanliness, please try an experiment.

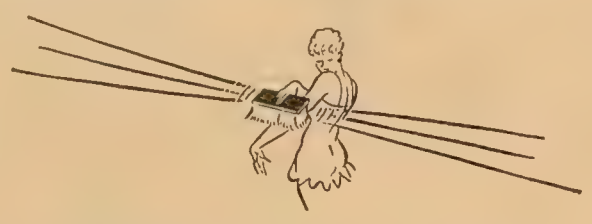
For just one month, and every day without fail, put on not a single article of clothing that is noticeably soiled. Check up on everything: shoes, gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, stockings, dresses, underwear.

Do try this, just for a month, and see for yourself if something delightfully important doesn't happen to you . . . to your ensemble appearance, and to your own and others' appreciation of it.

Try this, too

But nice clothes alone are not enough. How can a girl be charming when her body, face, hands, hair, neck are not quite clean?

Always "step in before you step out." Remember that the thorough bath lends real attractiveness to the most modest good looks . . . clean skin; vivid, healthful coloring; vivacity; self-assurance.



And this, and this, and this

Are your elbows dark and roughened? Then *brush* them every night with warm soapy water, and see this unloveliness gradually disappear.

If you don't get as many professional manicures as you would like, soap-scrub the nails once a day with a stiff brush and push the cuticle back with the towel. Except for occasional shaping and polishing, you'll find that little else is necessary.

Women who worry a little about their complexions shouldn't forget that it's fully as important to cleanse the pores each day of the left-over powders and creams as of dust and dirt. The answer, of course, is soap and water face-washing every day.

With heads bobbed so simply, it never was so needful that nice hair should be kept looking nice. On the other hand, it never was so easy to shampoo the hair frequently.

Is it really such a puzzle?

Should the secret of great charm be so puzzling after all? . . . or greater popularity so unattainable for anyone?

So *many* things come in the wake of conscious, strived-for cleanliness: better health, better looks, more naturalness . . . even brighter talk, better dancing, new friendships and wider happiness.

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

Richard Barthelmess and Marion Nixon as the lovers in the gently appealing film, Young Nowheres.

Shakespeare Goes TALKIE

Making Co-Stars of Mary and Doug

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

A LOT of interest centers in the appearance of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in The Taming of the Shrew. It is the talkies' first stab at Shakespeare. And, of course, it is the first co-starring venture of the lord and mistress of Pickfair.

The result is a rough, almost slapstick, adaptation (sexed up just a bit, as they say in Hollywood) of the immortal cure of the fiery-tempered Katharina as accomplished by Petruchio, gay blade of Verona.

Katharina, as you know, was a sore distress to her wealthy father until Petruchio came along, bent upon matrimony and (I regret to report) the handsome accompanying dowry.

Pies are tossed, breakaway chairs and tables are smashed over the eminent co-stars' august brows, and all the tried and true tricks of the early and unashamed Mack Sennett are interpolated.

Still, I doubt if Shakespeare would protest at this. Probably The Taming of the Shrew was done pretty roughly in those robust Elizabethan days.

The movie version, however, changes the basic idea of Mr. Shakespeare, as Hollywood versions always do. When Petruchio, groggy from a well directed boudoir bench, capitulates on the wedding night in Katharina's arms, it seems to me that the bridegroom has lost the battle, for all his bombast and storming.

And that, of course, was not what the bard intended, by a long shot.

Mr. Fairbanks, in the rôle of Petruchio, far outshines his wife. Miss Pickford seems to me ill fitted for the part of Katharina. Her shrewish tirades come nearer to being petulant pouts than storms to send all Padua quaking. The other members of the cast are merely incidental.

The Taming of the Shrew is short, running but little over an hour, and it isn't going to set the film world afire.

Even at that, Shakespeare does not get all the screen credit. Director Sam Taylor is listed as aiding in the dialogue. These improvements appear to consist principally of inserting Petruchio's comment, "What a wench!" here and there.

Ann Harding and Lawford Davidson in Her Private Affair, a movie of blackmail and crime.

★ ★ ★ YOUNG NOWHERES

In this newest First National film, Young Nowheres, Richard Barthelmess gives another fine talkie performance. In this story, by Ida A. R. Wylie, the star plays a night elevator boy in a garish New York apartment house.

In his slow, plodding way, he comes to love a girl who cleans one of the apartments.

This drab little romance is the plot of Young Nowheres. Hemmed in by poverty and circumstance, the young lovers can find no way to get away from the surrounding millions of other young nowheres. This is the tragedy of those without money or home in a metropolis. So the young people steal into an ornate empty apartment for one night of ecstasy. I shall not tell you what comes of this theft of heaven.

Barthelmess is superb and Marion Nixon lends tender and sympathetic aid. There is an excellent inebriate bit by Bert Roach.

Young Nowheres is a gentle, unpretentious little drama of the commonplace. It packs no big drama but it is appealing and well acted. And it has no theme song!

A scene from The Taming of the Shrew, as played by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, in their first co-starring venture.

★ ★ HER PRIVATE AFFAIR

Ann Harding, who made such a stunning talkie début in Pathé's Paris Bound, is not nearly so effective in her second film, Her Private Affair, built from a Herman Bernstein drama.

Her Private Affair is another of those hectic Continental emotional orgies. A young Viennese matron, wife of a judge, writes some indiscreet letters to an attractive scoundrel. When blackmail confronts her, the woman goes to the man's apartment and, cornered by the waster, shoots him down.

The larger part of the film concerns itself with how the young wife is haunted and well nigh ruined by her crime.

None of the people in Her Private Affair are particularly sympathetic. Miss Harding lends beauty and charm to the part of Vera Kessler, but Harry Bannister (Miss Harding's husband in real life) is stiff and actory as the jurist-husband in the film.

I found Her Private Affair dull, slow moving, and unsavory.

Buddy Rogers, the flappers' delight, and Nancy Carroll enact a tense scene in their new movie, Illusion.

★ ★ FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS

First National spent a lot of money on Colleen Moore's Footlights and Fools, which is just another variation of the breaking heart beneath the tinsel. This time a sweet and home-loving little Irish colleen assumes the pose of a naughty Parisienne charmer in order to win success on the stage.

Colleen Moore, in Footlights and Fools.

To me Miss Moore is none too convincing as the Irish girl who, as Mlle. Fiff Fifi, is the star of The Sins of 1930.

The thin and not very interesting story has scores of giddy revue shots in glowing rainbow tints.

★ ★ ILLUSION

Another variety team with its heartaches. In Paramount's Illusion, Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll are happy-go-lucky circus and vaudeville entertainers doing well enough until Buddy falls for the charms of June Collyer, playing the pretty daughter of a wealthy truck driver.

This is a nice little picture with no particular tug at any emotion. You may want to see Buddy as a magician.

Ten Years Ago This Week

David W. Griffith presented Scarlet Days at the Rivoli Theater, New York, with Richard Barthelmess, Carol Dempster, Clarine Seymour, and Ralph Graves in the cast.

Barthelmess had been given the leading rôle in this story of the forty-niners only after Griffith had considered Rudolph Valentino for the part—and passed him up.

A few weeks after the New York première of Scarlet Days Griffith almost lost his life making a trip from Florida to the Bahamas on the Gray Duck.

The Daughter of Charley Malone

The Story of a Girl Who Played with Fire

By

BEATRICE HARMON

whose first story for Liberty arrived four years ago with a note from that indefatigable friend of young authors, Rupert Hughes. She lives in Los Angeles, but spends much time "roughing it," for her health, in New Mexico.

Pictures by R. PALLEN COLEMAN

JUST after the bright green roadster passed a loaded Whiteway bus on the highway leading out of Butte, the city traffic officer pounced from behind a signboard and streaked into hot pursuit. He knew that roadster, and he knew its tormenting small pilot. Nor had he missed the grinning challenge she flung at the signboard as she passed.

The blood raced a little faster in his healthy young body at thus being able to force into physical reality a pursuit that had been going on theoretically for something more than four years, and was likely to go on for as long as he remained on the same hemisphere with the captivating little imp in the green car.

Dickerson skimmed the roadbed at sixty-five miles an hour, which would run the speed of the roadster fairly well up toward the seventies. Shortly before they came to Columbia Gardens the roadster slowed to a stop so abrupt that he thundered past and very nearly cracked up in his frantic effort to check the cycle.

While he righted himself and bore down on her, scowling ferociously, she stilled her motor, brought out a pack of cigarettes, and lighted one, puffing very slowly and meditatively, as if her mind were continents or centuries away. When the young fellow stopped alongside and kicked the brace under his bike, she leaned out and thrust the pack at him.

"'Lo, Tommy. Have a smoke? Not a bite in a boatload."

The light gray eyes were guileless as a baby's. Beneath the tiny green beret peeped a flock of black curls, sunburnished to the luster of ebony. There was scarlet on her cheeks, crimson on her mouth. The impudent nose was unquestionably too white to be æsthetically right. Just the same, nothing on earth could have been more exquisitely desirable, or more infuriating, to the tall boy who ignored the pack of fags altogether and whipped out his ominous little red pad.

"Margie," said he, "this time I've got to write you up."

At once she contrived in some mysterious manner to seem so piteously, so heart-rendingly childish and woeful that Dickerson had to keep his head turned all the time he was busy "writing her up."

He tore the fatal slip from his book, thrust it toward the little gloved hand lying conveniently close on the car door, and whirled round and grabbed the handlebars of his bike.

She burst out laughing. She laughed loud and she laughed long. When he turned to discover the cause he saw that she was pointing to a signboard about a hundred yards behind her that announced in large characters: City Limits.

"I believe you'd actually have turned me in, Tom Dickerson," she exclaimed wonderingly.

He was crestfallen but palpably glad. "I sure would. If I ever catch you at it in the city limits I'll haul you down to court so quick your head'll swim!"

"And you pretend to love me!"

Instantly his face lengthened into a grimace of pain. He took back the slip and tore it into bits.

"Why won't you marry me, honey?" he pleaded.

"Marry a man that likes his old job better than he does me? Tell me something new to laugh at, Tommy. That's out."

He pressed his face against her hand. "Can't you understand, Margie," he said forlornly, "that a man can love a girl and still want to be decent about his job? Why, honey, I don't see how I could love you any more than I do without dying of it."

The light eyes lost their mockery for a moment. Then she shrugged. "Duty! I s'pose it's your duty to stick around back of signboards and take out after the first person that comes along enjoying a good car and a smooth road. You think that's a regular he-man job, I s'pose!"

"That's not all I do. There's plenty of danger in my job."

Knowing this very well, she shed the painful thought.

"Danger, pooh! Why, I get more kick out of my little ol' green bus in a minute 'n you do out of your whole day's work. You shoulda seen Cassie Landis and me lead a couple of traffic cops out to Meaderville the other night.

"Which boy friend are you talking about?" Warner demanded. "That would be telling," Margie eluded, blushing.

Talk about thrills! Boy, howdy! I had 'er up to seventy-two."

He went black with displeasure.

"Margie, are you still hangin' round with that flash crowd?"

She flared out in instant defense: "You'll not get far with me, panning my friends, Tom Dickerson."

"Honey, do you really know who Cassie Landis is?"

"I never thought you'd be mean enough to dish dirt about a woman, Tom."

He reddened to the eyebrows. "I'm not dishing dirt, baby. It's something everybody in Butte knows. She's mixed up in a hundred shady deals. Thorpe Fletcher's a—"

But he couldn't say it.

SHE defended now, all the more fiercely because of her secret suspicion that at least some of the rumors were true: "What if she does live in the Cabbage Patch? Plenty of decent people do. She could live there because the rent's cheap, couldn't she?"

"Sure, she *could*. But I happen to know she don't."

She veered hastily off in another direction. "You're just jealous, Tom Dickerson, because I've got some one to run around with since you stopped coming out to the house. That's all."

"You know why I stopped, Margie. No man living could stand having you dangled under his eyes for four long years without wantin' you till it hurt. I'm not the kind that's kidded, little lady. You wouldn't end the suspense by marryin' me, so I ended it by quittin' you. See?"

She blew an airy puff of smoke into his eyes.

"Oh, did you?" The gray look danced over him sparklingly. He groaned a fervent groan and reached out a long arm. She stopped him with a finger.

"Now, be yourself, Thomas. Be yourself!"

"If I was to let go and be myself for five minutes I'd wring your neck for you, Miss Malone."

"My, my! Ain't he the cave man, though?" She twinkled at him with burlesque admiration.

He demanded suddenly: "You been down there much, Margie?"

"Down where, Mr. Tarzan? Be plainer, please."

"You know where I mean, all right. To the Cabbage Patch, or anywhere else with that slippery bunch."

"Sure, I have. Whose funeral is this, anyway? I go to Cassie's apartment whenever I feel like it, if that interests you."

"Where else you been?"

Enraged that he dared put her on the defensive, she began to boast. "Well, I've been just about every place there is to go, I reckon. We go out to Nine Mile pretty often. There's a swell cabaret there. And sometimes we dance at the One Two Three. I've been to the Sand Bar at Casper, too. Just to look around," she added hastily, seeing the horror in his eyes. "And we go to the Hong Kong for our chop suey. And—"

"Honey, don't you know those aren't fit places for any decent girl to go? They're—joints, that's what they are. Speak-easies. The Hong Kong's right over Butte's Chinatown. Old Long'd go over in a minute for drug violations if they could catch him with the goods on. Margie, you're skating—dancing, rather—on darned thin ice. You—"

SHE laughed merrily. "What d'y' think I am, a baby? I can take care of myself. Everybody in Butte knows who I am. Nobody'd dare hurt me, Tom. They'd be afraid. And I'm no weak sister to be led astray to the tune of No Mother to Guide Her."

She laughed again, harder than ever. "Times have changed, darling. Why be a snob? Are Cassie and Fletch any worse than Butte's respectables—I can name a few!—that get their whoopee on the sly? If you're trying to tell me that Fletch did time once for some fool kid scrape, why, I already know that. Think I'm going to stand my friends up because they've had hard luck? Fletch's straightened up. He's on the square now."

"Yeah. I know how he's on the square."

"He is, Tom. He's traveling for a clothing company in Minneapolis. He makes Great Falls, Shelby and Casper and Missoula and—"

"Yeah? How do you know?"

"Because I often go with him and Cassie on their trips. That's how. Cassie wants to be with Fletch, and it looks better for me to go along."

"Oh, yes, I see. You drive your car, or ride with Fletch and Cassie?"

"Why, sometimes I take mine, if he's many deliveries to make. Mostly we all three go together. It's more fun that way. They let me drive. Cassie says she feels a lot safer with me driving than with Fletch. He's so careless."

"You are a pretty good driver, at that. And everybody and his wife knows you. Nobody'd be very apt to suspect you of anything, would they? But speeding."

Her scowl was only partly one of perplexity. "Suspect me of what, for cat's sake?"

"That's what I'd like to know." He watched her through pinched lids. "Anybody give you any trouble on these trips, Margie?"

"Trouble? Of course not." Then she grinned reminiscently.

"Oh, a traffic cop or two. They chase me quite a lot. Boy, howdy, but they do get sore. Cassie and Fletch don't mind speeding a little, so I open 'er up and let 'er singe the gravel."

"Anybody ever—open up on you? Any cop, I mean."

"Sure, a slick little toy colonel pulled his popgun on me the last time we made Great Falls. Drilled the funniest little round hole right through Fletch's rear glass and windshield. Hot dam! It was the berries! I knew it meant a traffic fine if he caught me, and Fletch and Cassie didn't care, so I just tromped the floor and did a fade-away. I took a short cut—"

"Short cut, hey? You mean that little cow path across the flats there, just before you get to—"

"Yes, that's the one I mean, Tom. You see, Fletch had to make a hurry-up trip to get some samples Cole Warner brought out from Minneapolis in his Butterfly, and we

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Dickerson squeezed her hand in warning as a pair of patrolmen floundered down the draw to them.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

were doing a pretty good clip when we left the port. Then we picked up these dippy traffic bulls and they chased us clean out of town. But I lost 'em on the short cut."

"Know the short cut pretty well, do you?" His look of sharp insistence startled her into stammering:

"Why, yes, Tom. We take it quite a lot. Cassie—Cassie and Fletch kind of hate to follow the main roads on—on account of dust, and all. And—"

She snatched after the words as soon as they were out, and then faltered ahead.

"You've really no idea how romantic Cassie and Fletch are, Tom. And they're crazy about each other. They're going to be married. Did you know that? As soon as Fletch can afford it. He's got the cutest shack way up in the mountains, out Buffalo Trail, where they're going to spend their honeymoon. Cassie says—"

HE thrust straight through the wordy barrage with which she sought to confuse him.

"Been up there with them, I s'pose?"

She shrugged her small shoulders. "Why, of course I've been there. Gee whiz, dear, don't be like that! What's the idea, anyway? Playing a Sherlock Holmes rôle now, Big Boy?"

Her little hand reached out for a teasing pat at his. He brooded unhappily, fondling the hand she finally surrendered.

"Won't you promise me you'll stay away from Cassie Landis and her sort, Margie?" he pleaded. "They're not your kind. I wish you could see that."

"What kind am I supposed to be, Tom?"

"Well, if I judged by the way you act sometimes, I'd say you was the hardest little Easter egg in Butte."

"All right, Mr. Smarty, if that's the way you feel about it, get your tin can out of my way and let me keep my date."

"With Cassie and Fletch?"

"Sure, with Cassie and Fletch." Her defiance had the inflections of a downright ultimatum. "We've got a classy dinner date tonight, and I'm not going it solo, either."

SHE was obviously waiting for him to probe for details, hand on switch. He sneered, "Another of Cassie's big hey-hey men, I suppose."

"Mr. Cole Warner himself, no other!" From before the moment when she unwisely introduced Cassie Landis' name she had anticipated this coup.

But he merely observed: "I thought Warner's hangar was in Great Falls."

"It is, but he can move his plane, you know."

"I see. Been out with him often?" This was more the man and less the policeman, so she dimpled seductively.

"Oh, three or four times. He's certainly keen!"

"Humph! You'll 'faw down and go boom' one of these days, young lady. Warner's a dangerous bird."

She stiffened and turned on the switch. "What's the big idea, Tom, taking a dig at all my friends? He appreciates me enough to fly down here just to take me out to dinner, anyway."

"You're so darn conceited all you think about is getting men to fall for you."

"Meaning I'm a Lorelei Lee?"

"Meaning that if you were your father's daughter you'd be proud of me for taking my job seriously. He took his that way, you'll remember, and—"

The doll-like face wrinkled in grotesque and sudden grief. Big tears came, flooding the hurt young eyes. He crushed her hand against his cheek. "Honey, I'm sorry. Honest I am. It's only that I'm so worried about you. You're everything in the world to me, Margie, everything there is. That's why it hurts me so to see you making light of everything your dad stood for. You're not living up to him, Margie, his honesty, and decency, and courage—"

Dickerson barely had time to drag himself to safety as, with an angry roar, the green car shot down the road.

But he overtook her this time quite easily, his whistle at his lips in authoritative fashion. "Promise me one thing, Margie," he urged, spinning alongside. "Promise

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

"No bond is good enough to forget"

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

me that if anyone tries to stop you again, you'll glaum fast to the brakes and stop. Will you promise?"

She dashed away the tears and smiled dangerously. "Planning to turn your gat on me the next time you catch me speeding?"

"I'm not planning anything. I just want you to promise, that's all."

"Well, I won't promise a darned thing. So there!" And she leaned out to add with a wicked grin: "It'll be fun to see if you'd actually have the nerve to fire on me!"

He grinned and swore and suffered and yearned and got back on his machine and tore out straight for headquarters, where he made known certain theories of his own concerning Messrs. Fletcher and Warner and a few others, including Miss Cassie Landis of the Cabbage Patch. That, in case you don't know Butte, is the somewhat equivocal vicinage that ranges between lower Arizona and Nevada streets, where the houses look you straight in the eyes with the same quality of defensive hardness you see on the faces there.

Margery Malone traversed Butte from the east side, where she largely played, to the west side, where she lived in a large, white, honest house.

She took a bath, slipped into a sketchy matter of pink chiffon and crystal beads, and quickly and skillfully restored her make-up, shifting to evening tints for brunettes. Her curls she coaxed into a demure and ravishing arrangement about her ears. The job done, she had yet to placate her weak and wailing mother—who traded on her sentimental importance as the pensioned widow of a hero, slain in the course of duty—and make the shift back across town.

"How-come you're so late, Mudgie?" Cassie inquired casually.

"Had a run-in with the boy friend," Margie explained, her innocent eyes on Warner. This was technic, of course.

"So you've a boy friend!" Mr. Warner purred enviously.

Cassie laughed. "When you get to know our little Margie better, you'll ask her which boy friend she's talking about."

"Well, then, which boy friend are you talking about?" Warner demanded without having shifted his admiring glance from Margie's face.

"That would be telling," Margie eluded, blushing. She found all at once that she had no desire to mention Dickerson's name among these people at this moment, and felt mildly amazed at the discovery.

"Are there really so many?" Warner pursued.

"Say," Cassie volunteered, "everybody in Butte's in love with her, including the mayor. Why, Marge could park her bus on top of the city hall and the police department'd run in the first person that dared complain about it."

"I nearly got run in myself today," Margie protested, "for speeding." She felt that Cassie was laying it on pretty thick.

FLETCHER took an interest in this. His large, mild, pleasant face came round on his shoulders like a revolving globe. "I thought you could get away with anything, Margie, if you gave 'em the glad eye."

Not liking this, Margie said shortly: "If the boys are nice to me, it's because of my dad, not me."

There was a moment's silence. "Well, at that, there aren't many men that'd let their jobs lead 'em as far as Charley Malone did his," Warner conceded.

"I know a lot who would," Margie objected quickly. Too quickly. Fletcher was still watching her with lazy, speculative eyes. Cassie laughed. "They're not in Butte then, kid," and announced herself ready. They went out and climbed into Margie's car, Fletch opening the rumble seat for Cassie and himself.

"When're you getting up my way again?" Warner asked as he settled himself close to Margie.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe the next time Fletch makes the Falls. Why?"

Warner parried her serve neatly. "Do you really have to ask that now?" His warm eyes took up the matter where his words dropped it.

"When do you make Great Falls again, Fletch?" she called back presently.

Fletch answered after a second's thought: "I don't know exactly. Why?"

"Mr. Warner wanted to know."

Cassie and Fletch laughed. After a while Fletch inquired:

"Going north again soon, Cole?"

Warner looked briefly at Margie, who grinned slightly to herself in the dark and concentrated on her driving. "Thursday night, I guess. Better be on hand Friday."

Margie thought: "This is Tuesday. Two more days. Boy, howdy!"

She was sleeping soddenly at 8 the next morning when Dickerson called. To her mother's summons to the phone she made so petulant a reply that her mother angrily repeated it: "She says she don't want to talk to you now." And she hung up.

WHEN Margie finally wakened to the fact that Tom had called she was too absorbed with her exciting thoughts, and too thrilled over the prospects of her Friday's date with Warner to feel many compunctions. He was so different from steady old Tom, with his terribly young talk about his job, and his duty, and keeping her out of harm, and all that sort of thing.

Supposing—here Margie went very slowly and cautiously indeed lest she stumble on things inside herself she did not care to find—supposing, now, that Cassie and Fletch—and Cole—were engaged on private affairs about which they weren't making any voluble explanations? Margie was nobody's fool. She sometimes fancied that Fletch's sample cases occasionally concealed things a little more precious and profitable than gentlemen's cheap ready-to-wears.

She didn't positively know that they did, you understand. Whereas she did know that his clothing business was perfectly authentic. She had both seen and heard him sell.

So, granting, for the sake of the argument, that Cassie and Fletch—and Cole—did traffic a little in the prohibited. Wasn't—or weren't—two-thirds of Butte's respectables doing the same? Were the folks that supplied it a jot worse than the ones who drank it?

Margie didn't think that they were. As far as the stuff itself was concerned, she didn't care for it. It burned her tonsils and made her sick. But she was open-minded enough not to condemn the people who did drink and like it. Oddly enough, it was never even so much as in evidence in Cassie Landis' apartment. Nor did Fletch or Warner carry flasks. They bought what they wanted and drank it where they got it. Funny, funny Tom! Suspecting everybody.

Just the same, something hurt her whenever she thought about him. So she got into the green car and went for a spin, missing Tom's second telephone call, and Tom himself, who followed it. She was thoughtfully remembering his: "I don't see how I could love you any more than I do without dying of it."

Awfully kiddish, that. Still, maybe you honestly could love some one enough to die of it. Or for it. At this point her thoughts darted timidly out and touched Cole Warner. If it came right down to it, just how far would she be willing to go for him? Pretty far, she realized, frightened.

She had another date that night to see a talkie with Cassie and Fletch, and it just happened that she was never in when Dickerson called. It seemed to be only right to leave word for him that she had gone to Great Falls and that she'd be home in a day or two. It wouldn't do him any harm to be thinking over the Cole Warner situation in the meantime.

It was the kind of day that seems made to order by gods or cherubim. They took the short cut through tall hills that whispered with aspen and mountain ash, past fra-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

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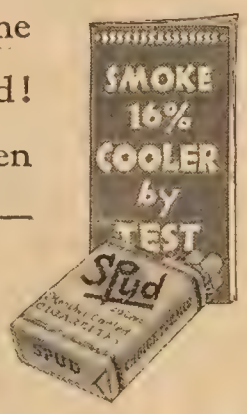

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MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

grant alfalfa fields and billows of blue blossoming flax. Margie wished for her own trim little car, feeling, as usual, half ashamed of Fletch's disreputable big bus. But it had power and go, and that was the main thing in a car. She let out the eight eager cylinders and they bowled along in the rich afternoon sunlight, Cassie and Fletch singing in the back seat, their feet on Fletch's empty sample cases: "Let's be outrageous! Let's misbehave!"

They had covered seventy-five miles of the road when Fletch thought he heard the drone of a plane. Margie slowed a little, and Cassie cried suddenly:

"There it is, Fletch, right over there. Look! He's gliding down right on top of us. He's waving, ain't he? Wonder what he wants!"

"By God, that's Cole's Butterfly," Fletch shouted. "He's trying to make a landing. Something's up. He's going to light over there on that flat. Pull over on the other side of the road, Margie."

He was out of the car and running toward the impromptu landing field before they had come to a full stop. Margie, breathlessly thrilled, lighted a cigarette and watched Warner make a perfect three-point landing. "He's come to meet us," she thought. "I'll bet he wants me to go on with him in the plane!"

His behavior, however, was a little puzzling. He plunged headlong to the ground and hurried to meet Fletcher. Then, as if suddenly remembering something important, he whirled back, rummaged in the cockpit for a moment, and brought forth a leather bag, something like a lawyer's brief case only larger. When Fletch reached him they talked hurriedly for a moment, and, for no reason at all that Margie could discover, broke into a run toward the car.

Once there, however, they fell into a semblance of composure. Warner leaned over to squeeze Margie's shoulder and their eyes flew together and clung for a hungry, passionate moment before he got into the back seat with Fletch.

"Lord, what a time!" he gasped, wiping his face. "I thought you'd never come. Been joy riding up there for hours, watching for you. Now my gas's gone, and I'll have to leave the Butterfly here."

THOUGHT Margie: "If his gas was gone, how could he come down with his motor running? And why didn't he come down in the first place instead of staying aloft and using up all of his fuel?"

"Margie, we've got to turn around and head back to Butte," Fletch explained genially. "Cole's got to keep an important business date there at nine. Cassie, you climb up there with Marge. We've got a lot of things to talk over."

While Cassie clambered noncommittally to the front seat, Margie reversed the car. She gathered a few scattered and cautious hints from the conversation that took place behind her that something had gone awry in Lethbridge, where Warner had been, and that whatever it was it necessitated his immediate presence in Butte.

At this point Fletch announced his intention to drive. Warner said he believed he'd stay in the back seat, if no one cared. This obliged Margie to get in beside him, a circumstance that displeased neither of them. They had gone barely ten enchanted miles, however, when the car stopped, suddenly and without any preliminary threats, in a narrow, little-traveled lane that Fletch had undertaken in the hope that he might save an additional five miles on the short cut.

"What the dickens—" Warner muttered irritably. Fletch was scratching his head and cursing softly.

"She's been working like a darb all day, too." He got out and began to tinker here and there.

"Maybe it's the distributor," Warner offered, getting out too.

So they disconnected the distributor cap and tinkered. Meanwhile the shadows clustered thick in the willows, the sun dropped behind the hills, and the air got chill.

Warner came to her at last and put an arm around her. "Tired, baby?" he asked.

WARNER came to her at last where she sat on a strip of grass still warmed by the sun, and put an arm around her, cuddling her. "Tired, baby?" he asked.

How handsome he was with the little cockade of white in the dark, thick hair, and the deep cleft in his chin. And his mouth. . . . She was looking fixedly and a little helplessly at this when something he saw in the light, telltale eyes caused him to lean over her with a quick, rapacious pounce.

"Well, by George, can you feature that, now!" Fletch exclaimed. He was poking round under the instrument board and grinning widely.

"Must 'a' kicked my connections loose, somehow. Can you beat it?"

He fumbled a moment with the wires, wiped his hands on a bit of waste, called cheerfully, "All aboard!" and proceeded to make himself comfortable in the back seat. "No more driving for me, Margie. I seem to be fatal to this old bus. She knows her master's touch."

So Margie climbed in under the wheel, Warner helped Cassie in with Fletch, and seated himself beside Margie. He slipped an arm about her and she eased gently into the nest he made for her against his shoulder. Something as soothing and as heady as wine sang in her blood.

A few miles out of Butte Fletch leaned over and said: "Maybe we better step on it, baby. It's eight-thirty now. Cole's going to be late for that date if we don't hurry. You know what to do with the traffic bulls." He patted Margie's shoulder admiringly, and Margie nodded mechanically and said she sure did. She let her little slippered toe down gently on the feed, and the big car walked right along to sixty-five.

It was singing the prettiest kind of a song when they came in on the Columbia Gardens road and picked up the large yellow touring car with the red lights on either side of the cowl and the screaming siren that nobody with any sense at all even pretends to have any doubt about.

Fletch snarled, "They're here, damn 'em. Marge, you gonna let them bulls slow us down?"

"Not by a darn sight," grinned Margie, stepping harder. She'd had a glimpse of the pair in the front seat, and one of them was Tom Dickerson. She had just time enough to see his face change when he recognized her.

"I'll just call his bluff," she gritted, jaws set hard. "I'll see if he's got the nerve!"

Warner pressed close, his lips clinging briefly to the spot where the black curls whipped her cheek. "You're going to see me through this, aren't you, little girl?" There was a note of very distinct strain in his voice.

She laughed huskily. "Will I? Just hold your hats and don't stand up, ladies and gentlemen!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

NATION-WIDE CONTEST TO ENCOURAGE APPRECIATION AND PERFORMANCE OF MUSIC BY THE YOUTH OF AMERICA

Eminent musicians and educators, civic authorities and leaders of public opinion have been so eulogistic in their praise of the harmonica as a means of fostering in the youth of America a proper appreciation of things musical, that a nation-wide contest has been inaugurated to intensify the already keen interest of American youth in this universal musical instrument.

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TASTYEAST

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

The big car rocked and roared, pounding over a culvert at seventy miles. It scared an oncoming machine into the ditch, careened dizzily about a plodding flivver, and sped on with the yellow car in red-hot chase behind, its siren open wide.

"Better take a side street and head toward Harding Drive," Fletch shouted above the din. "We can jump off the pavement on the old Buffalo Trail and beat it to the shack if we have to."

Margie nodded to show that she had heard, gritted her teeth in sudden inexplicable panic, and forced the machine to every valiant ounce it had. But the one behind was gaining. She laughed hysterically and set the ball of her hand flat on the horn in grim challenge.

In a clear space on the intersecting street she had just entered the pursuing car drew well up behind. There was a sudden electrifying sound of splintering wood and glass, and a scream from Cassie.

Margie risked a look into the automobile which now rocked alongside, and saw that Tom had both hands on the wheel, driving like one possessed. His head was hunched between his shoulders, his face a greenish mask in the dashlight.

It was the uniformed man beside him who held the gun, and he waved it now with a loud shout of command.

Margie's foot wavered on the accelerator. Cold fear washed round her. Reason told her this was no silly escapade. Taking advantage of a terrified driver who got himself tangled up in the path of onrushing destruction, she darted to the right and escaped while Dickerson lost a precious minute in desperate maneuvering.

A SECOND bullet spattered through the windshield. "Boy, howdy!" Margie chuckled on a sob. "That's close, what I mean."

"Too damn' close," Warner agreed coldly. He flipped suddenly across the seat, shoved Cassie over in the front and was down on Fletch's empty sample cases almost in a single movement. While Margie was considering this apparently cowardly act, Fletch scrambled down beside him. Then there began an uproar that could mean but one thing. Both men were firing on that yellow car with automatics.

The patrol car dropped behind. But not before Margie, craning her neck for a glimpse of Tom, had seen the man beside him buckle all together, his arms stiffly upthrust.

"My God, Fletch, you've shot a man!" she screamed.

The wheel tore loose from her hands. The car crashed toward the curb.

"Here, you little fool, snap outa that," Cassie shrieked. Just in time she yanked the half fainting girl upright, snarling:

"You do your stunt and can the sob stuff. Get me?"

"But we've got to stop," Margie protested brokenly. "We've killed a man. This thing has gone far enough."

Fletch leaned across and tapped her shoulder with the warm, stinking barrel of his gun. "The hell you say! Think we want to stretch? Not on your life, baby. You keep right on traveling. And don't you stop till we say so. See?"

MARGIE straightened instantly, set her jaws, reached down for the emergency brake. "We're stopping now. I'm no killer." The machine slowed.

Then something jabbed her sharply just under the last rib. Fletch's large, pleasant face was quite close to hers. "No? Well, what'll you say when I break the sad news that for the last six months you've been transportin' booze and dope in from the Canadian border? Right under the snoots of the police, too! What d'y' s'pose we've had you chauffering us all over the country for? 'Cause we like your company so much? Hell! We needed you in our business, baby."

He paused to emit a short, pleased laugh.

"Warner mixed it with the mounties in Lethbridge this morning because somebody tipped 'em off. Maybe you know who that somebody was. I don't, but I got a good hunch. Take it from me, baby, you're as deep in the mud as we are in the mire, and—"

Out of her horror and vertigo Margie managed feebly: "I didn't know—"

"No? And how you goin' about it to prove it, huh? Think anybody'd believe you was so dumb? The daughter of a late cop? Don't make me lawf, Margery! Anyhow, what's the diff? Technically, you're our driver. See? We can say you got a rake-off on every deal. There's twenty grand in snow down there in that case of Cole's this minute. Wait'll they land us with that. Just wait, sister. You'll go over as far and stay as long as the rest of us, and I don't mean maybe. You better just do your stuff all nice and quiet, now, 'cause you ain't got one chance in a thousand of provin' how innocent you are."

The unearthly shriek of the siren announced that they had not lost their pursuers. They were well out Harding Drive now, that fine, smooth stretch of highway leading into the mountains south of Butte.

"When you come to where the old Buffalo Trail branches off west, you take it, see?" Fletch said.

"There's just one bull in the car now," Cassie reported. Fletch laughed.

"Fine. He'll be a cinch. That's Margie's special little boy chum. He's

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

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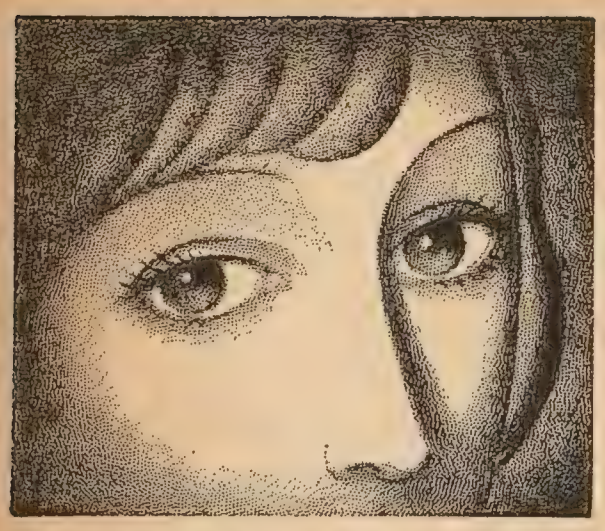

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For 25 years prescribed by doctors for common forms of gastric distress

Pepto-Bismol

[THE DAUGHTER OF CHARLEY MALONE]
Continued from page thirty-four

the hunch I'm tellin' you about. No danger his openin' up on us. All we got to do is take him for a ride—a nice, sweet, long, last ride. He'll follow like a sheep to slaughter. No?"

Margie slumped for a black instant over the wheel. "Mustn't faint; mustn't faint; mustn't faint!" she told herself savagely. Then she felt Fletch's automatic pressing ever so gently into that last rib of hers. She couldn't very well be Charley Malone's girl without possessing the knowledge, all ready made, so to speak, of what the outcome of this night's business must be. She had bitter reason to know what happened when a man was put "on the spot." Besides, one must remember, she knew Tom Dickerson. Honest and kind and brave. A square shooter. And too young to die. Too good.

Gee, he was the berries, all right. And he loved her. Loved her enough to follow her straight into what he had sense enough to know was a plant. People really did love enough, after all, to die of it, it seemed.

Well, at that—and at this point Margie squared her small shoulders.

What was it going to be like? Funny way for a girl to sign off. At nineteen, too. There'd be a big spread in the papers. Extras, probably. Charley Malone's daughter. . . .

Charley Malone's daughter! Trading on everybody's respect and liking as the daughter of a police hero, martyr to the trust of the people of Butte. Pretty rotten, pretty rotten, Margie Malone! Only one way out of this.

"Take it easy, baby," Fletch was saying. "We don't want to crack up ourselves. This is a bad road. Is he comin', Cassie?"

"Is he? And how!"

Warner sat up suddenly, laid his gun on the seat, and reached over to pat Margie's shoulder. "Good girl, Margie, you'll do."

HOW'S this? About right? Gee, it looks black down there. Is it deep enough? Water in the bottom, maybe. A snarling little stream, gone mad among the rocks. Big, hard, sharp boulders. Her skin crept itchily. She heard the sonorous rumble of the yellow car behind. No gun play now.

They slowed a little, making a steep grade. Not the right place yet. She needed speed and plenty of it for what she was about to do. They'd be on top soon. Then down the other side for the quick run to the shack. She thought she remembered a deep cañon just over this summit. It'd be easy enough there. Shove 'er clean to the floor, hold 'er there, twirl the wheel hard, hard. . . .

"Now you watch your step, baby," Fletch warned again, curtly. "I still got 'er trained right here, remember." He shoved down on the gun barrel and Margie jumped. "That tickles me," she explained coldly.

"One false move—zowie!" Fletch went on to explain humorously. "We ain't lettin' anything stop us now. We get rid of this bozo first. Then we beat it back to South Main and the Hong Kong. Old Long'll put us where the dicks won't think to look in a hundred years. He's pretty well got to! And you go with us, baby."

"You tell 'em," said Mr. Warner exuberantly.

On top now. The narrow road plunged straight down into abysmal blackness. What looked to Margie like a cañon a thousand feet deep opened on her left. This was the place, all right. Margie's heart seemed to start a clamor in a dozen different places at once. If only she had a minute more—half a minute, even. Good-by, Tom! Good-by, Tom! Good-by!

She twisted her small body round on the seat to look back where the yellow car was just topping the ridge, its headlights flashing twin following beams. It would have been something to have seen it, and have guessed where the lanky, long, dear figure crouched over the wheel, his forehead pulled into that funny black scowl. His—

"YOU watch this road, kid," snarled Fletch uneasily. "I'll open up on you the minute you make a break."

"Open and be damned!" shouted Charley Malone's daughter. And down went her foot to the floor. With all the power in her slim arms she wrenched at the wheel. The radiator leaped high for an instant before it cleared the rim. Then the lights pointed down into a cavernous tangle of vines, into darkness, into space. Fletch's gun coughed somewhere very close. Cassie wailed in terror. The siren on the yellow car started up its infernal eerie clamor again. It rang through Margie's head all through that hellish instant that the machine plunged end over end through underbrush before it lodged, a twisted mass of wood and metal, against a group of cottonwoods not more than twenty feet below the roadbed.

From her prison in the husk, Margie saw that none of them had been hurt. Cassie was on her knees in the grass, screaming loudly. Fletch and Warner were already on their feet, their guns barking spitefully at the uniformed figures tumbling out of the patrol car. As if in a dream she saw another automobile thunder up the road to a standstill. Out of it scrambled other grim passengers whose guns retched fire even before they stood free of the car.

After this things got somewhat vague for Margie. But she presently became aware of hands clutching her and an agonized voice crying: "Margie! Oh, my God, Margie!"

"You—you're pulling my hair, Tom," she complained weakly.

He laughed chokingly and released her to get a fresh hold.

"I've got to get you out quick, honey. The damn' car's on fire."

She helped herself after that. When he laid her down in safety and started going all over her with anxious hands to find what her injuries were, she raised herself on an elbow and looked wonderingly at the group now lined up in the yellow illumination from the car lamps. Three of them had their hands well up over their heads.

"Where—where'd all the cops come from so quick?" she gasped.

Dickerson laughed. "I had four in the back seat of my bus, under their overcoats. There were six more waiting at Fletcher's hut."

"Waiting?"

"Sure. They've been there ever since Lethbridge radioed. You see, Warner killed a provincial up there this morning, trying to get off with his cargo. They'd been posted to watch for him. Your mother told me you were on your way to Great Falls, and it was a cinch he'd head you off and double back to Butte. All the airports were guarded and he couldn't land. This was his only chance. So we just laid a deadfall and chased him off into it. Cheadle thought he could scare you into stopping. Poor chap, he's hard hit. I begged him not to fire. I knew you wouldn't stop. Or couldn't. But, honey, what in thunder made you wreck things like this? . . . God! I thought you were gone!"

HE groaned and gathered her suddenly into his arms, shuddering. She began to sob. "I thought they were taking you for a ride, Tommy. Their game was to kill you as soon as we got to the shack. Fletch had his gun against my side. I couldn't stop—when I knew. He—he shot just as I left the road, but I guess he went wild. I had it figured that there was a cañon right along here, and—"

"There is," said Dickerson in an awed voice. "Fifty rods down the road there's a hole a hundred and eighty feet deep. This is the beginning of it. And you—good Lord, Margie, you've got to care a little to do that! Why, good heavens, you—"

Margie was shivering against him. "What's the good now? I'll go over the road with the rest of 'em. No jury'd ever free me. I—"

Dickerson squeezed her hand in warning as a pair of patrolmen floundered down the draw to them. "Need any help getting her back to the car, Dick?" one inquired.

Dickerson laughed and swung her up in his arms to show how tiny she was. "I guess hardly."

"She is a little bit of a thing, ain't she? But she's sure Charley Malone's girl. Your pa'd be mighty proud of you, Margie, if he knew about tonight."

They were clambering through the weeds and undergrowth, and their clumsy efforts made it possible for Margie to gasp into Dickerson's nearest ear. "What's he doing, Tom, kidding me? What's he mean—proud of

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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GOODBYE to shaves that bite and burn and sting. Men today are using Ingram's.

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LINIT is sold by your GROCER

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

[THE DAUGHTER OF CHARLEY MALONE]
Continued from page thirty-seven

me?" She sobbed in fresh anguish.

He shook her gently. "Be still, honey. I told 'em you'd been stooling for me; that you'd tipped me off to the racket quite a while ago, and we were just waiting to get the goods on 'em. Everybody thinks you've run down the ringleaders in the toughest graft that's ever been pulled in Montana. You and me together. We—"

She lifted her head and stared at him, hardly daring to breathe.

"You told a lie like that—for me—for me?"

"Why, sure. It wasn't such a lie, at that. It was partly true, anyway. You did tip me off, didn't you? Sure you did. Why, you'll be as famous as your old dad from now on, Margie. You'll be the whole cheese!"

SHE was crying so hard by this time that he had to stop and comfort her. "Please, sweetheart, please!"

"I don't want to be the whole cheese," she sobbed, her arms tight around his neck.

There was much backing and turning and maneuvering on the narrow mountain road. A great confusion seemed to be threshing all round them, leaving them in a little tranquil space inside. The wrecked auto burned merrily, lighting up the scene in weird chiaroscuro.

"What do you want, honey?" Dickerson whispered. For a moment she was obstinately mum, her head crushed into his shoulder.

"Oh, Margie!"

And then, without any premeditation at all, they suddenly began to kiss and kiss and kiss.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 22

1—Bordeaux.
2—Milk.
3—A person in a merchant ship who manages the commercial concerns of a voyage.
4—Thirty-two.
5—Ignorance of the law excuses no one.
6—A very virulent form of plague which ravished Europe and Asia in the fourteenth century.
7—The art of preparing, stuffing, and mounting the skins of animals.
8—The rights of a person owning land containing or bordering on a watercourse or other body of water in or to its banks, bed, or waters.
9—Sixty-four.
10—Caracas.
11—Bismarck, North Dakota.
12—Peiping.
13—Idaho.
14—The Thirty Years' War.
15—Hot water with milk, and sugar, and little or no tea.
16—They are appointed by the President.
17—They are the names of genera of mosquitoes.
18—A thousand, or a period of a thousand years.
19—Something inopportune or embarrassing.
20—1620.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF UNCLE SAM.

Football's Post-W

A Roll-Call of Gridiron Greatness, 1919-1929

By George Trevor

REVERSING a familiar phrase, one may justly say that the last ten years were the hardest as far as earning nation-wide gridiron prestige is concerned. In the decade following the Treaty of Versailles, American football expanded from a semi-exclusive game to a national institution —a Yankee counterpart of the Roman gladiatorial spectacle. Today collegiate football exerts a fanatical appeal that even baseball in its halcyon years never knew.

A roll-call of the gridiron's immortals must logically be divided into cycles embracing varying spans of years. Since the football rules are forever in a state of flux, since the game is constantly being made over by zealous reformers, it is obviously impossible to draw a fair comparison between the headliners of the Mauve Decade and the topnotchers of the flaming '20s.

There is no common yardstick by which one may measure the relative abilities of "Pudge" Heffelfinger, Yale's mammoth guard of the '90s, and Wilbur Henry, Washington and Jefferson's modern mastodon. Their assignments were so utterly dissimilar that a comparison would be worse than odious.

Football has evolved from a glorified form of Rugby to a vivid imitation of warfare, a savage yet scientific battle of wits and brawn—chess played outdoors with human pawns. During this process of evolution the game as originally adapted from the English model has lost most of its fundamental characteristics. Its originators wouldn't recognize their brain-child. When Walter Camp and Alex Moffat were making athletic history at Yale and Princeton, football was a wide-open game, chock-full of kicking, lateral flipping, and dribbling.

Then came the knock 'em and sock 'em era of bone-crunching mass plays, interlocked lines, flying wedges, revolving tandems, guard-back formations, and jaw-cracking hurdles.

P. & A. photo
"Brick" Muller, California end.

A Ten-Year All-American Team
1919-1929

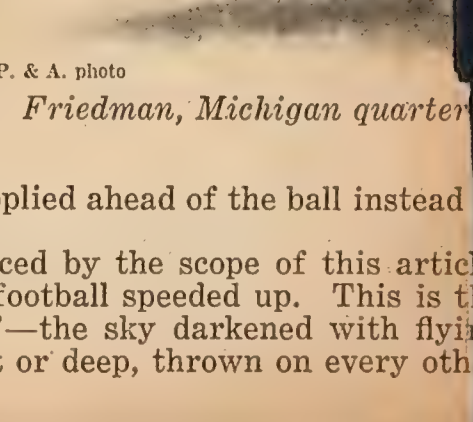
Regulars	*Position*	*Reserves*
Pund, Georgia Tech	Center	Lovejoy, Yale
Trott, Ohio State	Guard	Youngstrom, Dartmouth
Alexander, Syracuse	Guard	Schwab, Lafayette
Henry, W. & J.	Tackle	Grimm, Washington
West, Colgate	Tackle	Weir, Nebraska
Oosterbaan, Michigan	End	Hazel, Rutgers
Muller, California	End	Roberts, Centre
Friedman, Michigan	Quarter	McMillin, Centre
Grange, Illinois	Back	Owen, Harvard
Gipp, Notre Dame	Back	Harley, Ohio State
Nevers, Stanford	Back	Joesting, Minnesota

P. & A. photos
Pund, Georgia Tech center; and at the right, Trott, Ohio State guard.

Eventually the hard-bitten, canvas-jacketed epoch of shin guards, nose protectors, and body armor was relegated to the limbo where repose the leg-o'-mutton sleeve and the Gibson Girl shirtwaist. The forward pass, still in its rudimentary stage, revolutionized strategy, as did the change from five yards in three downs to ten in four.

AT that, even the relatively modernized football of Ted Coy's epoch bore only a superficial resemblance to the post-war brand. When pushing and pulling the runner was outlawed for the sake of safety, the essentials of strategy had perforce to be revised. Power must now be applied ahead of the ball instead behind it.

The modern decade, embraced by the scope of this articl has seen the whole tempo of football speeded up. This is t era of "gridiron basketball"—the sky darkened with flyi pigskins; forward passes, flat or deep, thrown on every oth



P. & A. photo
Friedman, Michigan quarter

Var Pantheon

P. & A. photos
Alexander, Syracuse guard; and at the right, Henry, W. & J. tackle.

Gipp, Notre Dame halfback.

P. & A. photo

Int. photo
Belford West, Colgate tackle.

Int. photo

U. & U. photo

"Red" Grange, famous Illinois halfback, taking the air route toward the enemy's goal line; and at the right, Ernie Nevers, Leland Stanford fullback.

P. & A. photo

Oosterbaan, Michigan end.

down; wide sweep runs behind cloud interference; deceptive crisscrosses, cutbacks, and delayed "spinners"; lateral passes; tricky variations of the Minnesota shift designed to dislocate the defense; far-flung "spreads"; "Statue of Liberty" fakes; hidden ball maneuvers performed by thimble-rigging conjurers; and that old reliable, the off-tackle power drive.

Kicking is soft-pedaled in this modern game. Attack has overcome the long-established ascendancy of defense. Touchdowns come cheaper than field goals. Realizing these radical changes, you can understand why it is not feasible to compare the post-war heroes with the Hestons, McClungs, Eckersalls, Cowans, Newells, Kings, Schultzes, Coys, Thorpes, and Mahans of yesteryear. Sufficient unto each generation are the stars thereof.

Let us restrict this round-up of modern brilliants to the decade 1919-1929—a cycle coinciding with the rise of the far West and deep South to a position challenging the time-honored football supremacy of the East and mid-West.

Glance down the selections which head this article. Can it be possible that not a single member of the tradition-steeped Big Three rates a place on the first-string all-modern eleven? Times have changed with a vengeance since that not too remote day when Walter Camp's All-American line-ups annually read like a composite roster of the Yale, Harvard, and Princeton teams, with an occasional Michigan or Pennsylvania player tossed in.

BEFORE he died, Walter Camp saw very clearly the trend toward what die-hards of the old régime contemptuously termed "outlanders." His latest selections reflected the growing dominance of western football.

In the tabulation above, it is the relatively small eastern colleges which furnish the super-stars. Yale and Harvard must rest content with a man apiece among the alternates. The first eleven personnel is subdivided thus: five mid-westerners, three easterners, two far-westerners, and one southerner. That's national distribution for you!

Confidential reports from over a hundred coaches between Montauk Light and Point Loma were carefully studied before making the selections which appear above. In the last analysis, however, when the entire nation is combed for outstanding players, personal opinion must figure largely in the final rating. Competitors were ranked on the basis of sustained brilliance over a three-year stretch. Men who flamed garishly for one

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

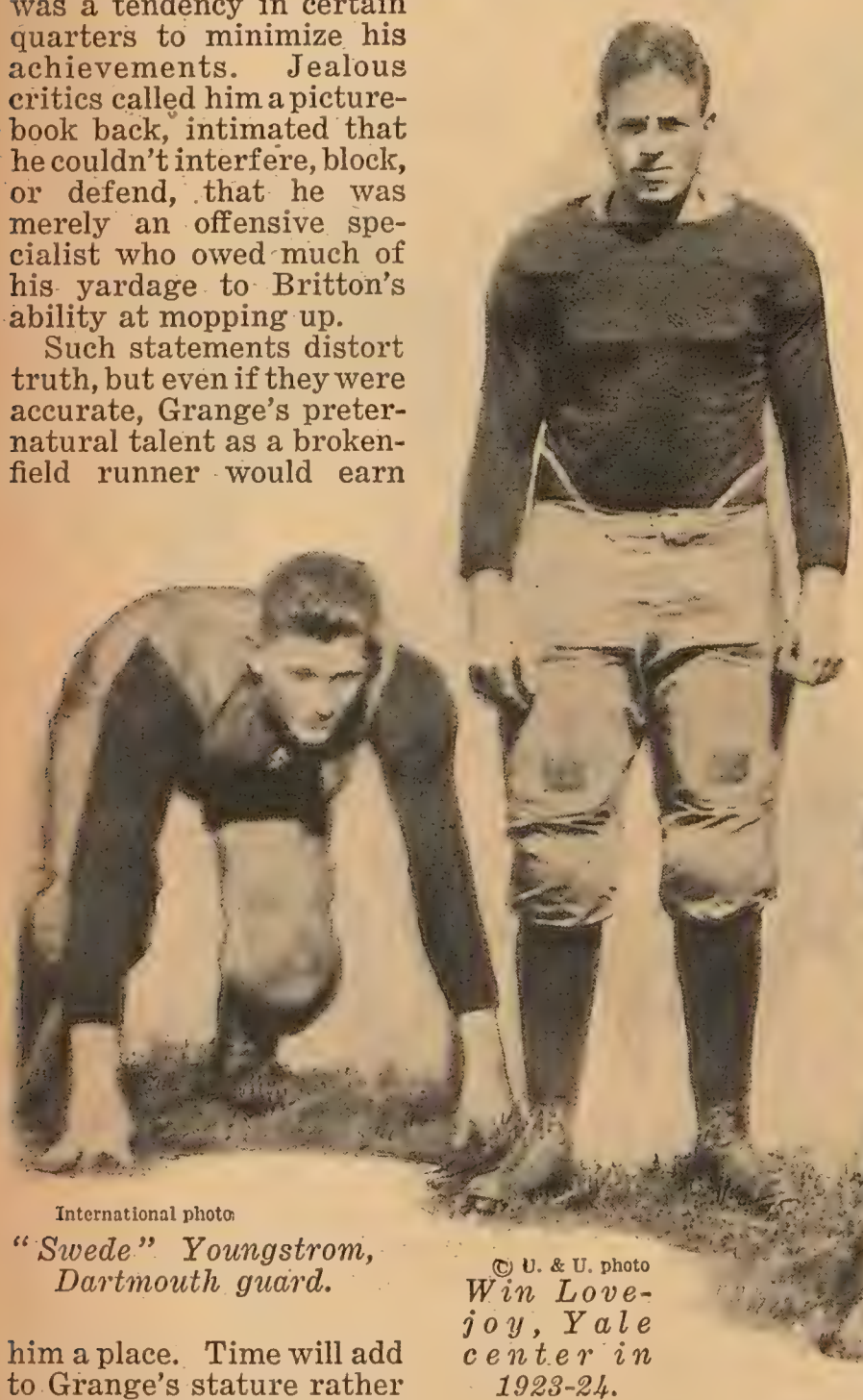
[FOOTBALL'S POST-WAR PANTHEON
Continued from page forty-one]

season yielded place to those a shade less flashy but more dependable.

Suppose we begin with the backfield, remembering that public interest focuses on the lucky chaps who carry the ball through holes opened by unheralded linesmen. We doubt whether there will be any appreciable criticism of that first-string backfield—Grange, Gipp, and Nevers. Which of the three could be replaced?

Following "Red" Grange's meteoric career there was a tendency in certain quarters to minimize his achievements. Jealous critics called him a picture-book back, intimated that he couldn't interfere, block, or defend, that he was merely an offensive specialist who owed much of his yardage to Britton's ability at mopping up.

Such statements distort truth, but even if they were accurate, Grange's preternatural talent as a broken-field runner would earn him a place. Time will add to Grange's stature rather than detract from it. Figures sometimes shout louder than brass-lunged adjectives.



International photo
"Swede" Youngstrom, Dartmouth guard.

© U. & U. photo
Win Lovejoy, Yale center in 1923-24.

Surely the red-headed, loose-jointed greyhound who scored thirty-one touchdowns and rolled up 3,337 yards for Illinois—nine yards for every minute he was in action—must have had something besides a press agent and the nickname Galloping Ghost. Ask the Michigan team through which he threaded a zigzag path for four long-range touchdowns in the game dedicating the Urbana Stadium!

HAROLD the Red sparkled as brightly in an uphill, knockdown, and drag-out fight as he did in a landslide victory. Chicago's juggernaut could battle its way to three touchdowns against the Illini but could not prevent Grange from matching them.

Picture a tall, gaunt boy with hair tinted like a Turner sunset, cadaverous cheeks, and deep-set eyes at once ineffably sad and piercingly bright. Those hawklike eyes had a photographic quality—could take in at a glance the location of every potential tackler. Even as he threw his snaky hips away from one tackler's lunge, he had figured out how to evade the next one.

Grange "thought two tacklers ahead." He was a two-speed runner. His ordinary gait was that of the average fast back, but he had a speed burst in reserve that left tacklers flat-footed, gazing at the flaring orange 77 adorning his broad back.

No other Illinois player will ever be permitted to flaunt the numeral 77. Dedicated to Grange, this number, sewed on a faded blue jersey, ornaments the Illinois trophy room.

In Grange's effortless stride veteran observers noted something of the majestic grace which marked Win Osgood as a man apart in the now forgotten '90s. Like Osgood, Grange wasn't hard to down once you got a grip on him—but try and get that hold! If the path ahead was blocked, Grange would pivot abruptly, moving sideways like a fiddler crab. He faded away from a tackler's arms even as Matty's drop used to dip under the exasperated hitter's bat. Grange could pass and kick moderately well, but doubling for a ghost was his chief stock in trade.

GEORGE GIPP, beloved son of Notre Dame, epitomized the perfect football player. Where sycamores whisper under a pale Indiana moon, Hoosier football enthusiasts still retell his dazzling exploits.

More than any other post-war back, Gipp reminded one of Eddie Mahan. He had Mahan's trick of offering a tackler his leg and then taking it away, a deft procedure that made the party of the second part feel as foolish as a commuter who sees his train gliding out of the station. Tacklers missed Gipp by inches, but they missed him. His hip weave would have made a blacksnake turn green with envy. Every move was timed to eliminate lost motion.

Gipp personified that overworked term, "triple threat." When he dropped behind Notre Dame's light line, opponents didn't know whether to expect kick, pass, or run.

International photo
"Bo" McMillin, Centre College quarterback.

P. & A. photo
Schwab, Lafayette guard.

His passes, thrown like a bullet along a flat trajectory, usually found safe anchorage in Roger Kiley's arms.

Harboring the quaint notion that the human foot could be used for kicking purposes, Gipp punted lazy spirals that often carried over the safety man's head. Drop-kick? This boy could boom a drop almost as far as he could punt. Against Western Reserve in 1916, Gipp split the uprights with a sixty-two-yard drop kick, the second longest in football history!

Gipp gave all he had every minute he was in action, a trait which ultimately cost him his life. Refusing to quit, he played through his senior year West Point game despite a dangerous throat infection. Pneumonia developed. He died on the campus he loved so dearly, looking out at the golden dome of Our Lady's chapel fired by the evening sun.

In life, Gipp's untrammeled spirit chafed at restraint. Training discipline irked this gay and gallant adventurer. On the field he violated orthodox tactics, laughed at stilted rules of strategy. Textbooks were not made for such as he. Gipp belonged to the rollicking west wind, clean, zestful, exuberant.

Ernie Nevers, as savage a line bucker as ever scraped his beak on sod, rounds out our post-war backfield. Here was a tough hombre for you, a hard-bitten pile driver after Coach Glenn Warner's own heart.

It was "Pop" Warner's good fortune to coach two of the greatest fullbacks of all time, though perhaps this sentence should be reversed. It was their good luck to be coached by "Pop." Jim Thorpe, sphinx-faced Sac and Fox Indian, was Warner's other superback.

Most all-time selectors begin by placing Thorpe at fullback. They are probably right; but Warner, who coached both, prefers Nevers to the Indian. "Nevers could do everything Thorpe could do," said Pop, "and he had more ambition, more pep. Thorpe was lazy. You had to everlastingly drive him. He wouldn't practice. He sometimes sulked."

At hammering a line to a bruised pulp, Nevers ranks with Ted Coy, Joesting, Maulbetsch, and Heston. The Stanford fullback's abnormally muscled thighs packed the drive of a steamboat's walking beam. Nevers ripped Notre Dame's line to shreds at the Rose Bowl in 1924, but "The Four Horsemen" galloped to touchdowns faster than he could pound them out by the sledge-hammer method. Nevers averaged over fifty yards on his punts and backed up his line with crushing finality.

ONLY the presence of such a throwback to the neolithic age as Nevers keeps Herbert Joesting off our first eleven. This yellow-haired viking was the terror of Minnesota's rivals.

He jackknifed through the enemy line, a convulsive "second gasp" dragging tacklers an extra yard in the wrong direction.

"For sheer drive I never knew his equal," said Yost, who had not seen Nevers. Like the Stanford behemoth, Joesting weighed 195 pounds and stood over six feet tall. Oddly enough, his white skin, as tender as a girl's, bruised easily. From knee to chest Joesting was a mass of blue contusions and angry welts when the final whistle sounded. It took sand to endure such punishment without flinching as he hurled his aching body against a human rampart.

Int. photo
Weir, Nebraska tackle.

P. & A. photo
Roberts, Centre College end.

George Owen of Harvard confessed that he disliked football, but his opponents never would have suspected this aversion. Owen's particular mission in life was picking on Yale. He had only to walk on the field to beat the Elis. They were "hexed."

Dr. Billy Bull called Owen "the greatest of all Harvard backs, Mahan included." The writer cannot concur, for Owen lacked Mahan's elusive hip shimmy and tricky change of pace, but George had no equal when it came to grim resolution, the will to win. Owen was the gridiron's pinch hitter, almost invariably rising to occasions.

You never saw a prettier change of pace than that with which "Chick" Harley of Ohio State fooled tacklers. He was a stop-go runner; could pivot on a dime without checking down. Harley picked his openings, slow-motion camera style, then zoomed away in high. He was equally adept on the throwing and the receiving end of a pass, collaborating with Stinchcomb. Running back kick-offs for touchdowns, a morale-breaking stunt, was Harley's hobby.

It's tantalizing to omit such remarkable carriers as Ira Rodgers, West Virginia's underslung jack-of-all-trades; "Boot" Kipke of Michigan, who could place his punts on a handkerchief and kick into coffin corner at will; Eddie Casey of Harvard, a greased pig in a broken field; Tom Davies, Pitt's human pin wheel; wiggly Chuck Way of Penn State; Andy Oberlander, Dartmouth's living catapult; "Red" Cagle, Army's cut-back squirmer, easily

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[FOOTBALL'S POST-WAR PANTHEON]
Continued from page forty-three

thrown but hard to keep down; Wally Koppisch, Columbia's blue streak on sweep runs; Jack Slagle, Princeton's clawing tiger cat who could kick or pass as well as wriggle clear; Morley Drury, Southern California's climax runner; Wilson and Carroll of Washington; Stevens, Yale's scissors strider; Tryon, Colgate's un-upsettable mudhorse; Ken Strong, and others too numerous to record. But what can you do when places are limited?

Who but Benny Friedman, Michigan's unruffled Little Napoleon, could logically quarterback this post-war mythical team? Cold as an iced shad in the heat of conflict, Friedman personified the coach's dream of what a quarterback should be. His was the chess mind which coaches seek and so seldom find.

Yost called him "the quarterback who never made a mistake." From one's own coach that approximates the perfect tribute. Old-time Michigan grads may regard it as little short of sacrilege to rank Friedman ahead of "Boss" Weeks, inspirational pilot of the 1901 immortals, but Yost himself is tempted to rate his Hebrew "thinking machine" atop the quarterback heap.

N. Y. World photo
Harley, Ohio State halfback.

Grimm, Washington tackle.

© U. & U.
Owen, Harvard halfback.

"Facing a team run by Friedman was like playing ten men and a coach," said Bob Zuppke. "His judgment was uncanny, particularly when it came to selecting goal-line scoring plays."

After all, the cardinal value of a quarterback lies in the grasp of generalship. But Benny was more than a master mind. His equal as an accurate pegger of passes never wore cleats. Others have thrown a longer ball, but none could thread the eye of a needle on the dead run as Friedman could.

IN addition to his genius as a forward passer, Friedman was a nervy, talented drop kicker, dependable for a goal when the game hung in the balance. He booted a forty-yarder between Ohio State's goal posts with forty seconds of the first half to play. Benny could weave through a broken field too, as he showed Wisconsin by a touchdown dash from kick-off. Savage roughing never made him quit.

Friedman had to be good to squeeze past such superlative pilots as Benny Boynton, Don Lourie, George Pfann, Glenn Killinger, Pooley Hubert, Harry Stuhldreher, Howard Harpster, Bill Spears, and "Bo" McMillin. You could put any one of those chaps on the second team without making a mistake, but we think that dashing McMillin of Centre College has a wafer-thin edge.

McMillin, fighting with the fanatical fervor of Stonewall Jackson, defeated powerful Harvard and West Virginia elevens almost single-handed. He outshone Ira Rodgers in their Morgantown duel.

There was the touch of an artist in everything McMillin did. His reverse runs, timed to the dot, brought spectators up standing and caught his hoodwinked rivals flat-footed. After feinting toward the long side of the enemy's line, "Bo" swooped like a hawk around the sucked-in short side.

Burly George Pfann, who literally ran on his knees, bowling over tacklers or dragging them along, was not really a quarterback. Gloomy Gil Dobie employs no "sich animile."

NOW we come to those vital anchor posts, the end positions. If the modern decade did not produce a "disembodied spirit" such as Yale's Frank Hinkey, "the shadow end," if it did not nurture so uncompromising an interferer as "Knock 'Em Dead Tacks" Hardwick of Harvard, the 1919-1929 era did breed two of the most spectacular wings who ever guarded a flank in the mighty persons of "Brick" Muller and Benny Oosterbaan.

Nature cast Muller and Oosterbaan in Stone Mountain mold. Sorrel-headed Muller of California was an Olympic athlete, a crack javelin thrower, discus tosser, and high jumper. His marvelous muscular energy stood him in good stead on the gridiron, where his sheer power recalled swashbuckling Tom Shevlin of Yale. Like Tom, Muller carried the ball on end-around sprints and ran back kick-offs with cyclonic fury.

P. & A. photo

Hazel, Rutgers end, getting off a long punt.

Int. photo

Herb Joesting, redoubtable Minnesota fullback.

They called Muller "the California catapult." Palming the pigskin in his hamlike hand, Muller launched it prodigious distances. Eyewitnesses still talk of his seventy-yard heave to "Brodie" Stephens for a touchdown which demoralized Ohio State in 1920. The receiver caught that titanic toss in the end zone as spectators gasped.

Oosterbaan, a skyscraping Hollander, was perhaps the greatest of all pass receivers. His Eiffel Tower reach gave him an advantage over such good little grabbers as Merrilat and Tully. A crack basketball player, Oosterbaan's trained reflexes and his manual dexterity enabled him to make full use of his abnormal physical qualifications for pass catching.

Intuition carried him to the spot where the ball would descend; that simian reach did the rest. His hands were

almost as big as Muller's. Anything he could touch, he held. Surrounded by enemy blockers, Benny would stick a scoop-shovel paw skyward and collar the ball. These one-handed completions delighted Michigan partisans, as did his shoestring pick-ups.

Oosterbaan had a keen nose for a loose ball. Minnesota won't forgive him for snapping up a fumble and converting defeat into victory. Defensively, Benny could be relied on to turn the runner inside. "I may be crazy but I'm not foolish enough to think I can circle that Dutchman's end," said Zuppke.

Homer Hazel, "Foster Sanford's strong man," was another throwback to the neolithic age. Hazel didn't know his own strength. This modern simulacrum of Tarzan wore an eighteen-inch collar and a number twelve shoe, and tipped the beam at 240 pounds. As broad as he was tall, he resembled a solid block of granite.

You had only to collide with Hazel to be badly shaken up. He could play any position on the field; Sanford used him as defensive end and offensive fullback. He could trade kicks with the greatest punters of any age and not be outdistanced. He would surely make a first eleven in some capacity.

"Red" Roberts of Centre College had almost as much brute power as Hazel. Roberts blotted out tacklers as a tank mows down wire, McMillin following in his wake. His unhelmeted head shone like a ruddy oriflamme where the fighting was thickest.

Cagy, guileful Miller of Pennsylvania, pass-snaring Bomar of Vanderbilt, Fincher of Georgia Tech's "Tornado," and Vic Hanson of Syracuse were the best of the other post-war wings.

TWO giants stand out at tackle—Wilbur Henry of Washington and Jefferson and Belford West of Colgate. They rank with such all-time immortals as Ham Fish, Jim Hogan, Hector Cowan, Cupid Spears, and Spike Curtis.

Wilbur Henry was only seventeen when he entered W. & J. Before he graduated, the *ping* of his blocked punts was heard around the football world. No other man has blocked as many kicks as W. & J.'s human whale.

"The greatest tackle I ever saw in action," was Walter Camp's verdict. Pop Warner concurred. That ought to quash any argument. "On defense, Henry plays in the opposing backfield," remarked Andy Kerr, a rival coach.

Nature must have gone back to the dinosaur for a model when she fashioned Henry. Standing six feet one, he looked almost tubby because of his 240 pounds, but it was hard, firm flesh. His "fat" was really muscle.

On attack, this play wrecker often wiped out one whole side of the enemy line. He mussed up formations at their inception. Agile? Henry once broke through, picked the ball off the rival kicker's toe, and, without breaking stride, raced for a touchdown!

Belford West of Colgate was rigged on leaner, trimmer lines. Six feet two inches tall, 196 pounds in weight, he had the ideal tackle build. His lateral range on defense was the despair of all rivals. On attack, his charge resembled the recoil of a steel spring. Not since "Ma" Newell wore Harvard crimson has any tackle used his hands more deftly than West.

Technically speaking, West was a more polished stylist than the massive Henry. The Colgate tackle could forward pass and place-kick unerringly. He booted a field goal from the fifty-two-yard line against Syracuse in 1917.

Grimm, University of Washington husky, and Weir, Nebraska's lancinating tackle, tread close on the heels of West and Henry. "Bozo" Milstead, who transferred from Wabash to Yale, wrought terrific havoc but was apt to charge blindly and leave his position open to a counter-thrust. Keck, Princeton's boulder-legged tackle, had a bad afternoon against Chicago in 1921. He was subject to injuries. Slater, Iowa's Negro colossus, and Beam of California deserve mention.

The guards are relatively the weakest spots on our post-war eleven. None of the moderns compare with such Homeric men as Heffelfinger, Glass, Rinehart, Benbrook, Hare, Chadwick, Woodruff, De Witt, Wheeler, and Gordon Brown.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[FOOTBALL'S POST-WAR PANTHEON]
Continued from page forty-five

Yost selects Dean Trott of Ohio State as one of his all-time Conference guards. "His tactics could serve as a model of guard play," says the Michigan mentor. "He had prodigious strength, the resiliency of a rubber ball, and a profound knowledge of his position."

Joe Alexander of Syracuse was one of the few men who actually enjoyed the hard knocks incidental to football. He played with a kind of fierce exultation, the light of battle shining in his expressive eyes. Camp called him "a guard without a weakness." He was an intellectual type, always mapping out solutions to problems and matching wits with his adversaries.

"Swede" Youngstrom, Dartmouth's tow-haired giant, was a more spectacular type than either Trott or Alexander. Youngstrom made a fetish of blocking kicks; rode this hobby so violently that he sometimes neglected fundamental duties.

SWEDE had a single-track mind, but how he could rush the kicker! He blocked four Colgate punts in the unforgettable 1919 tie at Hanover. "Cobbles" Sturhahn, a rugged reminder of the day when Yale had a corner on tough-fibered guards, and Frank Schwab of Lafayette—quick as an alley cat at dropping out of line to head Warner's interference—were almost on a par with our first-stringers, as was Charley Hubbard, Harvard's vicious tackler. When Hubbard hit 'em they stayed hit.

"Tiny" Welch, a cobby, low-slung type, mopped up like a whippet tank for Eddie Tryon of Colgate. "As great an interfering guard as the game has seen," was Coach Buck O'Neill's comment on Welch. Slaughter of Michigan — appropriately named—Connaughton of Georgetown, and McMillin of Illinois stand high among modern guards.

There has been a dearth of really great centers since the guns ceased to grumble from Ypres to Belfort. No modern snapper-back is quite in a class with such heralded pivots as "Germany" Schultz, Peck of Pittsburgh, Stone of Vanderbilt, and Yale's "Pa" Corbin.

Had Big Ed McMillan shown the fiery aggressiveness of his senior year during his first two campaigns at Princeton there would be no need to look further for a center, but the blond Tiger giant was lethargic and easy-going before the responsibility of captaincy gave him an incentive.

For all-around value, Henry Pund of Georgia Tech probably deserves the nomination.

NICKNAMED "Peter the Great," Pund was a Gibraltar in Tech's golden-jerseyedline. No, that simile sounds too static. Playing loose on defense, Pund roved from one flank to another, tackling all over the field. He had an uncanny instinct for intercepting short passes, anticipating the direction of the throw. Pund "fed" his backs with the precision of an automatic stoker.

Ed Garbisch, Army's smiling center, was overrated because of his flashy open-field tackles. He was too much of an individualist, frequently being feinted into leaving his position unguarded.

Win Lovejoy was the surest snapper-back among modern pivots. Yale's reliable center handled a water-logged mud-incrusted ball without a single miscue in the rain-drenched Harvard-Yale games of 1923 and 1924, played on gridirons that resembled an Irish bog. Lovejoy bulldogged steers on a Texas ranch by way of summer recreation.

Adam Walsh, Notre Dame's inspirational anchor to windward; Blott of Michigan; Larry Bettencourt, the St. Mary's ball hawk; Wild Bill Cunningham of Dartmouth; Herb Stein of Pittsburgh, and Babe Horrell of California complete the roster of outstanding modern centers.

Could this post-war eleven conquer the All-American teams of preceding eras? No man can answer that question, but the writer would hate to bet his own money against the eleven youngsters who make up this 1919-29 first team. They could take care of themselves in any company.

THE END

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Interview

A Short Short Story

By

DOROTHY BELLE FLANAGAN

who pleads guilty to taking a degree at the University of Missouri and to spending the next four years in newspaper work, traveling, and writing "mostly poetry."

"YOU had lived with him long?"

She sat opposite in an old rocker with a crocheted antimacassar on the back of it. She did not look up. It seemed wrong to ask such a question.

"Nine years come this April." Her voice was a mumble.

"He was good to you?"

"Always. Always good to me. He used to bring me candy at first when we was—when we first lived here. Sometimes he'd bring me a pair of silk stockings." She tucked her dull oxfords, scuffing neatly blacked, under the edge of the chair.

"You didn't know he was married?"

Her voice spoke down to her hands again. "I knowed it. That's why we couldn't get married. But he never saw her—"

"You loved him?"

She nodded once, dumbly. Some assignments are easy. Questing a thin, defeated woman is not.

"When did you find him?"

She looked up for the first time. "It wasn't me found him. I didn't even know he was in the house. I was asleep all the time."

"You didn't hear the gun go off?"

She shook her head, looking again upon her roughened fingers. "Miss Griggsly, my neighbor, come in to borrow an egg and she saw him laying there—laying there—"

"This room?"

"Oh, no!" Her tone was a realization of the sacredness of the parlor. Nothing could disturb it except the weekly cleaning—not even murder. "He was laying on the kitchen floor. She run upstairs and she woke me up. She thought we was married. Everybody did here."

The gun found beside him had been an old blunderbuss affair that must have made a bitter racket.

"It's a wonder you didn't hear the gun."

She looked up again. "I take medicine to make me sleep—for my heart." She put her hand upon the black dress hiding her heart. "Dr. Strother give it to me."

"I've always been afraid of sleeping tablets for fear I'd take an overdose by mistake. Foolish, isn't it?"

"These ain't very strong. I only take one of them to put me to sleep."

She was twitching her hands as if feeling for the apron she usually wore.

"It must have been a terrible shock to you when Miss Griggsly woke you."

"She said: 'Jed's shot hisself! Jed's shot hisself!'"

"Cruel."

"It wasn't true. I knowed it wasn't true. He didn't want to die." She spoke slowly. "He was scared of dying."

"He had enemies? In his business—"

She looked up. "He said lots of times they was men out to get him. He used to laugh and say they wouldn't get him. But he'd be scared after dark if anyone ever knocked at the door. He always made me answer it."

"This address was known, as well as his city one?"

She nodded. "He stored it here. In the basement."

"Weren't you afraid you might get into trouble?"

She shook her head. "I thought he'd take care of me."

"You haven't any idea who might have killed him?"

She started the rocker with her heel. "I was asleep."

"You said you didn't even know he was in the house. Didn't you expect him that night?"

The chair hushed a moment.

"He called me up at nine. The clock had just struck. He was in the city. There wasn't no train before ten o'clock, so he couldn't get here till twelve. I went to bed."

"He called you? You didn't tell the police that."

"They didn't ask me." She did not speak defiantly, but dully.

"Why did he phone you?"

"It wasn't nothing. A letter. About some business. He wanted me to read it to him."

"Did you know where to find it?"

She hid her hands under the back of her elbows. "He said it was in his desk. He told me where he hid the key."

"He kept it locked?"

"I'd never seen in it before. He told me where the key was and where to find the letter. He said he'd have to come out and get it if I couldn't find it."

"Did you find it?"

"Yes. There was a lot of letters. I had to open them to find the right one. There was a lot signed Mabel."

"They questioned her yesterday." He had been with her until he took the train that night.

"There was a picture of him and her. She had light curly hair and was fat. One letter said I was a skinny old crow and a frump." Her face reddened. "She was setting on his knee and he had his arm around her. They was laughing at me. They was laughing at me in all them letters—"

"You read them all? While he was waiting on the phone?"

"She had on a hat with plumes and roses and she was laughing at me. She had beads around her neck."

"Did you find the letter he wanted?"

She looked up.

"I told him I guessed he'd have to come out and get the letter himself." Her flat bosom rose and fell.

"Then you went to bed?"

"I went to bed. I took two pills and went to bed."

"Two?"

"I wanted to be sure to sleep." The chair was still.

"When—when did you take those pills and go to bed?"

Her hands tightened; relaxed. "After I'd kilt him."

The clock began a steady ticking. The rocker creaked comfortably. She raised her eyes and twisted a released smile.

"I didn't mean to tell nobody. I didn't want them to do nothing to me. All those policemen asking questions and tramping dirt on my kitchen floor right after I'd got it all scrubbed clean without no stain showing. I didn't mean for nobody to know it. You won't print it in the newspaper, will you? I'll go tell the judge about it. I knowed it was wrong not to tell before. I'll go tell him now, but please don't print it in your paper. I wouldn't want it in the newspaper." She stopped the chair. "I wouldn't want people to know."

THE END

Vox

Good-by. Thanks for the Bouquet

CHICAGO, ILL.—It surely makes me laugh to see the way you New York editors let yourselves be bunkoed.

As for instance:

Because Rob't W. Chambers wrote you a couple of pretty good serials ("The Happy Parrot" was the last) you let him sell you "The Rake and the Hussy"—an utterly unreadable and piffling piece of bosh, to judge by the way it starts.

And because Viña Delmar wrote a clever novel ("Bad Girl") and has furnished you with some pluperfect short stories, you let her sell you "Kept"—harmless enough, but intolerably trashy and stupid.

And because Mrs. St. Johns wrote a perfectly wonderful sketch of Clara Bow, you let her sell you a perfectly inane sketch of Valentino.

Now do you begin to get me?

Once in a while it works the other way.

McEvoy's first Dixie Dugan serial I couldn't read. But his second ("Show Girl in Hollywood") was fully as entertaining as the first was advertised to be. For fifteen weeks it was the first thing I turned to in Liberty.

Well, I must say good-by.

But before I quit I want to throw a bouquet to "The Castle in the Wood," by Beatrice Grimshaw—the best piece of short fiction I've ever seen from her. No bunko that time.—*Reader.*

Sorry

VANCOUVER, B. C., CAN.—Please return nickel I paid for issue of October 5. There is no Ralph Barton News of the World in it.—*J. N. Brown.*

What's That?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—We were two unsophisticated maidens, living in the twentieth century, knowing naught of the ways of the world—that is, before reading our first copy of Liberty.

Now we are enlightened on what every young girl should know.—*Two Readers.*

You Tell 'Em

ST. ALBANS, N. Y.—Your editorial, "Swimming and Flying," was very interesting, but differed from the policy you have followed in all previous ones. It was not constructive—it was pessimistic.

You went all the way down to the nebulæ stage of our origin to give the impression that Nature drags us to our ancestral cradle and, by the way, that this little speck of the universe will, in time, become another cosmic cinder. If so, what is the use of Nature's everlasting struggle since the beginning of the universe?

I believe that flying (the incipient will-imposed struggle of man to conquer the air) is as natural as thinking, talking, and other ineradicable "instincts" which, however, are not found in the background of our ancestry. In fact, flying is now as vital for the purpose of human evolution as was swimming in our jellyfish stage of life.

The mythical paradises and Sons of God, which we find in most religions, are in the making—have been in the making since the beginning. And the work will continue until we reach Heaven, Nirvana, Divine Omnipotence, Scientific Achievement, or whatever you want to call that ultimate goal from which we are yet so far.

We don't know nor can we imagine what it is, but we do know that we are an essential part of that creative "Godness" and that our way to reach our goal has been traced since the beginning: eternal fight for betterment, using all the might at our command to conquer and win.

It awes our imagination to compare Lindbergh's prehistoric relatives, who devoured three tons of jungle grass to travel three miles, to our national hero's achievement in traveling 3,000 miles a day while fed on a couple of sandwiches. Lindbergh's brothers of this generation can never visualize the shape, appearance, and might of their descendants of a billion years from now when they will be dwelling in other worlds and our solar system has turned into another little cosmic cinder.

Such creatures, then, will not be called men.

Perhaps their atomic structure will not even resemble solid matter, but they will have in common with us the same attributes of thought, a way to express it, and the same old path to reach our ultimate goal.

Then, Heaven, Nirvana, the Omnipotent Being, will be realities. We will have absolute mastery of ourselves and of all that is. Then, God will exist.—*A. R.*

Oh, Sure

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I'm a clerk in a drug store, and, what's more, I like every bit of your magazine.

About a week ago an elderly lady asked me for a *nice* magazine. When I suggested yours, she said, "Why, I wouldn't read that. It isn't fit to be published in a civilized country."

Last night a fellow comes in and asks me for some kind of a *hot* magazine. I offered Liberty.

He looked at me and said, "That thing's no damn good. If you call that junk hot, you ain't dry behind yer ears yet."

It's a good thing most people know what they want.

"Chacun à son goût," as the Frenchman would say.—*Walter Deutsch.*

Well, Life Is Fleeting

SALEM, OHIO—Wouldn't it be a good idea to indicate in the index the number of people killed in each story? A few of us prefer stories of not less than eighty-six violent deaths, but I am sure most of us prefer stories in which not a soul is murdered.

There seems to be one death by some violent means or other to each 800 words in Liberty stories.—*Jesse James.*

How True Indeed

COOPERSTOWN, N. D.—We have our modern philosophers in Angelo Patri, Bruce Barton, and others. However, I wish to nominate Elliott White Springs as one of the foremost.

In his last story, "Hymen and Haywire," he, between cocktails, manages to give us the following bit of what I call excellent philosophy:

"'You see, a wife doesn't realize that other men have more faults than she's already gotten accustomed to. She sees other men on their good behavior. When she finds out they wear toupees and blow their soup she returns to her husband and is that much nearer contentment. It's a stage they all have to pass through.'"

In regard to the above, I cannot say more than, "How true—how true!"

Liberty is worth anyone's nickel.—*One Who Knows.*

You Might Go and Look

TORONTO, CAN.—Your Mr. Palmer described very interestingly, in his articles, "How They Drink in Canada," the working of the liquor laws in our various provinces. But I would suggest that he might have been sampling some of the wares in Ontario, to get so mixed in his geography.

I had always been taught that Cobourg, Ontario, was on the north shore of Lake Ontario (not Erie) and as late as July last the burg was still situated on Lake Ontario.

But you can never tell what the rum-runners will do, and they may, since July, have moved this town to the shores of Lake Erie for their own convenience. —*R. Mann.*

That Rabbit Argument Again

NAPERVILLE, ILL.—To that Vox Popping Rabbit Hating Mountaineer: You don't know your rabbits. Rabbit Lover wanted articles on the domestic rabbit; so do I, and so do several thousand other rabbit breeders.

You could not "deespize" a harmless little rabbit. Stop and consider that the lowly rabbit is making a living—and a darn good living—for thousands of people.

There are over 100,000,000 rabbit skins used annually in this country, being turned into fur garments, fur

Pop

trimmings (under names too numerous to list), and linings for gloves, and then the inferior furs are ground up and presto!—we have felt hats.

Don't take my word for it, but send to the government for literature on this poor little beast whose wild brothers evidently got your nanny; go out and buy a domestic rabbit, and have your wife (if you have one) cook it up "brown."

Man—you don't know the treat that's in store for you.—*Rabbit Breederette.*

They Seem to Like Jimmy

VENICE, CALIF.—Well! Now that "Show Girl in Hollywood" is over with, what are we supposed to do with it?

A fine story, says I, but the way it started I thought it was just going to be a good fiction story—and then you end it up by putting in a lifelike picture with a girl that looks exactly like the drawings of Dixie.

Let's have a sequel. I'm sure we all want to know if they lived happily forever after, or if they're divorced as every popular star is.

Also, wouldn't it be mar-ve-lous if Jimmy suddenly got rich and came and kidnaped her, or married her (after she's divorced) or somefin?—*Gussie Clarke.*

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Say, what was the idea of J. P. McEvoy giving Jimmy Doyle the gate? That was absolutely no way to treat a good honest, hard-working guy, like my ol' pal Jim. I certainly can't say much for Dixie or for McEvoy for treating the old boy like they did, doggone 'em!

Here I've been rushing to the newsstand every Friday just to see how Jimmy was progressing.

I at least hoped he would eventually make good and win Dixie, but no—what does our "beloved" author do in the last installment but bring in a complete stranger, a rich dude, to buy the love of our now famous Colossal star!

Say, Mr. Mac, I wonder if you could love a girl like your heroine turned out to be?

You know, I wish I'd missed the concluding installment—then I'd have thought more of you and your darn li'l' ole heroine who's just ruined my faith in all women.—*Just Jerry.*

Is That Neighborly?

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Where does Adela Rogers St. Johns get all that bunk that she writes about the movie crowd? I've lived among them for years and they certainly are a trashy set of people—a lot of nobodies who now are earning more money than they ever saw in their lives before, and have gone crazy.

It is amusing to read Mrs. St. Johns' articles and then view the reality.—*L. H. V.*

Ethel Could Bear Up Under Money—

BERWYN, ILL.—Why create sympathy for the unhappy society girl as in "Tough Luck" by Marjorie Oelrichs? The society girl appears happy. So does the working girl. But is the working girl really happy?

I have known many intelligent working girls who are not contented and happy. Why? Because they, too, want something they are not destined to have.

I can find a parallel for every condition Miss Oelrichs depicts as existing among the socially prominent, also existing among the working class. The poor girl runs away to make herself famous or find a career, but, more often than not, comes back disillusioned. This spiritual and material unhappiness is very often caused by lack of money—sometimes by lack of understanding in the home.

We are all of us—rich or poor—victims of fate, destiny, luck—or what have you? Why moan and tell a sad tale about it?

I sincerely believe that, proportionately, there are just as many unhappy poor girls as there are rich girls. Why shouldn't there be? We are all human and I know that happiness, joy, sorrow, hate, love, and jealousy run alike in ratio among all strata of society.

"Tough Luck"? Apple sauce! It just riles me to hear that old stale tale, "The rich are not happy." Oh, how many poor people are there who are not happy!

In concluding, I will say that I would rather be rich and unhappy than poor and unhappy.—*Ethel Barton.*

—But Anne Pities the Rich

TUCSON, ARIZ.—I certainly do feel sorry for Miss Oelrichs and all the other rich society girls who don't get a chance to show their own individuality. I wish I could do something to help them.

I hope that some of the mothers and fathers of rich girls will open their eyes and see a few things. They don't mean to deny their girls anything. Far from that. They just have the wrong idea of what the modern girl wants.

Maybe if some broad-minded society mother would sanction her girl's getting a position and making something of herself, the rest would follow. Here's hoping, anyway. Three cheers for Miss Oelrichs. Perhaps she has opened the way for thousands of other girls. Who knows?—*Anne.*

From a Satisfied Customer

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.—Hurrah for Liberty! You know, I mean Liberty Magazine. You have finally decided to publish my weakness now. That is, short, one-page, complete stories. They are my meat. I can read one while eating lunch, whereas, before, I would become a half hour late for work reading the longer ones.

Now the boss congratulates me for my prompt return after lunch hour. And, say, the one by David McLaughlin ("Baby Face") was unique. I see Dave is a striving young author. Give the boy a break, will ya? He deserves it.—*Bill Muse.*

We Hate to Say No Twice

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I sent you a story which was rejected. In with the returned manuscript was a small printed slip. Before I had a chance to read it, I lost it. I wonder if you would be kind enough to send me another one? It made no comments on the story, but as it was my first venture, I would like to have it for a souvenir.—*S. R.*

Georgia Talks Back

ATLANTA, GA.—We are a group of Georgia Tech students who think that George Trevor takes too much for granted in his recent football article, "Why Did He Blow That Whistle?"

In the article appears the following statement: "If the 1929 code had been in force last New Year's Day, California would have beaten Georgia Tech, and Riegels would have been a local idol instead of a 'national goat.'"

While we are "iffing" let's if some more: *If* "Stumpy" had not fumbled the ball Riegels would not have made his famous run, and *if* Benny Lom had gotten off one of his usual fifty-yard punts the situation would have been somewhat different.

If, again, Maree had not broken through California's line and blocked the kick the safety would never have been scored. Some more *if:* if California had not been so fortunate as to recover the blocked kick it would have been a touchdown for Tech instead of a safety.

Football is an uncertain game and it seems extremely foolish to say *if* a certain incident had not happened the outcome would have been different.—*C. Posey Bagley, '30—K. Clarence Campbell, '30—J. Emmette Howell, '29.*

That's One Way of Putting It

NEWARK, N. J.—A German flyer states that the Jerry flyers did not attack helpless observers parachuting down from "strafed" sausages.

In 1917, near Heudicourt, back of Gouzeaucourt, Cambrai sector, toward sundown one summer evening, a German plane strafed a sausage, and circled the observer all the way down to within a few hundred feet of the earth, giving him the machine guns all he could, and got the observer, too.

The man who did that danced at his mother's first wedding.—*Flying Bricklayer.*

Catching Cold easily . . . . . .

. . . . *sign of too much acid. Milk of Magnesia corrects this*

WHEN you catch cold easily, it shows your system is being overloaded with acid-wastes from wrong diet, an overloaded stomach, worry or too much work. A cold throws more acid-waste into the blood stream. That's what makes you feel achy, feverish, weak, half-sick.

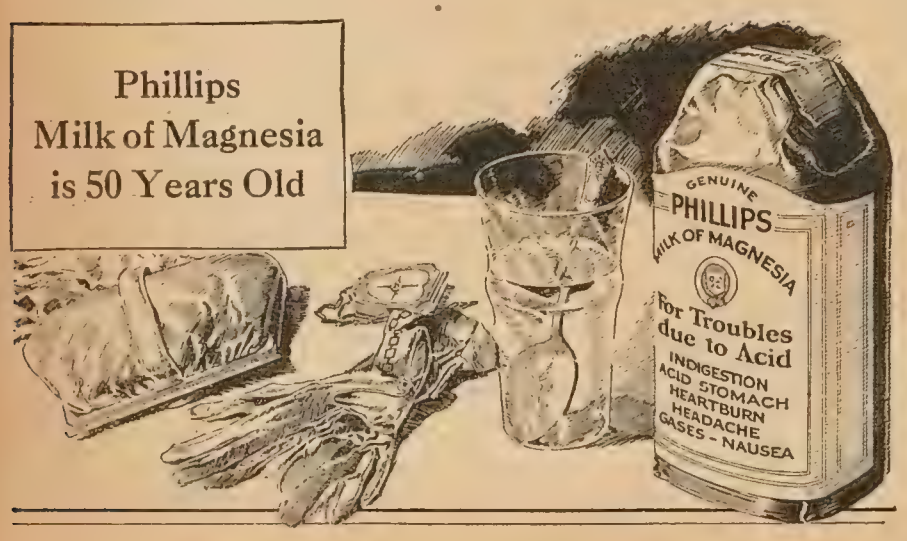
Neutralize this excess acid with an alkali and see how quickly all the disagreeable and weakening symptoms of a cold disappear; how your head clears up, appetite, energy return. This is the modern way to treat a cold; a way that doctors favor.

The alkali to use for this purpose is magnesia. To get magnesia in its most pleasant, palatable and effective form, use Phillips Milk of Magnesia. It is a milk-white liquid; magnesia *in perfect suspension;* the U. S. Dispensatory says that is the right form.

To relieve a cold, or prevent it, begin at the first sign. Take a tablespoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water, morning, noon and night, the first day. Do the same thing the second day. Then take only at night.

You probably know the marvelous help of Phillips Milk of Magnesia for sour stomach, biliousness, indigestion, gas, and other troubles caused by too much acid. All drug stores have the 25c and 50c bottles. Look for the Phillips signature.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia is 50 Years Old



You Can't Buy CHARM

By

EILEEN BOURNE

WHEN you consider the amount of money that is spent annually by women on beauty products, in beauty parlors, and on dress, you realize that everything that money can do is being done to promote feminine charm.

The expenditure, as you know, has little class distinction in our country, whatever may be said of the advantages of the rich in other countries. For her income, the wage earner spends as freely on her beauty promotion as the woman of private means.

If money could do everything, we should have a more nearly uniform standard of beauty. But the fact remains that women are still divided into groups of ultra-attractive, attractive, fair, and ordinary. The large clothes allowance does not make the well dressed woman, nor the weighty bank balance produce the well groomed look.

What does? We might take, to illustrate, the case of Mary Brown, secretary, as opposed to her sister married to a wealthy man. There is a striking family resemblance. Both are blondes, tall, and ordinarily described as good-looking. Feature for feature, they start out evenly. But Mary's salary demands study for her clothes budgeting, and her dress indicates the advantages of enforced planning. Her wardrobe is prescribed for the occasion rather than for an assortment of things. Her sister has a full wardrobe with the usual complaint of nothing to wear, a consequence usually of poor planning. Where the wealthy sister depends largely on professionals for her grooming, Mary's daily devotion to the necessary details keeps her appearance on an even grade.

Mary has the good looks that result from good health, good physical care, and careful dressing. And she has poise, which the other one has not. She is more alive, mentally and physically. And she is sufficiently sure of herself to be unconscious of self.

Clothes do not create a charming person. Massages, permanents, manicures do not create charm in themselves. Of course, dress and grooming details are not ignored by the truly charming person. It is the unselfconsciousness of the well poised one that wins her the charm laurels.

A fidgety, uneasy person, who is always remembering something she has forgotten, an untidy-minded individual, in other words, is totally without charm.

There is a certain efficiency about the whole business of living that creates and develops self-assurance, well poised, well balanced self-assurance.

When you study the classifications of women, ultra-attractive, attractive, fair, and ordinary, and then study women who fit the types, you see plainly enough the striking advantages of poise.

It tells in the walk. It tells in the grace of every little movement. It tells in the face. And, to my mind at least, it tells a very great deal in explanation of why more women aren't referred to as charming.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

Liberty's Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name .....
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Street and No. .....

City .....State..... 168

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

Lillian Russell in Lady Teazle.

My Mother, LILLIAN RUSSELL

An Intimate Portrait

By

DOROTHY RUSSELL

THE author, who is Lillian Russell's daughter by her second husband, Edward Solomon, has now brought her story of her mother's life down to 1894-95. At that time Lillian Russell, in her early thirties, was at the height of her popularity as a prima donna and a beauty, while the author herself was a child in a convent school. Last week's installment ended with the mother's third marriage, to Perugini, the tenor of her company, and its dissolution.

PART THREE—THE QUEEN OF COMIC OPERA

THE contract which resulted in the Perugini dénouement was to play a repertoire of French operas in England, under the management of Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau, who were then managing the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Mother had signed despite her husband's protest, and she sailed with the company shortly afterwards to produce The Grand Duchess in Henry Irving's Lyceum Theater.

On their arrival in London, however, the American players discovered that Sir Charles Wyndham owned the English rights to the opera and would not allow it to be presented anywhere but in his own small theater, the Garrick. So they didn't put on The Grand Duchess. They presented The Queen of Brilliants, the libretto by Brandon Thomas and the music by Jacobowski, who composed Erminie.

The spirit with which this work was rehearsed, directed, and presented was a topic of interest for weeks in English theatrical circles, particularly among the critics. Besides the American cast three English comedians were put on the program—Arthur Williams, John Le Hay, and George Honey.

The Queen of Brilliants was a great success, and the royal family attended numerous performances. Each time Mother was commanded to the royal box.

She found the Prince of Wales as democratic as the present prince, his grandson. She became better acquainted with him at a dinner given at Lord Rothschild's home in Piccadilly, where H. R. H. had requested she be invited. There was no ulterior motive in this royal request, nothing but the prince's desire to show his appreciation of a great artist.

I have often heard Mother say it seemed unbelievable to her that the "natural-looking people" she met at London society affairs carried such distinguished titles.

She was amused to find princesses and duchesses were

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MY MOTHER, LILLIAN RUSSELL
Continued from page fifty-one]

quite like other women. They questioned her about the powders, cosmetics, and shampoos she used. They spoke in a likable, human, and intimate way. But one must remember that in England, and most parts of Europe, the stars of the theater are accepted as artists. That probably accounts for so many of them marrying into the peerage.

Mother always attributed much of the interest and pleasure of her stay in London during this engagement to the efforts of her friend, Mme. Nordica, whose charming house on Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, she occupied.

Regent's Park is a crown possession. Money is no admittance to its sacrosanct grounds. The permission of the crown is essential. I am sure it was due to her friendship with members of the royal family that Mme. Nordica was able to secure a long lease on this property.

David Warfield with Lillian Russell in a Weber and Fields revue.

At the theater she used both Mr. Irving's and Miss Ellen Terry's dressing rooms, which were side by side in a little house back of the theater. House and theater were connected by a hall and a short staircase.

After each matinée dinner was served in Mr. Irving's private drawing-room, just off the stage, where the celebrated actor usually entertained his guests.

Mr. Irving's servant, John Clark, took the dinner order every Saturday, just before the matinée, for as many people as Mother was inviting to dine with her. On several occasions, when Mother asked for the bill, John replied, "Yes, madam, at the end of the engagement the bill will be rendered." But when that day arrived John appeared with Mr. Irving's card, on which was written, "Compliments of a brother artist."

Mother was rather embarrassed to think of the numerous guests she had entertained at Sir Henry's expense—but his only remark on that subject was, "The more the merrier."

II

AFTER the eventful London season of The Queen of Brilliants, the entire company left for New York, and Mother found another friend, R. H. Burnside.

Richard Barker, who had been the producing manager, did not care to leave London, so he sent his assistant stage manager.

"Lillian," he said, "that boy Burnie is a real find. Take him over and he will be a producer and a great success. I will guarantee he will do even finer things than I can. He is young, Lillian, and I am an old man."

Mother "took him over." I do not think I have ever met anyone connected with the theater who held her in such deep affection and appreciation as did "Burnie." It was several years later that he made the beautiful production of Lady Teazle for her, under the Shubert management at the Casino Theater.

The Queen of Brilliants followed its London success with a success in America; and when it closed, Mr. Maurice Grau arranged for Mother to play a season of repertoire—The Little Duke, The Grand Duchess, and La Périchole, the libretto of which is considered the most perfectly constructed ever written in the history of comic opera.

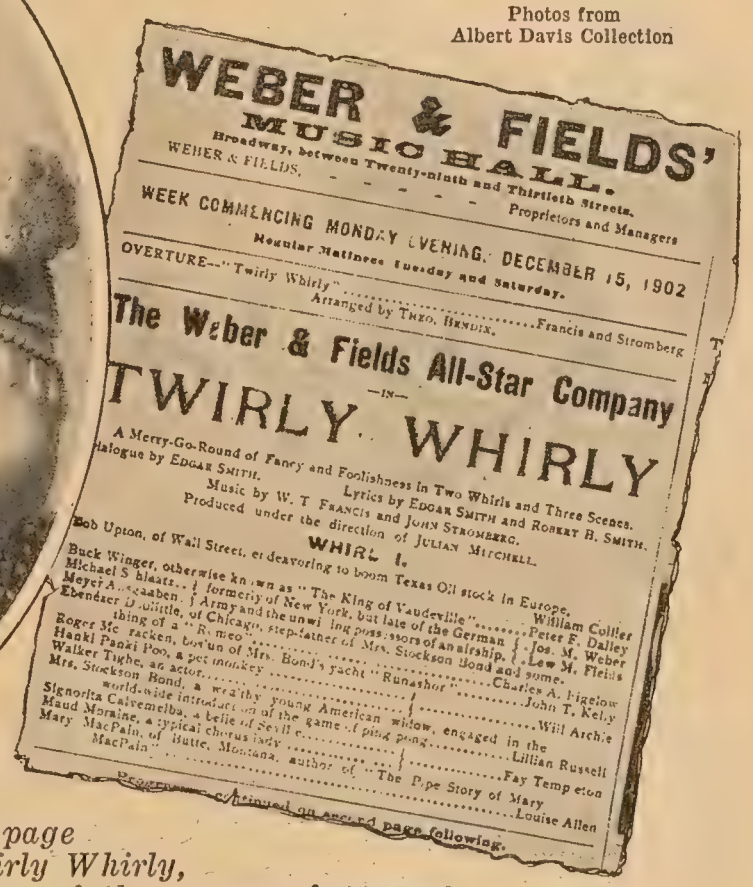
TO the best of my recollection that season was followed by The Tzigane, by Reginald De Koven. And the next year the Lillian Russell Opera Company, under the management of Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau, produced The Goddess of Truth by Stange and Edwards at Abbey's Theater—now the Knickerbocker. This opera was suggested by the classic Pygmalion and Galatea.

The following season Mother signed with George Lederer to sing in The American Beauty, by Hugh Morton and Gustave Kerker, whose score rivaled that of his later success, The Belle of New York, which made Edna May a favorite on two continents. The opera was a great success.

Another memorable engagement was Mother's appearance in The Wedding Day with Della Fox and Jeff de Angelis. This not only played to capacity houses during a long run in New York, but the trio of stars met with great acclaim in all the large cities on the road.

At the finish of that engagement Lillian Russell went to Germany to sing in "concert vaudeville" at the Winter Garden in Berlin. Many interesting and trying experiences befell her during this season, beginning with the trip from Bremen, the port of debarkation. Her sister Hattie, Mrs. Colburn, who had studied music in Berlin

Photos from Albert Davis Collection



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WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 15, 1902
Regular Matinees Tuesday and Saturday.
OVERTURE—"Twirly Whirly" ..... Francis and Stromberg
Arranged by THEO. HENDIX.
The Weber & Fields All-Star Company
—IN—
TWIRLY WHIRLY
A Merry-Go-Round of Fancy and Foolishness in Two Whirls and Three Scenes.
Dialogue by EDGAR SMITH.
Lyrics by EDGAR SMITH and ROBERT B. SMITH.
Music by W. T. FRANCIS and JOHN STROMBERG.
Produced under the direction of JULIAN MITCHELL.
WHIRL I.
Bob Upton, of Wall Street, endeavoring to boom Texas Oil stock in Europe.
Buck Winger, otherwise known as "The King of Vaudeville" ..... William Collier
Michael S. Blaatz, } formerly of New York, but late of the German } Peter F. Dailey
Meyer Aronsaaben, } Army and the unwilling possessors of an airship. } Jos. M. Weber
Ebenezer Dolittle, of Chicago, step-father of Mrs. Stockson Bond and some- } Lew M. Fields
Roger McCracken, bo'un of Mr. Bond's yacht "Runashor" ..... Charles A. Bigelow
Hanki Panki Poo, a pet monkey ..... John T. Kelly
Walker Tighe, an actor, ... Will Archie
Mrs. Stockson Bond, a wealthy young American widow, engaged in the world-wide introduction of the game of ping pong ..... Lillian Russell
Signorita Calvemelba, a belle of Seville ..... Fay Templeton
Maud Moraine, a typical chorus lady ..... Louise Allen
Mary MacPain, of Butte, Montana, author of "The Pipe Story of Mary MacPain" .....
Continued on second page following.

Lillian Russell in The American Beauty; and a page from the program of Twirly Whirly, the Weber and Fields show of the season of 1902-03.

for several years and spoke the language fluently, and Mother's German maid Lizzie, accompanied her. They were stopped at every station on the way and made to open every trunk. They were compelled to expose all Mother's lovely gowns to the motley crowds that gathered, and were obliged to open the blue-velvet-lined case that held her gold-plated bicycle with the mother-of-pearl handles. The result was always amazement.

In Berlin a woman insisted she was Mother's daughter, and said Mother had left her in dire want in Hamburg. She had Mother taken to court, but as she was older by far than Mother the case was easily disposed of.

The amusing and persistent attentions of a prince of the imperial family must be recounted here.

Miss Russell with her famed and envied gold-plated bicycle.

FOR five nights he sent Mother huge floral gifts. They looked more like funeral pieces than bouquets. On the sixth he had delivered at the theater a casket of roses in which was a dragon fly made of jewels.

Mother was at breakfast in her hotel the morning after the receipt of the dragon fly, when she was surprised by the entrance of two soldiers.

They swung wide the door and took their positions, one on each side of the entrance, and bowed very low before a pompous man in full dress and top hat, whose chest was covered with medals.

The much-adorned one in civilian ballroom attire approached Mother, saying:

"*Gnaedigste hochwohlgebornes schoenes Fraulein* Lillian Russell." He added in English:

"Prince Henry of Pless presents his esteemed compliments, and desires your company in Parlor L at twelve o'clock tonight to take supper with him."

Mother replied, "Please tell His Highness I never take supper with anyone with whom I am not acquainted."

The ornate one bowed himself out with his military escort and Mother, thinking "That's that," went on with her breakfast.

But that night came another floral tribute—purple and white passion flowers. And the next morning at her hotel the same performance was repeated. Mother had learned, in the meantime, that the man of the decorations was Count Hohnlau, master of ceremonies for the princes of the royal family.

On his second visit, the count, after his obeisance, handed Mother a note which read:

"Miss Russell should take her golden bicycle and ride out to the Grunewald at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. There, on the North Drive, she will see an officer in a green uniform on a white horse. That will be Prince Henry of Pless, who will dismount and speak to her if she will descend from her bicycle." The note was signed "Henry."

Mother could not withhold her amusement, much to the horror of the count and his military escort.

"Tell the prince," she said, "that I wouldn't get up at that hour of the morning to see George Washington cross the Delaware. Tell him furthermore that I am an American and not obliged to obey any royal orders in Germany or anywhere else."

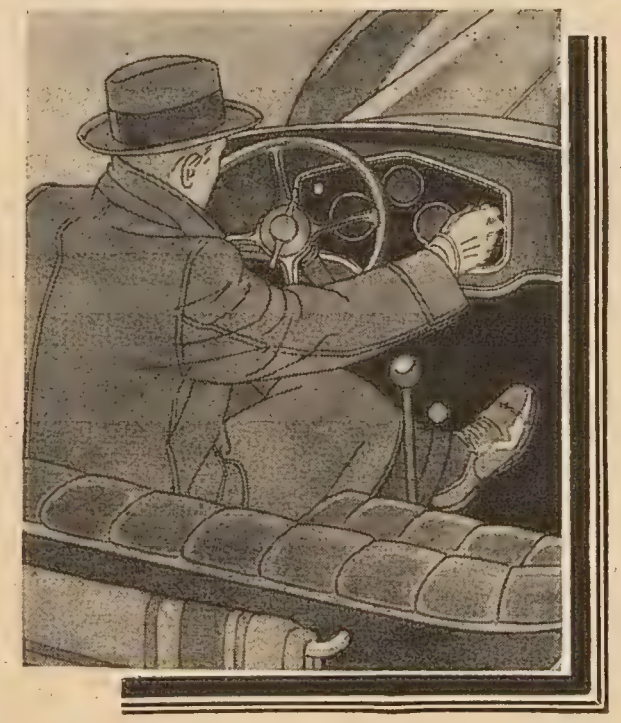
She gave Count Hohnlau the jeweled dragon fly.

"Please return this to the prince. Good morning."

Mother told this story to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt many years later at a luncheon in Sagamore Hill, when the ex-President happened to mention a riding episode

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHEN Cold Cold MORNINGS COME



...NO GRINDING, STUTTERING, STALLING, WHEN YOU STEP ON THE STARTER

ON cold mornings when you want your motor to start quickly and hum with rhythmic smoothness . . . then is when you would appreciate the Decro-Oiler most.

The Decro-Oiler mixes a spray of indestructible Decro-Oil with the air and gasoline in the intake manifold and puts it far up into the cylinders where it lubricates the cylinder walls, penetrates in and around the valves and rings . . . perfectly sealing the cylinders against loss of compression.

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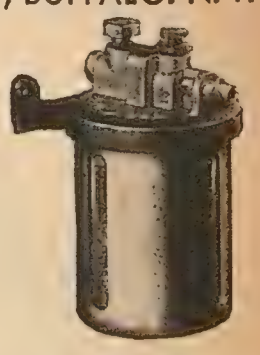
DECROW ENGINEERING CORPORATION, BUFFALO. N. Y.

REASONS WHY THE DECRO-OILER PRODUCES SUCH AMAZING RESULTS

CONSIDER for a moment. Cylinders, pistons and valves are just metal. When they rub together they cause friction. Friction plus carbon and gums from exploding gasoline make heat, cause wear, create noise. That's just what happens in your upper cylinders because until now no way has been found to adequately lubricate these parts of the motor. But when you equip your car with a Decro-Oiler you remedy all this, as there can be no friction and carbon cannot adhere to properly lubricated surfaces. You make these parts move smoothly, eliminate wear and noise, get maximum compression giving you more power, quicker pick-up and greater flexibility.



You can easily install a Decro-Oiler. Or your service man will do it at a nominal charge. Price $8.50 complete with sufficient Decro-Oil for approximately 500 miles. At your service station, accessory or car dealer. Or write direct.

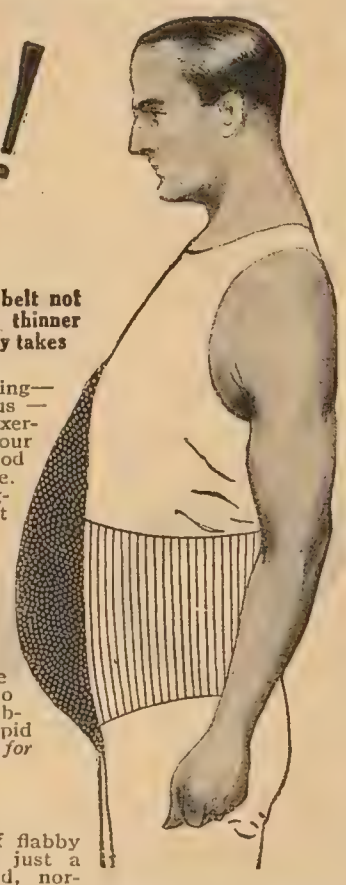
"UGLY SKIN MADE ME AN OUTCAST"

but almost overnight it was a different story

"Skin eruptions and blackheads repel others. Squeezing only made my skin sore and blotchy. I had given up hope of relief when a nurse told me to get Rowles Mentho Sulphur. She explained how its Phenol removes infection as its Sulphur clears the skin and the Menthol soothes and heals the sore, raw tissue. Overnight I looked better. And in a few days my skin was clear."

With amazing ease, Rowles Mentho Sulphur safely clears the skin. It is also good for dry skin, itching torture and eczema. Insist on Rowles Mentho Sulphur for best results. All druggists.

Fat Men!



This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat.

DIET is often weakening—drugs are dangerous—too strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. The Weil Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper. Every move you make causes the Weil Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are rapid because this belt *works for you every second.*

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From 4 to 6 inches of flabby fat usually vanish in just a few weeks. Only solid, normal tissue remains. The Weil Reducing Belt is endorsed by physicians because it not only takes off fat, but aids in correcting disorders caused by sagging stomach.

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Send no money. Write for detailed description and testimonials from delighted users. Write at once. Special 10-day trial offer. The Weil Co., 8811 Hill Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

The Weil Company, 8811 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt, and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

[MY MOTHER, LILLIAN RUSSELL]
Continued from page fifty-three

concerning Prince Henry. How T. R. laughed as he visualized the proud and arrogant prince receiving Mother's answer and his jeweled pin!

Toward the end of the Berlin engagement Mother received a command invitation to sing at the Potsdam palace. The Kaiser himself selected the songs he desired, but two days before the date set for the event the beautiful Empress Elizabeth of Austria was assassinated, and all entertainments at the palace were canceled.

Mother, with sighs of joy, left Berlin for London, the racing season at Newmarket, and a few weeks in Paris and Monte Carlo—the first winter holidays since her career had begun. In April she returned to the Casino in New York in La Belle Hélène.

III

DURING all this time I was in the convent at Fort Lee. I had been sent back there because of my conduct in Chicago—my pranks of trading shoes and stockings for jackstones or marbles, my running away to the World's Fair grounds while Mother was at the theater. I liked to shoot with Annie Oakley and the Indians and I can still hear Buffalo Bill calling, "Daute, come away from those Indians; you'll get lousy." The decision to send me back was made on July 4, when I set off a giant firecracker in the barn, and the barn took fire.

How I used to long for the summer vacations when I could be with Mother all the time, and the two weeks at Christmas and the Easter week holidays when Mother was playing in or near New York!

How eagerly I looked forward to these times! I could hardly wait; and the first thing I would do was to go to see Mother in one of her performances.

I remember attending a matinée of La Cigale when I was very young. In the dream scene of the last act Mother appeared in rags, and it was snowing. I rose from the box and loudly proclaimed to the audience:

"My mamma isn't really poor!"

I wanted to see other shows too, and Mother let me write to her friends to ask for tickets. My letters were usually something like this:

"Dear So-and-So: I am Lillian Russell's daughter. I am home from school for the holidays and would love to come to your performance. Please send me a box. Very gratefully, Lillian Russell, Jr."

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

Lillian Russell (in the middle), Della Fox, and Jefferson de Angelis in The Wedding Day.

A strange melancholy came over me that winter Mother spent on the Continent. I was reaching an important age, and needed her. Grandma was devotion itself, but could not quite fill the gap. I was home with her for several months, recovering from a broken ankle, the first of many accidents. I had fallen on the ice.

Imagine my joy when Mother returned at last from her long stay abroad, to become La Belle Hélène!

IT was during the run of this piece that she signed a contract with Weber and Fields to appear at their Music Hall at Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway the following season. She was to receive $60,000 for thirty-five weeks in New York, and more for extra performances.

Weber and Fields, German-Jewish comedians, had risen by their own efforts from the rank of variety performers to owners of a Broadway theater. They realized that to be successful they had to surround themselves with other stars, of perhaps even greater magnitude than themselves. This they were willing to do—and the list of patrons resembled a list of the directors of any large banking concern.

"Mr. Fields is a wonderfully sympathetic man because he is an actor," Mother used to say. "He has greater talent than he has had the opportunity to express. And Mr. Weber is just as clever in his way as Mr. Fields. He is a fine business manager and producer. He never aspired to be an actor. He was ever the managing member of the firm. They were a wonderful combination, even when they were growing up together in downtown New York."

For five years Mother remained at the Music Hall, playing a series of musical-comedy revues with such titles as Hoity-Toity, Twirly-Whirly, Whoop-Dee-Doo, Fiddle-Dee-Dee, and Whirl-I-Gig. These were followed by burlesques of the current Broadway successes. The dialogue was written by Edgar Smith, one of the cleverest comedy writers of the day, the music by John Stromberg.

The casts included such artists as David Warfield, De Wolf Hopper, Sam Bernard, Louis Mann, William Collier, Fay Templeton, Bessie Clayton, May Robson, Charles Bigelow, Will Archie, Carter De Haven, Bessie McCoy and her sister Nellie, Peter Dailey, Fritz Williams, John T. Kelly, Ross and Fenton, Irene Perry, Frankie Bailey, Bonnie Maginn, Belle

Robinson, Mazie Follette, Amie Angelus, and the Moyer sisters. Charles Belmont Davis was press representative.

The theater was operated on European lines, even to the extensive bar downstairs and the serving of drinks in the boxes. It became the rendezvous for the most prominent and distinguished people in the city. People didn't go once to Weber and Fields' Music Hall. They made a habit of it, going at least once a week. Stanford White, Richard Harding Davis, "Diamond Jim" Brady, Berry Wall, Clarence Jones, Jesse Wasserman, Jesse Lewisohn, Fred Housman, and others were among these "regulars."

It was Mother who gave Warfield his great opportunity. She introduced him to Belasco.

During these years at the Music Hall she also made famous the millinery establishment of Joseph, which was a tiny hat shop in a basement in Thirtieth Street. Mother and I were going to a rehearsal when we saw the place. We entered and found the loveliest hats!

Mother had only to suggest that Joseph was the one to supply hats for Music Hall productions, and Weber and Fields sent for him and gave him an order. A year and a half later Joseph erected his own building. Later he moved to Fifth Avenue. He is now living in luxury with his family in Paris.

IV

DURING her first year with Weber and Fields, Mother sold the Seventy-seventh Street house, and moved to a large apartment in the Ariston, on the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Broadway. She bought a home in Rutherford, New Jersey, so her mother might spend her gradually failing days with my Aunt Katie and her two children in the country.

And she acquired the Leary estate on Long Island, on the border line of Lawrence and Far Rockaway, for summer vacations. She liked it because of its vastness and its nearness to New York and the famous eastern race tracks. She never missed a day at the track during the spring or summer, and she engaged a betting commissioner by the year to place wagers for her. He came to the house every day—except matinées, when he came to the theater—to take her bets.

The house at Lawrence contained about thirty rooms or more. There were sixteen bedrooms besides the servants' quarters. The women servants, the two butlers, and the valets lived in the house. The grooms, chauffeurs, and gardeners occupied the spacious rooms over the stables. The grounds held acres and acres of vegetables, a garage, stables, kennels, hen houses, and cow barns, and there were a private bathing beach, tennis courts, and a large gymnasium which Mother had erected.

I suppose the building of the gymnasium grew out of Mother's ideas of building her body. Women were paying lots of attention to their figures even then. The popularity of Anna Held's wasplike waist had started the feminine world reducing.

While some vigorously pedaled bicycles, others interested themselves in golf or tennis, punching bags, and boxing.

Mother would open her country house about the first week in June, two weeks before my school closed, so that everything would be in readiness for my home-coming. And when I arrived it would be to find a new saddle horse or a team of high steppers awaiting me, presents from Jesse Lewisohn. I must tell you about Jesse.

He was about six feet two, and as handsome an Israelite as I have ever seen. His devotion to my mother for many years was as beautiful a friendship as ever existed.

He loved Mother, and Mother loved him. Next to my father I believe Jesse occupied the deepest corner in her heart. He was always asking her to marry him, but she could never make up her mind to accept him. She wanted to keep the respect of his family. She felt that if she married him his people would be unhappy because of the difference in religion.

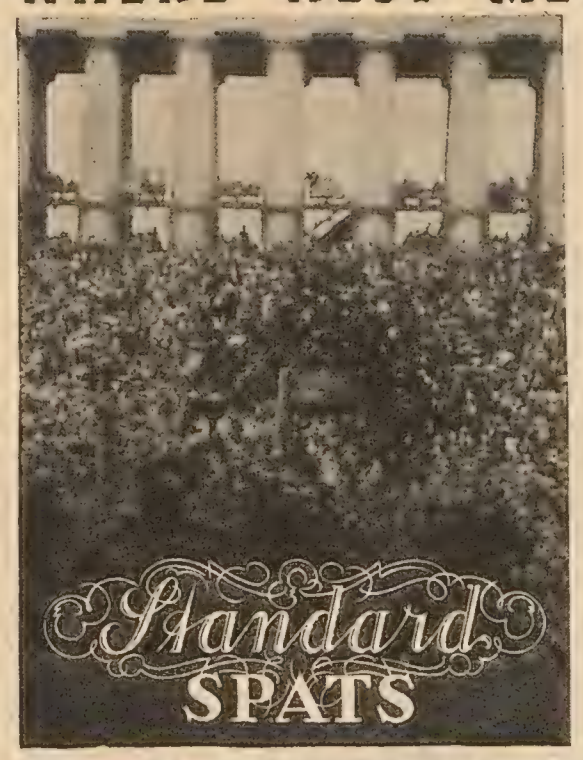
Mr. Lewisohn loved athletics and excelled in most sports, especially tennis. He liked to play with such experts as Eddie Crowninshield.

People have said that Mr. Lewisohn or some other

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

YOU SEE THEM WORN EVERYWHERE

WHERE WEST MEETS EAST



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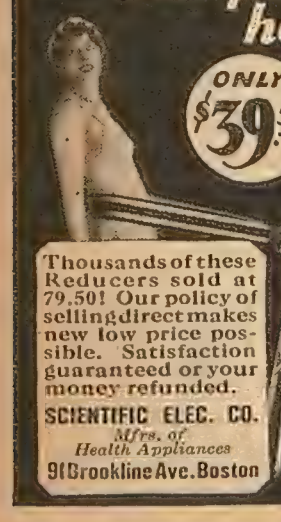

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[MY MOTHER, LILLIAN RUSSELL]
Continued from page fifty-five

ardent admirer bought the Fifty-seventh Street house for Mother. This is not true. She bought it herself.

Mother worked hard, and was highly remunerated. Having a shrewd business head on her, she knew a good investment when she saw one. Buying that house was an investment. She paid $50,000 for it in 1901, and seven years later sold it for $75,000.

True, Lillian Russell received more gifts from known and unknown admirers than perhaps any other woman. But the house was not a gift.

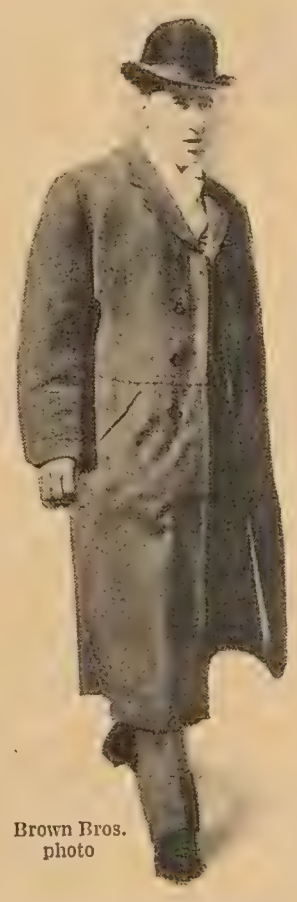
On the night The Queen of Brilliants opened in New York, she was given a large diamond star, worth about $25,000, with a card attached that read "From Admirers and Friends."

Mr. Lewisohn, returning from a trip abroad, brought her an entire trunkful of presents. He must have bought every beautiful thing that he saw. The top tray was arranged with jewels—the diamond crown that afterward became so famous, a diamond dog collar, another collar of diamonds and large baroque pearls, and a choker necklace consisting of two jeweled snakes. The diamond-and-pearl collar could be taken apart and worn as bracelets or bar pins. The jeweled snakes could also be worn as bracelets. Their golden bodies were pliable and almost too realistic. There were also a string of beautifully matched pearls and a brooch in the form of a chrysanthemum. Its petals were made of long narrow baroque pearls, the stem and leaves being of solid diamonds.

WITH these were a real lace fan with amber sticks, bearing her monogram and crest in diamonds on one side and a graceful dragon fly in brilliants on the other; a dainty little watch which always was in perfect condition, the case done in a red enameled strawberry with green enameled leaves, the seeds small diamonds; and, for me, a diamond watch and pin, an emerald-and-diamond ring, and a sapphire-and-diamond bracelet.

The next compartment of the trunk contained a sable carriage robe for Mother and a leopard coat for me; a new set of harness for Mother, with her monogram in gold and buttons to match for the groom's livery. Wrapped in the robes were several priceless Chinese porcelains.

The bottom of the trunk contained real lace tablecloths and bedspreads from Belgium and France, and quantities of gorgeous monogrammed handkerchiefs for us both.



Brown Bros. photo

Jesse Lewisohn.

Although other people showered Mother with jewels, I believe the most beautiful ones she owned were given her by Jesse. He had perfect taste. He was himself always perfectly groomed, and his personal jewelry was conspicuously simple. One ring he did not care to wear because he thought it "loud." It was a pigeon's-blood cabochon ruby set in filigree gold with two pear-shaped diamonds. He had Mother keep it for him—because I used to like to wear it at times.

PERHAPS one may think I have given too much space to Mr. Lewisohn. That may be, but my reason is that, despite the abrupt ending of his friendship with my mother, he remains in my memory as the one man who always treated me fairly, perhaps with the exception of Jim Brady.

If my Aunt Susie would run to Mother with some tale about me, he, when he heard of it, would see that Mother thoroughly investigated, that I might not be misjudged.

But to return to the house in Fifty-seventh Street. This was really a miniature museum. Every article of furniture or decoration was an authentic antique. Mother had been collecting for years, and when she furnished this house she gave Duveen's *carte blanche*.

The elder J. P. Morgan often came to the house to view Mother's collection of Chinese porcelains. She was a recognized authority on porcelains, and it was Mr. Morgan's opinion that hers was the finest amateur collection in the United States. Sometimes he came to view a rare specimen, or to bring one, either as a gift or to exchange for one of hers. Mother interested Dave Warfield in the rare art of the Chinese, and he now has a priceless collection.

Blanche Bates was a constant visitor to the house, and what an adorable creature she is! Mother always said Blanche came next to her sisters in her affections. It was not unusual for Mother, returning to the house, to find a note from Blanche saying:

"Dear Ladye—Came in from the country and accepted an invitation to late supper after the show. Had nothing to wear in town so helped myself to some of your togs. Got a key from Maggie so I can get in tonight. Tell the butler to leave the latch off for me. See you at breakfast. Blanche."

"Diamond Jim" Brady and Jesse Lewisohn were frequent guests in the Long Island home. Diamond Jim was a wonderful eater. When he couldn't come out Mother would invite eight guests in his place to eat the food ordered for him.

I was not allowed to accompany

Mother to the races, except on special occasions like the Brooklyn Handicap, but the year Tod Sloan rode Ballyhoo Boy to victory at a long price I had $100 on him. When I confessed to Mother she gazed at me in amazement for a moment. Then she said, "I guess there is something in heredity after all."

The following Saturday she asked if I didn't want to go to the races with her, and from that time on I accompanied her whenever I wished.

Those glorious summer months terminated only too abruptly. The end of August would find us running into the city to speed up preparations for my return to school. I would cry and refuse to go back, but back I would go.

There were but two of us left in the graduating class of 1901, Marie Burgard and I, which left me the honor of being valedictorian and the task of writing the school play.

This play, performed by all the girls, was the feature of the commencement exercises. As I stood on the stage, my knees trembling, I bade farewell to all the nuns and schoolmates with whom I had been so closely allied for the past twelve years. The tears welled up, and then I looked up suddenly to see my mother's fond gaze intent upon me. She was pointing to the sapphire ring on my finger.

MOTHER was so proud of me that June day. For had I not received eight gold medals? And graduated with the highest honors ever awarded any pupil? She told me she was happy to realize she had not worked all those years in vain.

Such a celebration as awaited me at our summer home! As we alighted from the train my groom came toward me with a pair of my driving gloves. He stopped before a handsome new cart to which was harnessed the most beautiful pair of glossy bays. Mother's coachman Bonnie was at their heads.

"A gift from Jesse," Mother said as she climbed up. Mother had given me a string of lustrous real pearls. On entering the house I found packages of all sizes on every conceivable piece of furniture in the hall.

"All for you," Mother said. As I hugged her closely she bade me have the larger packages taken to my room. The smaller ones we opened in the sun parlor. Such gorgeous gifts! I felt almost like a bride. Three wonderful cabochon rings, an emerald, a sapphire, and a ruby, each set with diamonds, from Mother; a gold mesh bag with emeralds from Jesse; a long diamond stirrup scarf pin for my riding stock from Allie Wittenberg; another in the form of a riding crop from Blanche Bates; a real crop from Isadore Rush; an English pigskin saddle with my initials in gold from Diamond Jim Brady; and oh, so many other lovely things, such as quantities of monogrammed stationery.

© Brown Brothers

Lew Fields and Joe Weber in the palmy days of their Music Hall partnership.

AFTER dinner I strolled out on to the lawn and met John Golden in the moonlight. For years I had harbored a secret adoration for him. He suddenly clasped me to him.

"Until today, Daute," he said, "I'd always thought of you as just a child. I watched you at dinner and suddenly realized you are grown up—a woman, Daute! I love you. Will you marry me?"

"I have always loved you, Jack," I replied.

I must have been blushing when Mother came up to us, for she said, "You two needn't look so guilty. I know all about it."

Jack told her he wanted to marry me at once.

"But Daute is just out of school," Mother objected. "She has had so little opportunity to meet people other than our own set. I have planned to send her to Europe. I want her to study for grand opera. She is going to leave in a month. If you still believe you are in love with each other at the end of six months—six months after she leaves—Daute can come back and be your wife."

I never saw anyone so downcast. During the first few weeks of our engagement Jack begged me almost every day to elope with him. I sometimes wish I had. How different my whole life might have been!

In Paris I studied acting and expression with Mme. Marie Samary of the Comédie Française, a schoolmate of Sarah Bernhardt, and my vocal teacher was Mme. Robinson Duff, at whose residence I lived. One day I heard beautiful music emanating from the apartment above, and rushing to Mme. Duff's boudoir, I ex-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Did You Ever Take An INTERNAL Bath?

By M. Philip Stephenson

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can laugh at disease and glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts

What Is An Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely, I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by a stretch of the imagination a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna, "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe"—or to the first bend.

The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and is the only self administered appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet—"Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

Why Take An Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely harmful. The headaches you get—dizziness—the bad odor of perspiration—the sluggish responsiveness of both mind and body—failure to get most out of life and many other conditions may be directly due to the presence of these poisons in the system. They are the generic causes of high blood pressure, rheumatism and other serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And the only sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Taken just before retiring, you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor and satisfaction that will insure your doing all the strenuous things you will want to do.

Just one internal bath a week will remake glorious vibrating health. That is not my experience only. It is the experience of over 900,000 men and women.

Send for this Booklet

It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many times the price of that two-cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. 8711, 152 West 65th Street, New York City.

Tear off and Mail

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, INC. 8711
152 West 65th Street, New York, N. Y.

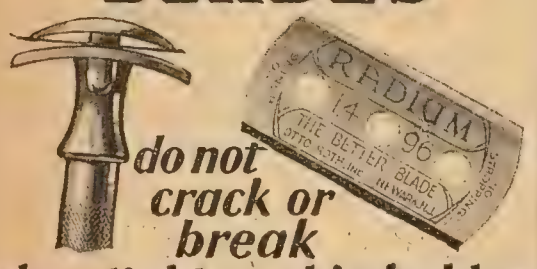
Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous J. B. L. Cascade Internal Bath.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

RADIUM BLADES



do not crack or break when tightened in holder

Finest razor steel in the world is used for Radium Blades. This steel comes from the famous Sandviken mills of Northern Sweden. Most skilled, experienced workmen grind, hone and finish Radium Blades. Patented machines of special design play an important part in producing these wonderful blades. Thin, flexible, finely tempered they never fail to give a clean, smooth, even, satisfying shave.

Sold by your hardware dealer or Druggist. If not, send his name and 38c for 5 blades or 75c for 10 to Otto Roth, Inc., 11-15 East Runyon St., Newark, N. J. Wiebusch & Hilger, Ltd., Distributors, 106 Lafayette St., New York, N. Y.

Do Skin Blemishes make you wretched?

Try D. D. D.

If you are in despair over pimples, blotches, rashes, eczema or other skin trouble, *try* D. D. D., the pure, cooling liquid. It stops itching *instantly*. Then penetrates, soothes and heals. Greaseless, stainless, dries at once. Many owe their clear, smooth skin to D.D.D. Trial bottle 35c at your druggist; money back if it fails to help you. Or write to D. D. D. Corporation, Batavia, Ill.

D. D. D. THE HEALING SKIN LOTION

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Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually. We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL. B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them NOW.

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Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.

[MY MOTHER, LILLIAN RUSSELL
Continued from page fifty-seven]

claimed, "I must meet the man who is playing that piano!"

The man was an Italian, the Count De Castiglione, and I loved him before I met him.

Mary Garden dined with us one night and noted the new expression in my eyes. She whispered to me, "Dorothy, do not lose your heart to a foreigner." But that warning was too late. Two nights later he arrived with a message for Mme. Duff. Mme. Duff had gone to bed with one of her severe headaches, so I had dined alone and was just having my coffee and almonds verts when he entered.

As he bowed low, kissing my outstretched hand, I was seized with a tremor. I shook from head to foot. He beckoned the butler and said, "Mademoiselle has a chill. Serve her a few drops of cognac." I refused the liqueur, assuring him I was all right.

Before he left he turned a moment to whisper, "I am not going to America as I had planned."

I was still in a delightful daze when Mme. Duff called me to her to demand, "What do you mean by entertaining men and drinking brandy with them in my house?"

Poor jealous woman!

I cabled to John Golden telling him our engagement was broken, and two days after the message was sent I became the Countess Ugo Emanuelo Marazzi De Castiglione. We kept our marriage as much of a secret as possible. We visited Monte Carlo two days before Christmas, stayed two weeks, and then went to Italy. But I was never meant to be thoroughly happy. On March 3 my husband was taken to a hospital in Paris for a minor operation. He died the next day under the anæsthetic.

I ARRIVED in New York on my birthday, May 10, a sad little widow of eighteen, yet oh, so content to be home with Mother once again! We were both happier than we realized. It was Saturday, so I spent the entire day with her in the theater. The following Monday the company started out on their spring tour, and I joined them to be with Mother.

The season closed six weeks later, and the end of June found us back at Lawrence. It was just as though the ocean had never separated me from my summer playmates. Though I was still grieving for Ugo I told no one of my marriage to him; and Mother rarely mentioned it, aware that I was trying to forget.

Although it was Tracy Einstein whose attentions to me had been most constant during the two previous summers, it was now his brother Abbot who courted me day and night. We swam, rode, drove, played tennis and golf every day. One stormy day in September, the 5th, we eloped to New York and were married by a rabbi.

Abbot Einstein's mother was an Irish Catholic and he had been brought up in that religion. I had become a Catholic too. But it didn't seem possible that any clergyman but a rabbi would join in matrimony two people with the names of Einstein and Solomon.

Brown Bros. photo

Lillian Russell in The Tzigane.

POOR Mother's heart was broken. Not only did she disapprove of my choice of a husband, but she felt I had ruined a promising career. She had hoped to persuade me to return to my studies abroad.

However, with my new husband's permission and encouragement, I went on the stage. My first engagement was with Sam Bernard in The Girl from Kay's, a London importation, presented by Charles Frohman. But I only got as far as rehearsals.

One day a member of the producer's staff took me in his private office and locked the door. A moment later a fist came crashing through the opaque glass panel. It was Abbot's.

"What do you mean by locking my wife in that room?" he asked, and took me out. My musical-comedy chances were gone, but several days later I had a contract for thirty weeks on the Orpheum Circuit at $350 a week. I hated to leave New York, where we had a charming apartment, furnished by Mother, and fortunately did not have to until September. We spent most of the summer with Mother at Bay Ridge, her new country home.

My marriage was a disastrous one. It came to an end in Indianapolis after a scene with my husband. I had to have a doctor and a nurse. I lost my baby.

I had not told Mother much, but on her opening night in Lady Teazle in Baltimore, I was taken in an ambulance to St. Joseph's Hospital in Denver. I had contracted pneumonia, and was ill four weeks.

A fire in the Casino Theater at the height of the theatrical season brought Mother's contract with the Shuberts to an end, so she accepted the invitation of the Ziegfelds—Flo and Anna Held—to join them in Paris and motor to Monte Carlo.

While in Monte Carlo they visited the gambling Casino every night. One night King Alfonso of Spain approached Mother at one of the roulette tables.

"Will the charming Greek lady place the maximum on number two for me?" he asked, giving Mother the money. Mother placed the money, and number two came up. What is more, it repeated.

Mother had great difficulty in losing the king during the balance of the evening. Nothing is quite so embarrassing as to have someone think you are lucky to them around a gambling table.

Meantime I had gone to Chicago to fill my vaudeville dates, and one of the first things I did was to begin proceedings for divorce. Mother was still in New York at the time, and Abbot went to her and asked for funds with which to fight her daughter's divorce suit.

It was probably the only occasion in her life when Mother refused to give or lend money to anybody.

I entered suit in New York City, because I was in a hospital when the case was reached in Chicago—but it was five years before the divorce was granted.

Mother arrived home from Europe, and naturally I went home to live with her. I prayed every night that it would last—this perfect arrangement of mother and daughter living together.

Next week Dorothy Russell will tell of events of her mother's career in the later 1900s, and of some of her own misadventures as a prodigal daughter.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Maybe Both

Alan was away from home on his father's birthday, and returned to find a piece of birthday cake had been saved for him.

His small brother watched with interest while the cake disappeared and then asked Alan whether he had seen daddy's birthday present.

"No," said Alan; "was it a necktie or socks?"—Mrs. H. W. Slaight, 51 Thomas St., Metuchen, N. J.

* * *

Good Idea!

Anne had been repeatedly warned, under threat of spanking, to keep off the woodpile. One day she came into the house, her dress covered with dust and chips, and in her hand a pail of wood.

She looked up at her mother, held out the pail, and said:

"I fell off the woodpile and I thought, 'My heavens, as long as I'm here I might as well bring in a pail of wood.'"—Douglas D. McEachin, 328 Washington St., Hibbing, Minn.

for the Man who Cares

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ONCE you have known the comfort and the assurance fine shoes give, you won't be satisfied with anything else. FLORSHEIM wearers are FLORSHEIM wearers permanently

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This Offer Open to Anyone Reading This Announcement!

Have you sent a name? If not, do so at once. It makes no difference who you are or where you live we want you to send us a name for this new and unusual shampoo. Whoever sends the most suitable name will win the one thousand dollars—nothing else to do. **Just write or print the name on any kind of paper, neatness don't count.**

Nothing to Buy—Nothing to Sell

You can use a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Sungleam," "Youthglow," etc., or any other name you think of. Your name might suggest the handy new container, our latest sanitary tube from which the Shampoo is simply squeezed out, thus eliminating waste and trouble caused by the old-fashioned liquid soap in bottles. There is nothing to buy or sell—simply the person sending the most suitable name will receive $1,000.00 cash prize, or if prompt $1,100.00 in all.

Any Name May Win

No matter how simple you think your suggestion is you cannot afford to neglect sending it at once. Any name may win.

Win this $1000 cash prize by a few moments' thought. How can you earn this amount of money easier or more quickly? Remember, there is no obligation! The person submitting the winning name will have nothing else to do to win the $1000 and the extra $100, if prompt. In choosing a name bear in mind this shampoo is marvelous for cleansing the hair and scalp. It is designed to bring out the beauty, lustre and natural gloss of the hair. Remember, too, how handy the new sanitary tube is for traveling, no bottle to leak or spill, no cake of soap to lie around and collect germs. The only thing necessary to win is to send the name we choose as the best and most suitable for this shampoo. Only one name will be accepted from each contestant. This unusual offer is only one of a number of offers embraced in our novel distribution plan of ultra toilet goods, whereby those taking part may win any one of a hundred other prizes, the highest of which is $8000.00 cash. By participating in our distribution plan the winner of the $1100 cash prize may win an additional $8000.00, making a total of $9100.00. Everyone sending a name, regardless of whether it wins or not, will be given the same opportunity to win the $8000.00 or one of the other 100 cash prizes. Get busy with your suggestion at once—do not delay!

$100 EXTRA for PROMPTNESS

To get quick action we are going to pay the winner an extra $100.00 for promptness, or $1,100.00 in all—so send your suggestion AT ONCE!

CONTEST RULES

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, its employees and relatives.

Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out.

Contest closes April 30, 1930. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

To win the promptness prize of $100 extra, the winning name suggested must be mailed within three days after our announcement is read.

PARIS AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO.
954 McCune Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa

Enclosed with this coupon on separate sheet is my suggestion for a name.

Date this announcement was read.....

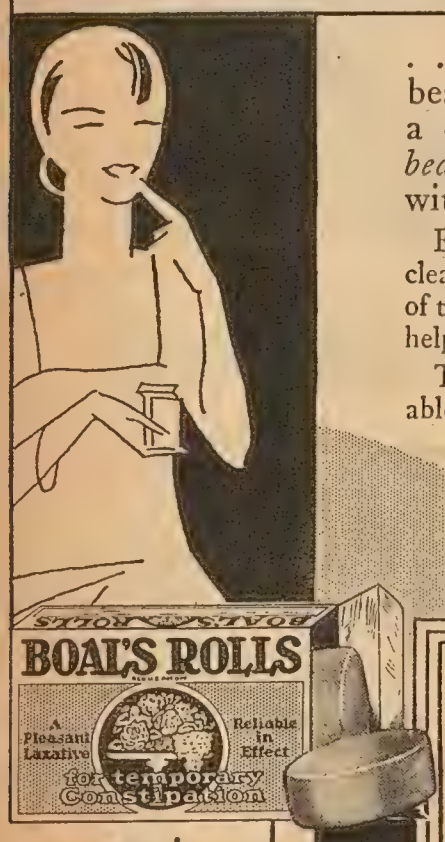
Date my suggestion is mailed.....

Name.....

Address.....

NOTE: Being prompt qualifies you for the extra $100.00 as outlined in this announcement.

Would you eat a Cosmetic?



. . . if it were delicious and edible as well as beautifying? Boal's Rolls should be regarded as a cosmetic as well as a laxative because they *beautify* as well as *regulate*. Beauty comes from within. If you feel right, you look right.

Eat a roll before retiring. Next morning you'll have a clearer skin, fresher coloring, brighter eyes—to say nothing of that exhilarating feeling of sparkling freshness. Boal's Rolls help you look your best because they keep you at your best.

These delicious fruit flavored laxative rolls should be available to every member of the family. Children love them especially—no mother has to tease her child into eating a tasty Boal's Roll.

FREE *So you may see how deliciously different Boal's Rolls are, your druggist will give you a full-size 15c package free upon presentation of coupon below.*

15¢ Package Free

THIS COUPON, filled out and presented to your druggist, entitles you to a regular 15c box of Boal's Rolls. L-11

Name.....

Address.....

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TO THE DRUGGIST: This coupon filled out with customer's name and address and signed by druggist will be redeemed for 15c if mailed to Boal's Rolls, 540 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, before Jan. 1st, 1930.

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SAVE $25 to $100

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Mead Write for catalog and marvelous new introductory offer—easy terms **Cycle Co., Dept. L173, Chicago**

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Prizes!

AWARDS have been made as follows for the detection of errors in the Mistake Picture which appeared in Liberty for September 21. *These awards were for a single picture—not four, as on the next page.*

FIRST PRIZE—$500

T. F. Sheridan,
Box 1253,
Lakeland, Fla.

SECOND PRIZE—$200

Elmer O. Carlston,
1715 Huron Ave.,
Toledo, Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE—$100

Harold R. White,
710 Chestnut St.,
Lynchburg, Va.

FORTY PRIZES OF $5 EACH

E. I. Angell,
2970 Sheridan Rd.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. G. L. Baggett,
202 Montezuma Rd.,
Montgomery, Ala.

Marcia Barnett,
705 E. Fifteenth St.,
Winfield, Kan.

Mrs. Ford F. Berlew,
586 39th St.,
West New York, N. J.

Mrs. Rene P. Bernard,
3310 Esplanade Ave.,
New Orleans, La.

Mrs. H. T. Carey,
257 E. Eighth St.,
Erie, Pa.

Jean Clayton,
Tigrett, Tenn.

Edward Dawson,
2436 Webb Ave.,
New York. N. Y.

Angelica V. Eggleston,
1440 Sixth Ave.,
Des Moines, Ia.

Austin J. Flynn,
Government Island,
Oakland, Calif.

Max Glas,
18 Lechauweki Ave.,
Bethlehem, Pa.

Richard Globisch,
1113 49th St.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Robert H. Goldsmith, 3d,
780 Grantley St.,
Baltimore. Md.

D. Goulet,
St. Boniface,
Manitoba, Can.

J. B. Grieves,
1585 Victoria Ave.,
Lakewood, Ohio.

William M. Grimshaw,
191 Oak Grove Ave..
Springfield, Mass.

P. J. Hanley,
705 Edgmont Ave.,
Chester, Pa.

Arnold J. Hotz,
12905 Superior St.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Charles A. Johnston,
4534 Munger Ave.,
Dallas, Tex.

R. H. Kasper,
3860 N. Bouvier St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Austin Kilgore,
1246 University Ave.,
St. Paul, Minn.

John J. Klein, Jr.,
251 Terrace Park,
Rochester, N. Y.

Lester Leopold,
42 Lonsdale Rd.,
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George N. Long,
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C. P. Lyman,
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Anne S. Thome,
673 Montcalm Pl.,
St. Paul, Minn.

Alfred Vicland,
15 Bransford St.,
Patchogue, N. Y.

Mrs. Ettie Wilhelm,
Box 156,
Havelock, Neb.

Loa G. Winegar,
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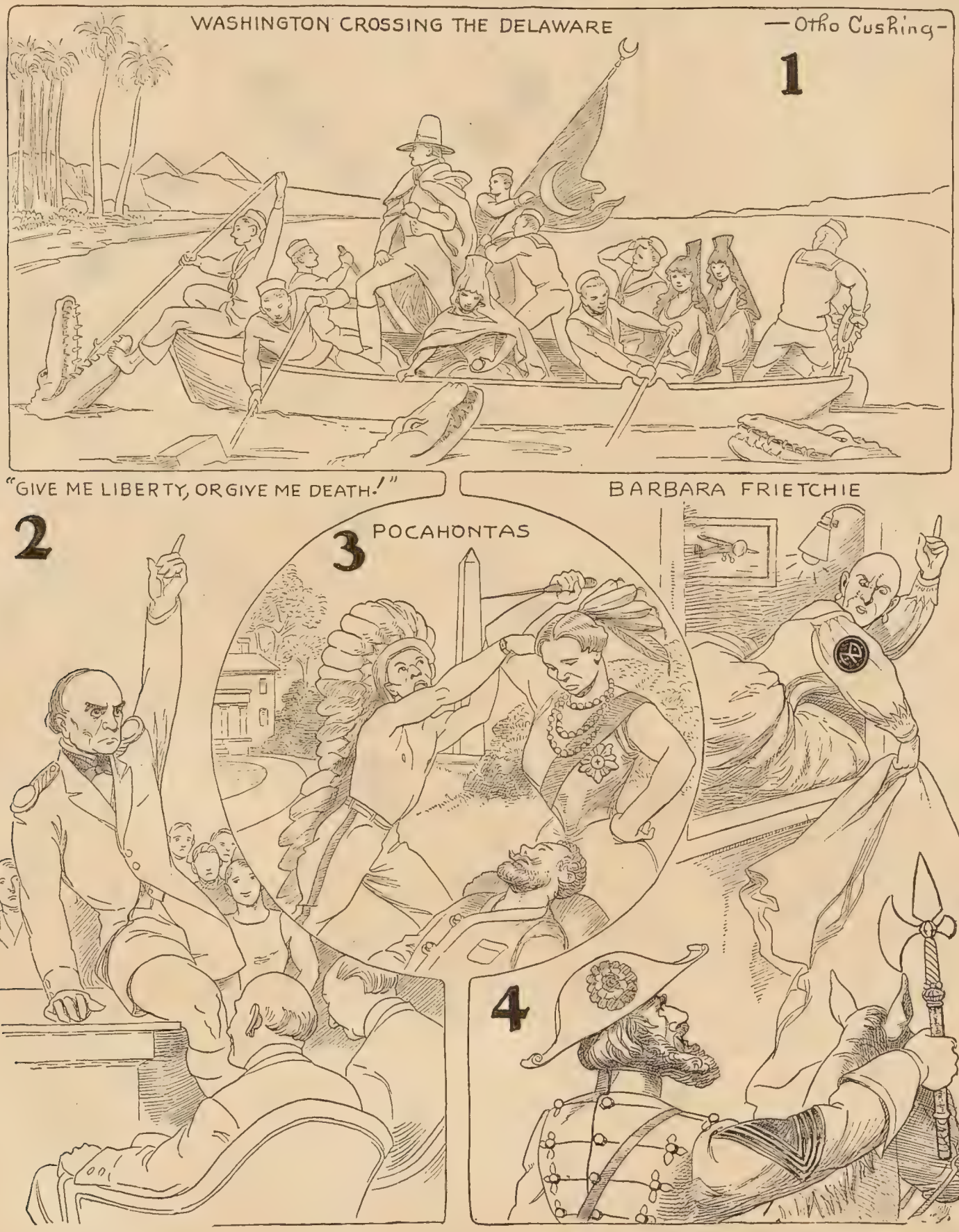
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Awards for the picture in the September 28 issue will be announced next week.

How Many Mistakes In These Pictures? $1,000 for Answers Every Week



Rules and Regulations Covering This Contest

THIS week we present four pictures instead of a single large one. In each the artist has made from eight to twelve mistakes (inclusive). How many can you find? Liberty offers $250 for the most skillful detecting of mistakes in each picture, considered separately—$1,000 in all.

It is not necessary to indicate the mistakes by drawing on the pictures themselves. You may use tracings or, if you prefer, you may describe them on a separate sheet of paper. *Be sure to state somewhere the exact number of mistakes you have found.*

You need not purchase a copy of Liberty to compete. Copies of Liberty may be examined at our various branch offices or at the public libraries free of charge. Neatness and ingenuity of arrangement, as well as accuracy and the number of mistakes detected, will count. In case of ties the prizes will be duplicated.

This contest is not open to professional artists, nor may any employees of Liberty Weekly or their families compete. Entries should be addressed to MISTAKE PICTURES, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and must be mailed within one week of the date of this issue. No entries will be returned, and Liberty cannot engage in correspondence on the subject of the contest.

These Prizes Are Offered Each Week

For Each Picture

First prize	$125	Third prize	$25
Second prize	50	Ten $5 prizes	50
Total for each picture			$250
Weekly grand total, four pictures,			$1,000

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, New York, for October 1, 1929.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. M. Patterson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Liberty and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; Editor, J. M. Patterson, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; Executive Editor, Sheppard Butler, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; General Manager, M. Annenberg, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; Business Manager, James O'Shaughnessy, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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The Tribune Company, publisher of The Chicago Tribune, owns and holds all the stock of Liberty Weekly, Incorporated.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if there are none, so state.)

There are no bonds, mortgages, or other securities outstanding against Liberty Weekly, Incorporated.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications only.)

J. M. PATTERSON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1929.

(Seal) THOMAS J. McGUIRE.

Notary Public, Kings County, No. 82, Reg. No. 189.
Cert. filed in N. Y. Co. No. 284, Reg. No. 0-198.
Commission expires March 30th, 1930.

Form 3526 Ed. 1924.

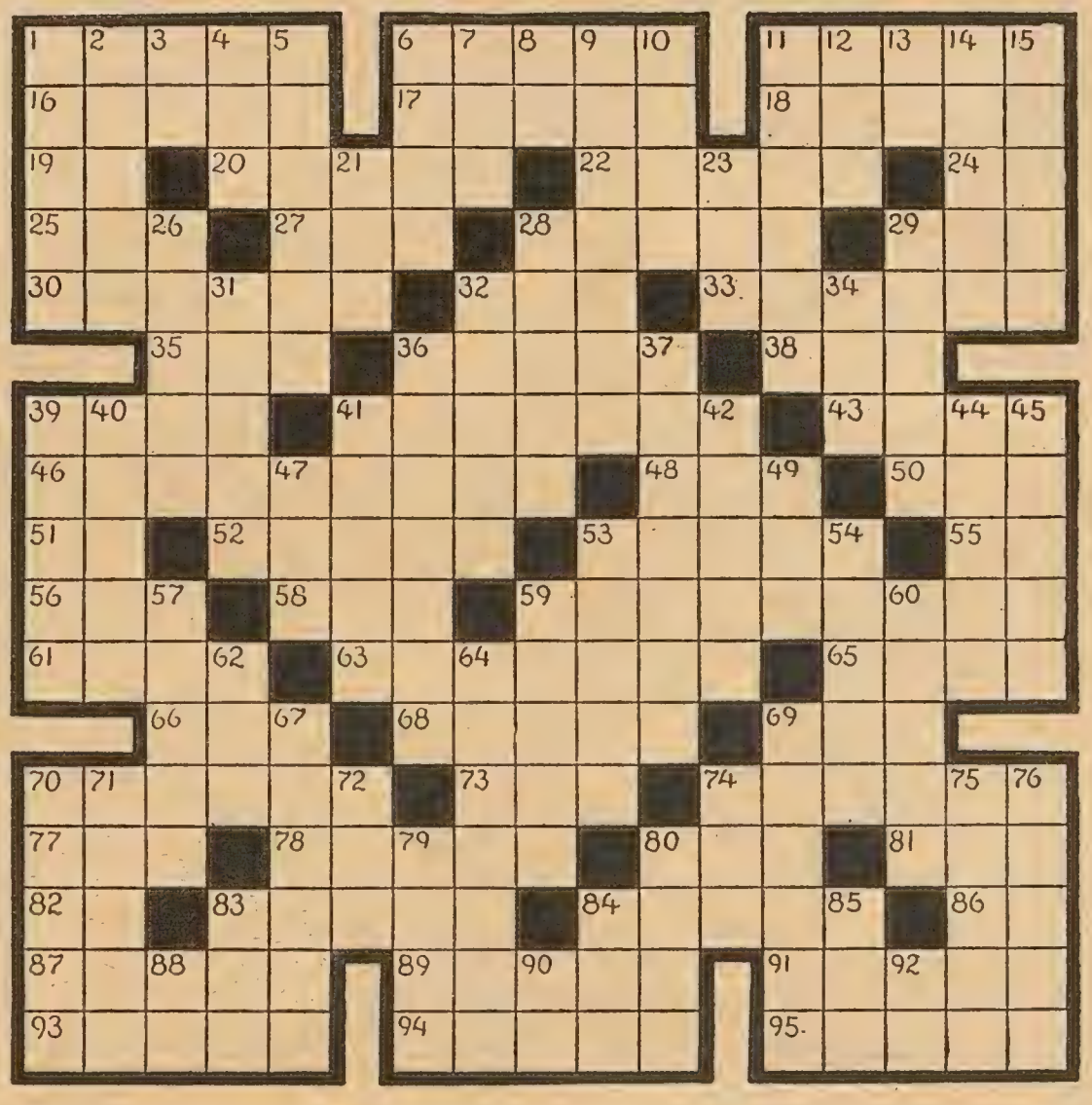
"You look better. Pain all gone?"

"Yes, thanks, I took—

These efficient tablets relieve pain harmlessly.

Salicon
TRADE MARK

Two New Puzzles

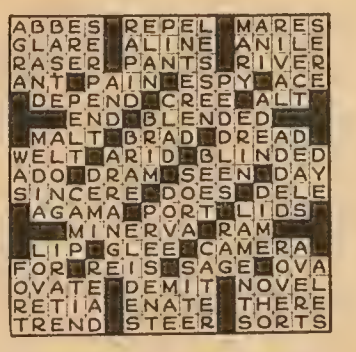


HORIZONTAL

1 Incrustation
6 Seer of David's time
11 Sew lightly
16 Tardier
17 Rice boiled with meat, spices, etc.
18 City in Germany
19 By
20 Irrigate
22 Angry
24 Anno Domini (init.)
25 Put in place
27 Performed
28 Penetrate
29 Employment
30 Costs
32 Large container
33 Pickled in brine
35 The bitter vetch
36 Space between steps
38 Still
39 District in India
41 Withdraws
43 Trial
46 Mislocates
48 Make oath
50 A deer
51 Metric measure
52 Rescues
53 Fathers
55 Indefinite article
56 An inclosure
58 Espouse
59 Splashes
61 A fish
63 Repairs, as a shoe
65 A flower
66 Plunder
68 Kind of cold food
69 Possesses
70 Priests or monks
73 Ballad
74 In no way
77 Party in power
78 Tint
80 Entangle
81 Prefix: not
82 Chinese measure
83 A page
84 One of the ships of Columbus
86 Egyptian deity
87 Province in India
89 Jeer; scoff
91 Ant
93 English novelist
94 Autocrats
95 Elevate

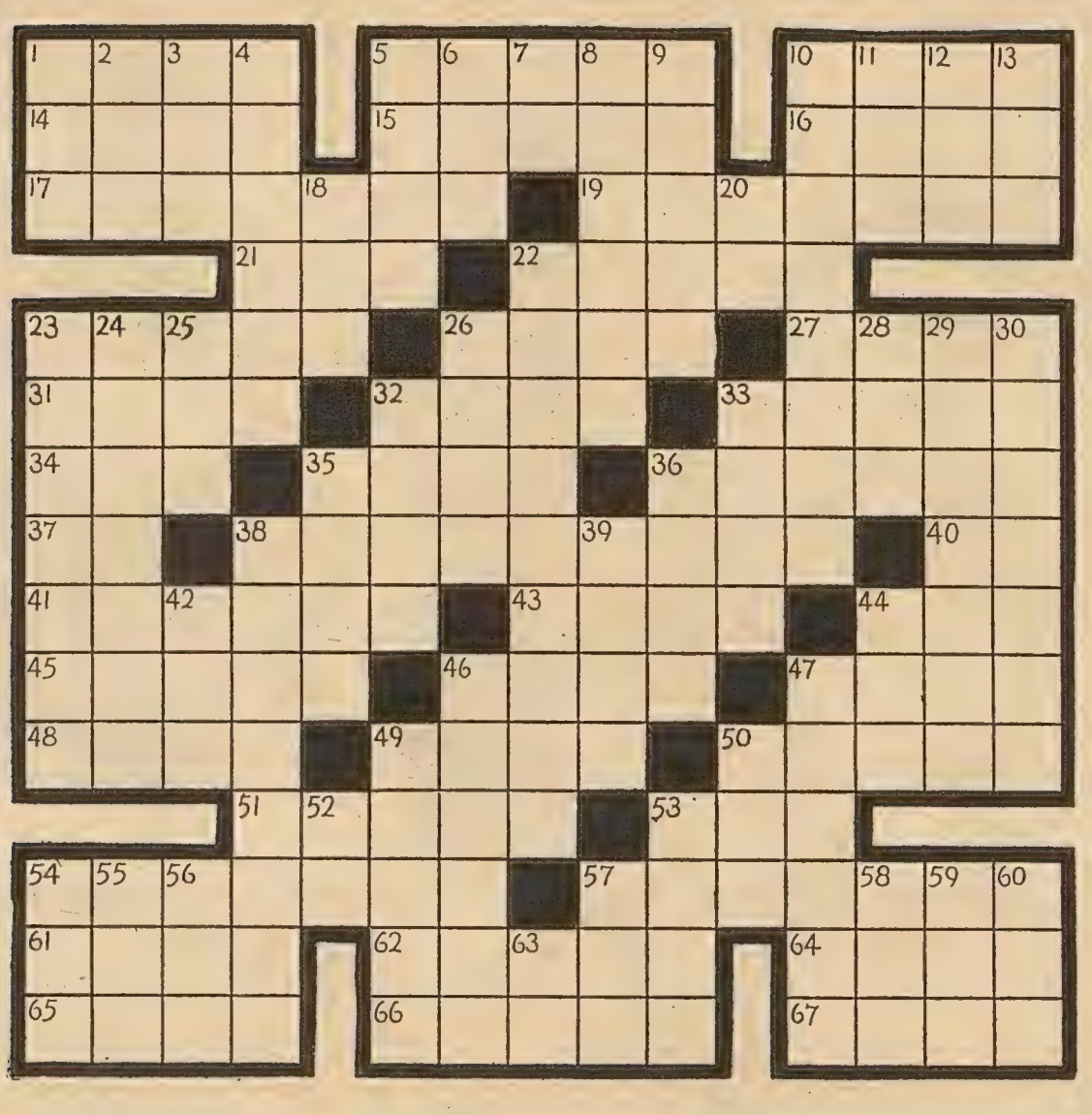
VERTICAL

1 Fastening device
2 Classifier
3 First note in Guido's scale
4 Stitch
5 Barters
6 Mimicked
7 Title of respect
8 Man's name (abbr.)
9 Colored
10 Harm
11 Prove faithless to
12 Peer Gynt's mother
13 A vessel (abbr.)
14 Harass
15 Concluded
21 It is
23 Ancient Roman money
26 Rows one above another
28 Relieves of strain
29 Speak
31 A dice game
32 Wickedness (plural)
34 Permit
36 Retreats
37 Reproached
39 Accumulate
40 Horse's bellyband
41 Rescuer
42 A bird (plural)
44 Floats aloft
45 Taut
47 Authoritative rule
49 Moist
53 To turn on one side
54 A stalk of grain
57 Measures of length
59 Of the sun
60 A red dyestuff
62 A beetle
64 A large room or parlor (plural)
67 Come to be
69 Warmer
70 Pertaining to hair
71 Plant cultivated for its aromatic seeds
72 Note of the scale
74 Woman's nickname
75 Painful spots
76 Growing out
79 Roster
80 Russian communities
83 A whim; craze
84 By
85 Ecclesiastical wine vessel
88 An element (symbol)
90 Babylonian deity
92 Note of the scale



Answer to last week's puzzle

for Agile Minds

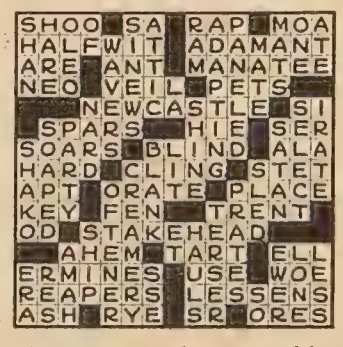


HORIZONTAL

1 Trick; an illusory pretext
5 Improperly; wrongly
10 A timber tree of New Zealand
14 Congealed dew or vapor
15 Violent derangement of mind
16 An entrance or passage
17 Longed
19 Having small mouth-like openings
21 A descendant
22 Adult male of the red deer (plural)
23 Rendered, as oil, lard, etc.
26 The solar disk, in Egyptian mythology
27 Lifted or raised with exertion
31 Distinctively vigorous or spirited
32 Support for either end of a bridge span
33 Relating to an hour
34 Metal in its native state
35 Load
36 Mental state, as of a body of men
37 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
38 Soft fluffy feathers of a sea duck
40 Type of electric current (initials)
41 Old World wild goats
43 Painful
44 An insect
45 Quoted
46 Egyptian deity
47 Step
48 Asterisk
49 A month of the Jewish year
50 Denuded
51 City in Panama
53 Cooking vessel
54 One who regards with approbation
57 Roves
61 Hawaiian wreaths
62 Relief force for carrying on work
64 County in New York
65 Unaspirated consonant
66 Monarchs
67 A tear

VERTICAL

1 To cook in boiling fat
2 Recline
3 Vessel used for wine in the early Christian church
4 River in England
5 Word of solemn ratification
6 Enraged
7 Within
8 A near relative
9 The archfiend
10 Device used as a crane hook
11 Woman's name
12 Titmouse
13 Devoured
18 Land into which Cain fled
20 King of Bashan
22 Helmsman
23 Region lying between Capricorn and Cancer
24 A dish of cheese with ale and condiments
25 To frost
26 An assistant
28 Old money of account
29 Curtains for a bed
30 Chosen
32 Cushions
33 Inventor of the sewing machine
35 Prevaricated
36 Morning
38 Practice
39 Portal
42 Letter of the Greek alphabet
44 River in Switzerland
46 Worships
47 Cater to
49 Watchful
50 Forbid
52 Either
53 Requites
54 Entire
55 River in England and Wales
56 Egyptian deity
57 Armed conflict
58 Sooner than
59 Japanese measure of length
60 Collection of things belonging together
63 A syllable sounded in solmization



Answer to last week's puzzle

Next to WINGS

Rollfast SKATES

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
D. P. Harris Building New York, N. Y.

GIVE THAT GAS
just two minutes!

How old is your stomach? Do grumblings and rumblings and belches after hearty meals tell its age? End such distress — every pang of indigestion—in two minutes! Then give Stuart Tablets the famous Monday-to-Sunday test, for lasting benefits from this happy combination of magnesia, calcium carbonate and other soothing things. *A sweet stomach for twenty-five cents!*

TRY THIS TEST

Enough for the one-week test, in the handy pocket box, will be mailed complimentary if you use coupon below.

FULL BOX FREE

A regular 25c box, pocket size—ample to try thoroughly the benefits of Stuart's Tablets—will be sent you free, if you will mail this coupon to Stuart Co., Dept. 217A, Marshall, Mich.

Name.....
Address.....
Town.....

At All Drug Stores: 25c and 60c
The Quickest Relief for Gastric Disorder

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

RADIO FREE CATALOG
AT WHOLESALE PRICES

196 pages of radio bargains. New Sreen Grid, all-electric, A. C. Sets in beautiful consoles—also battery operated sets as low as $15.95. Write today.

ALLIED RADIO CORPORATION
711 W. LAKE ST., DEPT. 85 CHICAGO

CHAFING and RASHES
promptly relieved and healed by a few applications of
Resinol

Personality Frocks

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris.

WE are all thinking about the span of our lines this winter. It's such a problem. Whether to stick to the short span, and be sure of youthfulness, at least in clothes appearance, or whether to go the full span, which may advance the way we look a good number of years.

Lucien Lelong, who is a thinking as well as an acting couturier, gives the best advice I have heard on this subject. He says, "The 1930 gown is circumscribed by no limitations. There is a fundamental unity in the style, but that is all. Waistlines can be where they ought to be according to the figure which the dress adorns, and skirt lengths ditto. Formerly it was necessary for women to adapt themselves to the style. The 1930 style adapts itself to the woman. The successful gown this season is a success for the woman who wears it."

There is genuine comfort in these words for the many sorrowing sisters who have shuddered at the bare thought of wearing a high waistline or letting down their skirts, or, worse yet, submitting to the prison of a corset in order to be chic according to regulations.

Lelong's ideas are based on the soundest of all principles, *i. e.*, avoid extremes unless you are dead certain they suit you. If they do, go to it. Paris fashions, and those of the rest of the world, are destined to follow broader paths in the future, for the simple reason that we have become too beauty-conscious to be led into the ridiculous, except those females who think of nothing but being in style. Even they will have a terrible time deciding, because there are so many phases of style. The only way to make headway is to suit yourself, remembering not to go to extremes, such as wearing your waistline right under the arms or your skirt above the knees. On the other hand, it is quite as devastating to let the waistline slip down below the hips and the skirt drop to great lengths, even if these were included in the broad gamut of fashions, which they are not.

The black net dancing frock shown here, Lelong designs for the youthful, slender girl. This dress has the full-length, even-hemmed skirt that is very smart in Paris, and the skirt is banded with graded widths of velvet ribbon so that it stands out slightly around the hips—a line that is fascinating for the slender-hipped and for them only. A belt holds the waistline that is placed near normal.

The gray ensemble above has a dress of chiffon, and a coat of faille and fox.

Lelong's dancing frock at left, for youthful slenderness, is of black net and velvet.

An evening wrap of metal moiré in rosy amethyst trimmed with brown fox.

Designed for maturer years, this gown is of beige net embroidered in blue and white.

Our second photograph illustrates a Lelong afternoon ensemble designed so that the typical American woman can wear it most advantageously. The frock is made of gray chiffon and the coat of gray faille, trimmed with gray fox.

THE third photograph shows a new Lelong evening wrap in the new Lelong color—rosy amethyst. Metal moiré is the fabric of this coat, which is just the length to be most graceful with a long-skirted irregular-hemmed evening frock. The ruffle at the bottom is topped by a band that stands out from the coat at the back. Brown fox trims the sleeves. The dress worn under this coat is made of amethyst georgette and has a rather short straight skirt with irregular panels.

The fourth model is an evening gown for the more mature. Lelong makes this frock of beige net, embroidered in flowers of blue and white. Three narrow circular ruffles of beige net are placed just below the hipline, in a drooping curve that is becoming to all figures. The hemline is both short and trailing.

* * *

Lelong's necklaces, which are heavy ropes made of crystals, are very much worn about Paris.

The smartest blouse to wear with the winter tailleur is Chanel's waistcoat blouse of white satin.

Lanvin's favorite color scheme—black and apple green—is being adopted by a number of distinguished women.

Beaded dresses have come back into fashion in Paris after a neglect of several seasons.

Novelties for Halloween

By Ethel Somers

Cook orange peel in sirup to extract the full flavor.

Individual apple-gingerbread cobblers with raisin eyes, brazil-nut noses, and candied orange-peel mouths are attractive for Halloween.

NO holiday gives the hostess a wider opportunity to prepare refreshment novelties than does Halloween. With all of the customary symbols to choose from, and the possibilities of food and fortune combinations, even the amateur hostess will find Halloween entertaining easy.

Orange Cream Dessert

5 egg yolks
2 lemons, juice and grated rind
1 cup sugar
5 egg whites

BEAT the egg yolks with the lemon juice until thick. Beat in the sugar and grated rind. Stir over boiling water until thick, when it will coat the spoon. Then pour into the stiffly beaten egg whites. Fold and beat until well blended. Cool and pack in ice and salt to chill, or put in the freezing tray of a mechanical refrigerator until thoroughly chilled. Serve plain or with whipped cream to garnish.

Cider Punch

Prepare an orange punch and add three cups of cider.

Brownie Cookies

2 cups flour (about)
⅞ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup molasses
½ cup sour milk
½ cup fat, melted

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the molasses, milk, and melted fat. Stir into the dry ingredients. The mixture should now be of a right consistency to drop easily from the spoon. Place in the refrigerator until thoroughly chilled, and, working with one-quarter of the dough at a time, roll it lightly to one-quarter-inch thickness. (It is wise to handle the dough this soft if possible; or else a bit of flour may be worked in before rolling it out.) Cut in the desired shape with a cutter that has been first dipped in flour. Decorate as you will with raisins, candied fruit peel, dates, prunes, cherries, or coconut. The more grotesque the decoration, the better for Halloween. Bake on a buttered baking sheet in a hot oven (390° F.) for about ten minutes, or until puffed and delicately brown.

Halloween Fruit Caramels

¼ pound dates
¼ pound raisins
¼ pound figs
¼ pound shredded coconut, fresh or canned
¼ pound nut meats, chopped
2 ounces candied citron, orange peel, or grapefruit peel, if desired
1 lemon (juice only)
1 orange (juice only)
½ cup confectioner's sugar

STONE the dates and chop these together with the other fruit ingredients and nuts. A food chopper is good for this purpose. Mix until thoroughly blended. Add the fruit juices and roll into balls or pack in a square-cornered pan and then cut in cubes. Roll in powdered sugar and store for several days to ripen the flavor before serving.

Apple-Gingerbread Cobbler

FILLING

3 apples
⅜ cup sugar
2 teaspoons lemon juice

CRUST

¼ cup sugar
1 cup pastry flour
¼ teaspoon salt
⅜ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon baking powder
⅜ teaspoon ginger
⅜ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ cup sour milk
¼ cup molasses
1 egg

WASH, pare, core, and slice the apples. Place them loosely in a casserole or baking dish; do not pack tightly together. Sprinkle with the lemon juice and sugar. Place uncovered in a 450° F. oven for ten to fifteen minutes, or while the gingerbread crust is being mixed.

To mix the gingerbread crust, first sift and blend the dry ingredients. Then combine the liquids—the melted butter, sour milk, molasses, and beaten egg. Lightly stir these into the dry ingredients. Mix only lightly; do not beat. Spread over the hot apples. Reduce the oven temperature to that of a moderate oven (350° F.) and bake from forty to fifty minutes. Serve hot with plain cream, whipped cream, or orange sauce.

If baked as individual cobblers in muffin pans, faces may be made by using raisins, nuts, cherries, etc.

Orange Sauce

¼ pound marshmallows
1 orange, juice and grated rind
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 egg white, unbeaten
1 tablespoon white corn sirup
3 tablespoons water
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup granulated sugar
½ pint cream, whipped

QUARTER the marshmallows. Mix with the fruit juices and grated rind and let stand while preparing the sugar-egg mixture as follows: In the upper part of a double boiler put the unbeaten egg white, corn sirup, water, salt, and sugar. Place over the lower part of the boiler half filled with vigorously boiling water. Constantly and vigorously beat the mixture with a mechanical egg beater for about seven minutes, making sure that the water in the lower part continues to boil. At the end of seven minutes the mixture should be a thick, fluffy frosting. If it is not, continue the cooking until it is. Remove from the hot water. While hot pour over the marshmallow concoction. Mix and let stand until cool. Just before serving, fold in the whipped cream. This is excellent served on cake, cobbler, or on any plain, stewed, or baked fruit.

Orange Sherbet

2 cups water
2 cups sugar
2 cups orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 2 oranges (or cook all of the orange peel with the sugar and water)

BOIL the sugar and water together for five minutes to 217° F. Add the other ingredients. Cool, strain, and freeze in a mechanical refrigerator or pack in ice and salt (six parts ice to one part salt).

GINGERBREAD goblins and witch-faced fruity caramels are waiting to add a piquant festiveness to your Halloween party. The Halloween meal is easily prepared if Miss Somers' three LIBERTY cookbooks are consulted. The booklets cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. To obtain them speedily, please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose ... cents in payment.
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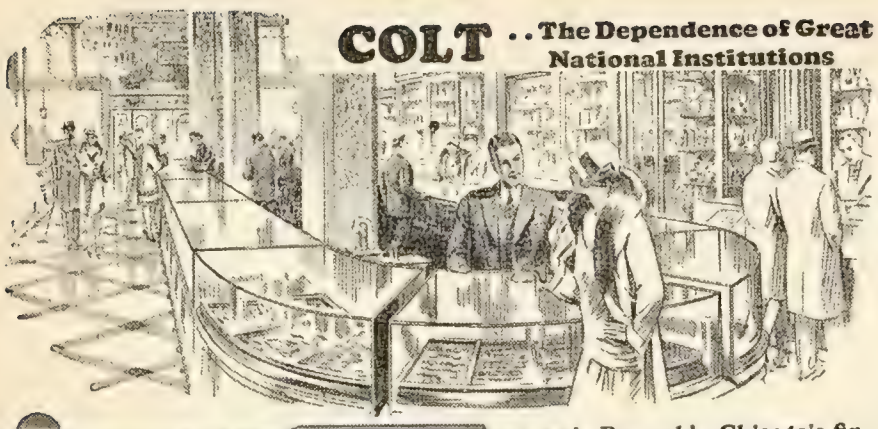


COLT .. The Dependence of Great National Institutions

At Peacock's, Chicago's finest jewelry establishment, Colts unobtrusively guard the precious displays

Assured Security

IN Colt-protected establishments, as in the home, Colt Revolvers and Automatic Pistols withstand the rigors of disuse and neglect as well as the severest test of action and retain every attribute of safety and usefulness which has distinguished Colts for 93 years.

To insure this unfailing integrity, each Colt part is forged from especially manufactured steel. Every one of a thousand Colt operations is conducted with unvarying precision.

Although machined to micrometer exactness, fitted and finished by hand, each Colt Arm must successfully pass 200 or more delicate gaugings and minute inspections before reaching our testing galleries.

Like all Colt Revolvers, the Colt Police Positive Special .38 caliber shown here is equipped with the Colt Positive Lock, which effectually prevents accidental discharge.

Colt's Service Department will help solve shooting problems; suggest the Arm best suited to your needs; assist you in forming or joining a Revolver Club.

Colt's new Catalog No. 26 is the most complete Fire Arms Manual ever issued. Write for it:

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
SMALL ARMS DIVISION
HARTFORD, CONN., U. S. A.
Phil. B. Bekeart Co., Pacific Coast Representative, 717 Market St., San Francisco

A COLT PRODUCT ... *The* ARM OF LAW *and* ORDER

WELDONA
TABLETS FOR
RHEUMATISM

Especially effective for Sciatica—Neuritis—Joint—Muscular and other forms of rheumatism which ordinary treatments fail to reach. Ask your druggist for Weldona Tablets. Book describing rheumatism from the Early Egyptian Days to present mailed on request to Weldona Corp'n, 99 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

"O, Gee!—Grandma's Coming Down-stairs—

Rheumatism's Gone"

LARGEST SELLING RHEUMATIC TABLET IN THE WORLD

"I'd Love To"

A New For the Love o' Lil

ALL Lil saw of her husband at breakfast was the top wrinkle in his forehead. The rest of him was hidden behind the Morning Breeze.

"Who is Marianthe?" she suddenly asked, arching her eyebrows above the blue brim of her coffee cup. "You talked about her in your sleep." A silvery victorious ring as she set the cup on its saucer, and then a giggle as she saw Sandy's head above the newspaper.

This week's cover picture.

"Marie who?" he said. He looked just like a bulgy-eyed jack-in-the-box sprung into space.

"Marianthe"—Lil pronounced the name slowly in its four distinct syllables. "And you needn't blush."

"I guess I needn't," he murmured. "She's the new girl at the office." And he retreated behind his paper wall with its secure columns of type. Flats to rent. Cars to sell. New shares for old. Scandals. Shootings. Prize fights.

"The name makes me think of an ailanthus tree," Lil told him. "I don't quite know why. But I do know it seems queer to hear you talking to a woman in your sleep. Who is she, just a stenog?"

"My secretary, my dear." Sandy folded up the paper with an alluring hat advertisement right on top, kissed Lil, slipped a hot roll to the baby, and stalked importantly from the dining room.

"Secretary," Lil mused, feeding her son another spoonful of creamy cereal. "If I could write, I'd put that clever crack in a book."

The baby horned in with a gurgled "Gimme."

Sandy hurried to his office like a fat man taking systematic exercise. He was early but his conscience was leading him on. Marianthe? He didn't remember dreaming about her. What had he said in his sleep? Was he getting a complex?

"An ailanthus tree!" he said right out loud, abreast of a stout lady in purple. Not knowing this genus of the quassia family, she accepted his remark as an insult and shot him a withering glance. And if his ears hadn't been so large, Sandy might have slid through his collar.

As he turned the bustling corner of Main and Elm he decided that Lil had her nerve with her to think of abominable, back-yard ailanthus trees and Marianthe in the same category. Trust a wife to scratch up dirt!

He lit another cigarette, tossed it away, and put the match in his mouth. And in that short blissful interim before the flame licked his lip, he dreamed of Marianthe and the gypsy fires in her gray-blue eyes.

"Morning," he said to the cigar-stand man. "Morning," he said to the elevator starter. "Morn—"

He got that far and stopped. There was Marianthe herself. She who should have been born a queen to ride in cushioned gold coaches was riding up in a local elevator!

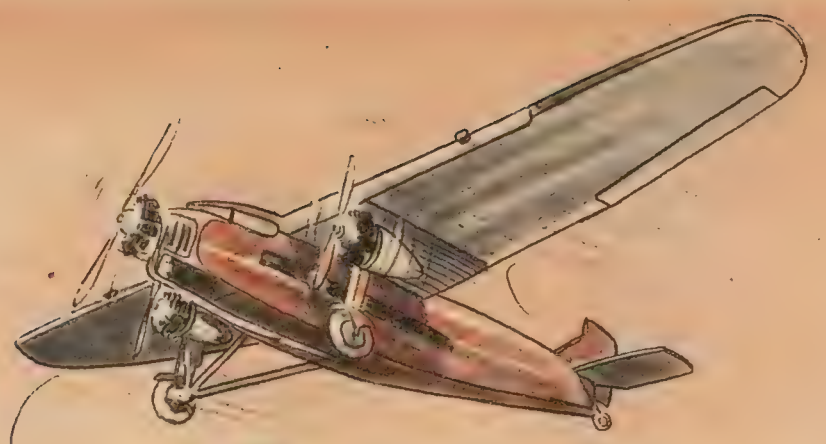
"Why, good morning, Mr. Jenkins," she smiled, hiding the title of a new novel so Sandy couldn't see it. And Sandy grinned foolishly, hat in hand.

Flutter-flutter-flutter! She dusted off the top of his desk like a fairy tickling milkweed-down. Then she made a tight scroll of the used part of her shorthand book and sat beside Sandy like a slave of old.

"There'll be no dictation until the mail's sorted," he told her. "I have some personal checks I must draw."

"Personal checks?" Marianthe asked. "Why, don't trouble yourself. Save your brain for more important matters. Ask the president of any railroad if *he* ever bothers with his personal checks. Let me take care of yours—I'd love to!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Date for Lunch)



BERT GREEN

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

Air-Minded—and How!

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

Hollywood, California.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Im writing you this letter in an aeroplane but I'll have to finish it later because we'll be there before the ink gets dry.

Me and Marg are flying to a snooty spot in Mexico called Auga Caliente. Its the place where the movie stars go to make champain nonsence. Boy, what a trip! We're the guests of Mr. Maddux what owns the air lines, a regular guy and I think hes taken quite a fancy to Marg. Jessie Lasky and his son are with us. Mr. Laskys got somethin to do with the movies—Famous Players—he owns em! This is his first trip in a great big three motored ship and hes sold on the air from now on. He says he makes from four to eight trips a year between Hollywood and New York, and in the future hes goin to take it on the wing. He says it will give him two months more to perfect his machie shots.

Theres two pilots up in front working the gadjets. You never saw so many gauges in your life. They got a compass what looks like its in a pickle jar and another one what operates from the earth. W. D. Warren the assistant pilot told me that the earth gives off sparks or ectoplasm or whatever, that jazzes up the ground compass and tells you when youre off your base. I guess he knows what hes talkin about, but to me its all apple gravy.

The other pilot Mr. Guglielmetti—thats some moniker! If you ever took it to a druggist hed give you two pints for it. Anyway, he sits up front in a show case and works levers with his feet what looks like he was operatin a swan boat. The ship is dual control. That means if one pilot gets tired and wants to make out his income tax or take a hand at bridge its quite OK. The plane has seats for fifteen customers and you can percolate among the people like you were walkin in a pullman car. Oh its the knobs.

If you get bored watchin the mountains and rivers sneak by, you can plant your form at a writing desk and tell the folks back home you havent a nerve in your body. Of course they wont believe you, but still it listens good. And let me tell you, when they see the writing they wont think youre plastered either because theres no vibration in the plane. It just slips along like nobodys nevermind.

Traveling by air is as safe as bein in your old ladys lap. Its a damned side safer than driving thru the streets of the old home town, or being in your wifes arms, and dont let anybody kid you out of it. The way they take off and land these great big steel ships is like layin a carpet.

What a box office attraction I was! Every once in a while Id drop a coupla hundred feet just for luck.

Each passenger sits in a swell chair and has a little sugar bowl at his feet in case he feels like gettin air sick. But they might just as well throw em out because its as steady as sittin on a pool table. You dont even know your movin until you approach the ground. Mr. Lasky told me that all the future children will be flyin because theyll step right into planes and wont give speed a thought. In a coupla years a kid in New York will be callin up his Chicago girl friend at 10 in the morning and invite himself over to lunch, and dont think Im crazy eather.

I read in the paper the other day that they were buildin a crate to go 500 miles per hour. Well, you know what that means? It means that the tired executive leaves Frisco at 8 A.M. and arrives in N. Y. at 2 in the afternoon, just in time to play 39 holes of golf in the locker room. By the time the plane reaches Chicago its going so fast that they have to turn the motor off in South Bend so they can coast to N. Y. without missing it. I suppose you think thats apple strudel too? Yeh, they called Lindberg the flyin fool once, but theyve taken it back since.

As I look out the window we're skooting along the California coast and now we're going to land at Lindys field in San Diago. Oh brother, Im sold on flyin and so is Marg. Weve just come a hundred and fifty miles in one hour and ten minutes. Laugh that off!

San Diago.

Well, Ive just been through the Russell Parashoot Co.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Start of a Perfect Day is the Finish of a Perfect Shave!

Aqua Velva for After-Shaving

AQUA VELVA has become of great importance to hosts of men who like to face the day with a Face that's Fit!

Aqua Velva *completes* the shave. Made just for that. First, it gives a very pleasant tingle that you'll look forward to, morning after morning. Livening, healthfully stimulating to the skin.

And before long you will discover how well it cares for tiny nicks and cuts . . . protects from dust and germs, wind and weather . . . helps, because of its mild astringent quality, toward firmness and away from flabbiness of skin texture.

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps, Aqua Velva *keeps* the skin all day as the Williams lather leaves it, flexible and Fit!

5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers, or a Free Trial Size by addressing: Dept. L 119
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn. — Montreal, Canada.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

and watched em make the parashoots. Gosh, is that interesting. They make em out of linen or silk. Theres more silk in a parashoot than there is in Geo. Whites Scandals. Each shoot has 26 panels of silk in it and its built more careful than a brazzier.

A little guy took us through the place. Hes made 126 jumps and he told me he doesnt think any more of jumpin out of a plane than he does of mixin a drink. Can you imagine a guy by the name of Archie Atherton doin that? Nix! If it was *Mike* you might expect it, but *Archie*—never!! He says whenever he jumps, he takes a copy of LIBERTY with him. He reads the Love Letters of an Interibr Decorator coming down because the guy that writes it must be as nutty as he is.

Well, wait till I tell you what he did to *me*. He talked *me* into *jumpin*. No kiddin! The first thing he did was harness me in the parashoot like a firemans horse. Then he put me in a crate and we went up until the steam guage in front registered 2500 foots. Brother, the automobiles down below were the size of flies on a hot mut. Then he motioned me to walk along the spar to the outboard strut and hang on. Then he waved me to grab the ring and count five. Well, sir, I counted five, pulled the ring and whatever happened I dont remember.

THE next thing I new, Mike Shea was hangin in the air swingin like a pendoolum with nothin between me and the glue works except the canaries. Boy, what a box office attraction I was! Every once in a while the white umbrella would be kissed by a gust of wind and Id drop a coupla hundred feet just for luck. As I was frolickin in the either I passed over a cemetary where a coupla goofs were diggin a grave. Listen kid, I thought for sure I was goin to land in it and beat the other guy to the lillies, but somehow I missed it. Then a current of hot air began blowin up my teddies and shot me about fifty feet up in the air again. Oh I was sittin pretty! I had about as much control over that tent as a night with a flea in his armour.

I was doing barrell rolls, wing overs, the outside loop and heaven knows what, when all of a sudden I see myself all set to park on the red hot smokestack of the Ryan Aeroplane factory. Sister, did I reach for the harp strings and play the Angels chorus. I somehow had presents of mind to pull the cords and change my direction. I landed plump in the back yard of a spiritualists house and believe me the old lady thought I came straight from heaven. She didnt kid me a bit. I did, and HOW! When I gathered in the table cloth I made up my mind that any jumpin from now on will be done by the Navy and Archie. Im through.

Oh, wait till I tell you a pip what happened here in San Diago. One of the Suacide Squad had just pulled his crate out of the aeroplane garage to do a bit of pay hop. Well, just before he started, a young fellow came up to him and says—Say Buddy, give us a ride, will you? The pilot thinkin hes one of the workmen around the joint gave him a shoot and told him to get in. The young punk didnt know that he was flyin with one of the best stunt men in the country. The pilot gave the works the gun, zoomed into a steep bank and began gettin rough on the controls. Just for a bit of diversion he did a few half rolls, tail spins, falling leaves, Immelmans, and for good measure flew upside down for a few miles and then landed. As the plane hit the ground the pilot turned to the guy in the rear seat and said—Well Kid, how did you like it??

But there was *nobody there!!*

The pilot broke out in a cold sweat and nearly folded up. He could see himself being tried for Murder.

A few minutes later the passenger came running up with the shoot under his arms and says—

Say Kid, youre some ace. When you went into that tail spin I checked out.

Wishing you the same.

Absenthly yours,
MIKE SHEA.

No sooner does Mike get air-minded than something happens to make him light-headed. The next letter will appear in an early issue and it contains a surprise.

The Rake and the Hussy

A Romance of High Hearts and Dangerous Days

By

Robert W. Chambers

Pictures by Norman Price

"STAY where you are," I said to Naia Strayling. "We're about to hang a British spy."

At that she covered her face with her hands.

"This," said I, "is a part of war. You wished to see it. You're seeing it."

It was a gallant youngster to whom I spoke—one who had been by my side from the day I learned that the War of 1812 had begun. We were both in England at that time, among the hell-rakers the Prince Regent had gathered about him. And we were each in our own particular pickle—she because she had run away from a French school and I because I had fought one too many duels.

We managed to reach New York together. But there her irate grandfather, outdone with her indiscretions, washed his hands of her. I proposed marriage. She refused, but allowed me to establish her at Cock-crow Hall, my ancestral estate, and, though there was naught between us but friendship, to present her as my lady. A lucky stroke for me! By a British blunder a despatch pouch addressed to the Regent, and containing secret documents, had been placed among our valises when we left England. Spies in search of these gained entrance to my home and would have done for me but for a ladder procured by Naia in the nick of time.

And once more she was to save my life, and hers, by a maiden's whim. This was when, having brevetted me as captain, the Governor sent me on a mission to Colonel Hawkins, our Indian agent at Tukabaka. Nothing would do but that my saucy madcap accompany me. When we dropped anchor at last she bedeviled me into sleeping ashore, at once. Whereupon the purser and the captain's woman, using our cabin for a vulgar rendezvous, were butchered by two spies who believed they were destroying us.

One of the murderers we captured. It was he whom we hanged. The other, Hobbs, escaped us.

I heard her childish treble: "Yo-ho-e-lee!" as she lifted her voice in the terrific battle cry of the Nation of the Lost Men.

Part Six—The Prophet

ONE day in January, 1813, the Black Cat and Joe Barse informed me that we would ride into Tukabaka, the ancient capital of the Creeks, before sunset.

And it proved true.

During the last two days we had been aware that in the woods all around, unseen men were watching us, keeping viewless pace with us, dogging us through slough and hummock to observe our course.

We found their tracks; we did not discover them. Our Indian, the Black Cat, thought they were Cheroki and Chipewah scouts.

This day, across a shallow brook which we were fording, we saw two Creek warriors, in green and purple turbans set with egret plumes, and handsomely mounted.

Barse made them the friendly sign, and they returned it in a hesitating way, but instantly galloped off.

Now, late in the afternoon, and the sun's level rays already tinged with a ruddier light, we rode out into clearings thinly set with pines, where were the strange, thin cattle of the Creeks feeding shoulder deep in silver-grass and scrub, but upon what, only God knows.

Beyond the herds we saw the palmetto-covered lodges of Tukabaka; smoke rose high in the still air; the town swarmed with people gathering about a stockade, within which the American flag drooped from a tall pole, its red and white stripes and starry blue field scarce stirring.

Through dense, dark lanes of silent savages we rode, men, women, children pressing forward against our horses and gazing up at us out of black and brilliant eyes.

I raised my hand; Lieutenant Glimming flung up his arm; a melancholy blast from our conch-horn sounded a halt, then the "dismount" was blown, and our tired men set foot to earth amid the crushing crowd.

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"Brothers," said I, "be polite enough to make a little room for us!"

But the masses of Indians closed in so that the detachment could scarcely lead their horses into the stockade.

"Back up there," growled our Leather-legs, making their horses sidle to right and left, widening the lane of savages before the stockade gate which stood wide open.

Colonel Hawkins came out of his house to receive us—a gaunt, careworn, fever-stricken man carelessly clothed and moving with a limp.

He retained both my hands in a nervous grip as he listened to my story and learned who we were—I making known to him Ben Glimming, Naia, Joe Barse, and the Black Cat; and his worn eyes travelling over each one as named, then reverting earnestly to me.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to see you, Captain Brooke," he said in his strained and weary voice. "Months ago I sent runners to call down the nations to this town. They're all here at last; I've had a big talk with them—Cherokis, Chocktahs, Chikasas—the Seminoles wouldn't come in—but there are Miamis here and a few northwestern Indians. . . . Come into my house"—he bowed and offered his arm to Naia—"ma'am. You have made a gallant journey and are a credit to your husband and to your country. These riflemen are the Greens, I believe? Oh, yes, Frank McClure's regiment—"

With Naia on his arm he led the way indoors, we following, and stared at in silence by thousands of brilliant, jet-black, devouring eyes.

In a large, roughly built room a log fire burned. Floor, chairs, and couches were covered with beautifully dressed pelts. On the wall hung the round-painted shield, lance, war-bonnet, and beaded finery of some far Western pagan warrior; over the fireplace several sets of antlers supported rifles, fowling pieces, and fishing rods.

Two or three Pani slaves came to the door for orders; and very soon we all were drinking orange and lime bombo, and rum sweetened with blackstrap.

From the windows we could see that Colonel Hawkins' residence occupied the centre of a stockaded quadrangle with cabins, kitchen, storerooms, and a log tower to the left, and stables, barracks, and quarters to the right. Our Leather-legs were leading their horses and ours into the stables, directed by a few Panis and maroons.

ALREADY the chill that follows sunset was in the still air. I sat by the fire in a wide hickory chair covered with a bear robe; and my youngster curled up in it beside me like a slender younger brother—quaint as some lithe sprite in her buckskins, and sipping her bombo and listening intently to what Colonel Hawkins was saying to us.

Joe Barse slumped forward on a splint stool, his clasped hands sagging between his knees, a glass of hot rum on the floor before him. Glimming lounged on a homemade sofa, swallowing deep draughts of blackstrap punch. The Black Cat squatted upon a bear robe on the floor before the fire and stared into it as though his flattened ears heard only the hollow rustle of the flames.

Colonel Hawkins said: "I've called the nations down, and have talked to them like a father—firmly, kindly, without fear. We have had the big talk with all its tiresome ceremonies. They know what is going on along the Ohio. They know that Colonel Proctor's British agents are now sneaking in everywhere through this wilderness and are stirring up the nations against us.

"But the most serious news that has come to our Indians—and to me—is this: the Prophet is to arrive here *tomorrow*, and Tecumtha comes with him."

This startling news shocked me. Even the Black Cat's narrow head turned a trifle from the fire toward the speaker, his tense ears flattened back like a listening panther.

"That is the news fetched in today by my Cheroki runners," said Colonel Hawkins, "and there's a world of mischief in it at best."

After a profound silence he went on: "I thought I could hold the Creeks. I still think I can. I had their ears yesterday. The Cherokis are very friendly. The Chocktahs and Chikasas are less friendly but remain reasonable, so far. What this cursed Prophet may do to beguile them—with what clever art Tecumtha may appeal to them—I do not know. I'll hold them if I can. But the British agents have been very active in Georgia, and I can only guess what harm to us they have already accomplished by the ominous restlessness that reigns in these forests."

"Can you prevent the Prophet from addressing the nations?" I asked.

"No, sir, I cannot. They would resent it."

"Is there any reason why we may not be present when the Creeks receive this Shawanese embassy?"

"None. We ought to be present, sir. The lives of thousands may depend upon our being present at this council. For my part, I mean to have my say—not infringing upon the freedom of the Creeks to receive any embassy and message, and to deliberate and return an answer."

THE situation had become serious; that was plain enough. The haggard features of Colonel Hawkins confirmed it.

Pani women came trotting noiselessly to set a table for us. Supper was served presently: a butcher's roast, sofka—a Seminole dish—fish, palmetto salad, koonti bread.

Basins and napkins were fetched us for washing off sweat and sand and saddle-reek; and a bath in a hot sulphur spring promised us in the morning.

Colonel Hawkins led Naia to table and bowed her to her seat. We broke bread in silence, oppressed by the menacing news and gravely concerned for the morrow.

But Naia's spirits could not be dampened; she ate with appetite unimpaired, and drank chilled orange wine and hot palm wine until her little ears fairly sang; and she said so, and laughed, which made us laugh, too. Such joyous spirits and happy laughter were grateful to us all; we took a lighter and more careless tone, filling quickly each pause in the conversation lest our minds should revert to that dark throng of savages outside this house, already in excited expectation of the coming of the Prophet.

Never had food tasted so sweet as that supper tasted to us after our long journey.

After we had risen, Glimming had a word or two aside with me, then said good night and went away to his men and horses, followed by our two interpreters.

Colonel Hawkins would not permit Naia to go to barracks, but insisted that we lodge with him in a spare bedroom. So Naia, with a mischievous glance at me, bade us good night and went upstairs with a Pani girl who carried a candle.

I said to Hawkins when we stood alone before the fire:

"Sir, if the Prophet inflame these savages tomorrow, what is like to happen?"

"I don't know," he said.

I was thinking of our twenty riflemen and of the five thousand or more Creeks encamped just beyond those timber palings. Twenty against five thousand!

Colonel Hawkins said: "The Cherokis should stand firm in our cause. I expect them too. The others"—he shrugged and squinted at the fire.

"I am wondering," said I, "about a possible defense of this place."

He lifted a grey and ravaged face and his haunted eyes were answer enough.

"I suppose," said I, "the only thing we can do is to watch this meeting between the Prophet and your Creeks, and, in a crisis, use our judgment."

"That is the only thing, sir."

"If," said I slowly, "the Prophet begins to gain them—shall I shoot him?"

He smiled and shook his head: "A council fire is sanctuary, Captain Brooke. Nevertheless, what ought to be done usually becomes clear in a crisis. But the decision lies with me, sir. I shall do what I think best for

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

Recent Addition to the Registration Department Morrison Hotel

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202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00
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THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Cont. from page 70

my government."

"I understand, colonel."

"Much depends on my Cherokis. If they waver—well, sir, the event is in God's hands; and we must so leave it."

He walked about the room for a while, then said he was going to bed, but, as I bade him good night, he resumed his seat before the fire again and I saw him staring wanly at the coals.

So I took my haversack and blanket and candle and went upstairs to the spare room. My youngster was abed, her head thrown back and resting on her bare arm; but her eyes were open and full of raillery.

"THERE'S only one bed," she said. "First come, first served!"

I gave her a weary, annoyed look, laid my blanket on the floor, placed my haversack for a pillow, and unlaced and pulled off my rifle-shirt—for long since all privacy had become impossible.

"Do you desire to sleep on the floor, sir?" said she.

I shrugged and loosened my war-belt, letting it fall with its war-hatchet and knife.

"Sir," said she, "are you too nice to bundle with me?" I turned to look at her and saw two devils dancing in her grey eyes.

"Holy men have bundled," said she, "with modest virgins. All the saints in New England bundle."

"Very well," said I coolly; "have the complaisance to move over by the wall."

"Are you coming into this bed, sir?"

I swung around toward the council: "Sachems and chiefs—is there

"I am," said I, unlacing my leggins.

A moment later she leaned over and blew out my candle; and I heard her scurrying to the other side of the great bed.

I think I fell asleep the instant my head touched the pillow; and knew nothing more until our conch-horn, blowing from the stables, awoke me in the pallour of

ng you who desires to listen to this old bag full of British rum?"

coming sunrise. But the reveille did not awaken my youngster.

In my nightshirt and bare feet, and carrying my clothing, I went out to the stairs and saw a Pani girl lighting the fire below.

She fetched a towel and directed me to the hot sulphur spring which boiled up in an outhouse attached to the main dwelling; and here I had a most marvellous bath and cleansing; and here I dressed, and went out to inspect my detachment, but found them all bathing in another big hot spring near the stables.

Everything smelled faintly of sulphur; the water we drank tasted of it. not unpleasantly.

WHEN I returned to the house a Pani slave told me that my wife had bathed and was eating porridge in her bedroom, and that there was chocolate and koonti bread for us both.

So I went thither and breakfasted with my youngster who enquired politely how I did and hoped I had slept well.

"If," said I, "you had a grain of common sense you'd marry me."

"What you mean," said she, "is that if I had any sense I'd marry Cock-crow Hall and breed little gamecock heirs for its quarrelsome master."

"There is no woman in the world as suitable," said I sulkily, "and I wish to God we had a boy."

In a low voice she bade me go to the devil.

So our breakfast ended in sullen silence. I put on my warbelt, took blanket and rifle, and went below, where a Pani informed me that Colonel Hawkins had gone to finish his big talk with the Creeks, and had left word for me to follow at my convenience and bring my interpreters, but on no account to fetch my riflemen from the stockade.

So I sent for Glimming and bade him parade his men and let them look to their priming and stand to horse.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Of course the *name* is important!

Just "any old place" won't do; the name of her destination is important. And "any old catsup" won't do—once you taste the delightful difference of Snider's. This famous sauce is made to a recipe that has never been successfully copied. Be sure it's Snider's, the *mulled* catsup.

Say Snider's
THE MULLED CATSUP

Wine of tomatoes gorgeously spiced!

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page seventy-three]

"You may draw them up inside the stockade until further orders," said I. "And, Ben, pray keep an eye on Mrs. Brooke, and say to her that I do not wish her to leave the stockade for the present."

At the stockade gate Joe Barse and the Black Cat, afoot, awaited me. Our Indian was very handsome in his ceremonial dress and paint, but gave me a solemn, alert look like some serious-minded hound aware of possibilities and ready for them.

Barse cautioned us to leave our rifles behind us as this was expected at all council fires. He took our three weapons into the house, rejoined us; and, piloted by a maroon in cotton shirt and drawers, we walked briskly into the flatwoods, and down an endless vista of tree trunks supporting a vast green canopy with their thousands of amber-hued and ash-grey columns.

The wood was open, yet one could not see far, so numerous were the great trees, though widely spaced.

But already we smelled the aromatic smoke of the fire, and were in sight of the dense, dark throng surrounding it.

As we came up and pushed through the mass of savages toward the cleared space within, Colonel Hawkins was finishing his speech to the Creek Confederacy, and his Cheroki interpreter was translating it, slowly, distinctly, into the savage tongue that these people understood.

JUST as I seated myself upon my blanket at Colonel Hawkins' right, somebody sat down beside me; and I turned and saw my disobedient youngster who gave me a cheerfully defiant smile and crossed her moccasined legs with all the assurance in the world.

I scarcely knew whether we were in any immediate danger, yet had preferred that she remain inside the stockade; and now I gave her an angry glance. The next instant I felt her small hand seeking mine, nestling into it very gently.

"It was only for your sake," I said under my breath.

"Let us always continue together," she whispered; "I'm not afraid to be with you."

"We can't always—"

"We *must!*"

"That is both silly and needless—"

"I cannot see myself continuing through the world without you, sir," she said calmly.

But when I turned to look at her she gave me an impudent grimace which was nearer a grin than a smile.

Colonel Hawkins' tired voice had ceased; the interpreter pronounced a few more words; then waited.

From the Cheroki chiefs came a rumble of approbation, dying away as the interpreter's calm voice continued the translation. But the Cheroki sachems remained silent.

Hawkins, who had been limping to and fro beside the council fire while addressing them, halted suddenly, his head turned to the north.

At the same moment every chief and sachem of the Confederacy seated around the fire, and five thousand savages crowding outside, turned their heads northward, listening.

Joe Barse was already getting up; the Black Cat sprang to his feet; I rose, and Naia followed me, still clinging to my hand.

"Hollerin' hell," growled Barse hoarsely; "look what's coming yonder!"

In an instant thousands of savages were on their feet; the swarming throng parted right and left; through the lane they made rode a grotesque figure all fluttering with scarlet scallops and tumbled vermilion feathers—a wizened, yellow-visaged, toothless, one-eyed creature, brandishing a stubby lance from which weasel pelts floated and danced.

A vast, shuddering murmur swept the throng: "Penquatawa! The Prophet!"

Then, as a kind of respectful terror fell, silencing every voice, the Shawanese Prophet continued to advance, riding his bony horse to the very edge of the fire ring, and drew bridle there, his solitary glowing eye fixed upon Colonel Hawkins.

The latter, very pale, and utterly ignoring the creature, turned to Joe Barse.

"Tell that Shawanese juggler that he carries no credentials I recognize! Tell him to say what he has to say to the Creeks and then get out!"

"Ha!" cried Barse, "you are ver' dam' right, my colonel! Here is one sale jongleur who shall have affair wiz me!"

With that he strode out across the fire space, contemptuous, careless of the intense excitement around him; halted beside the Prophet's nag, put together the thumb and three fingers of his left hand, and raising that hand, opened it under the Prophet's very nose in the most insulting gesture known to any Indian.

"Hooh!" said he, using the Creek exclamation of contempt. "What have we here, then? Is eet Moowis, then, thee man who was made of dung and rags? Mushka! Here is Meta, ze gran' jongleur! Wabuma! Behold him, warriors and sachems of thee gran' Creek nations!"

A roar of astonishment and fear burst like a thunderous groan from the crowd. The Prophet rose in his rope stirrups, lifting his magic lance with its dancing weasel pelts, and his solitary eye flamed in his painted face.

Glaring across the fire he shouted at Colonel Hawkins in English; but Barse cut him short with a jerk of his rope bridle that nearly unseated him:

"You!" he cried. "Who in hell are you, then? You t'ink you thee dev' for to scare my colonel wiz thees foolery an' your red rags an' thees one bad eye?"

He swung around facing the chiefs and sachems of the Confederacy massed before him in all the stately splendour of ceremonial paint and finery:

"You goin' talk to thees ole buzzard-bird, you Creeks? You goin' was'e you' time fo' to listen while thees ole one-eye flamingo shall squawk at you? You sachems and chiefs, I say you no lie when I mek know to you how all thee leetle stink-birds of Ohio have sang into thees old fool's ears!

"So it is not for my colonel but for the army of thee Great Farthair in Vashington, D. C., to say to thees ole cockeye paroqueet, 'Go home to Detroit where thee British will listen to you, but don' stay here where there is nobody to listen to you in thees ancien' capital of the Creeks!'"

UTTER silence followed. Then, swaying slightly upon his bony horse, the Prophet, his vermilion rags aflutter, waving his lance, began to intone a colourless monotonous chant:

"Wa go nain,
E win?
A be yun ah,
A be yun ah—
Ye of the Clan of the Wind,
Clan of the Wolf,
Clan of the Bear,
Ye who bear the mark of the Awasees,
Clan of the Heron,
Clan of the Hawk—"

"Damnation!" I shouted to Barse. "Shut that fool's mouth!"

The witch doctor fairly screamed at me in English:

"I am a shaman! I am a witch! No bullets harm me! I have charms against Yankee bullets for all who join with me! I have made medicine on the Ohio. There are a thousand Wyandotte hatchets to confirm it! There are a thousand Miami hatchets brighter than the sun! All the world knows I am a great witch!"

"All the world knows you for a drunken fool," said I. "Squirrels and jays and crows understand you. They talk as you talk—tic-tic-tic, caw-caw-caw—yow-yow-yow! There is your proper audience. Go to them!"

Then I swung around toward the council, sitting motionless and astounded, nation beside nation in absolute silence:

"Sachems and chiefs—is there one among you who desires to listen to this old bag full of British rum?"

At that the Prophet began his squalling chant again, whining out the invitation to the Algonquin clans, boasting that the Delawares were his already and every warrior had been made magically safe from Yankee bullets.

"May I lay hands on him?" I asked Hawkins.

"No," he said; "it can't be done. And look yonder; here is real trouble coming; here is Tecumtha himself, with his war-chiefs and witch doctors, and God knows what I shall find to say to him! God only knows."

The Prophet was still chanting when Tecumtha rode slowly up, followed by a dozen gorgeously painted Indians, and drew bridle at the fire's edge.

There he and his suite dismounted, but Tecumtha advanced all alone, with all the graceful carriage and calm dignity that was peculiar to him.

HE wore a kind of golden turban set with a single yellow feather. And he alone was painted brightly for war, masked in yellow and white, and his head closely shaven except for the braided scalp-lock.

Naked to the waist, oiled, shining with yellow and white paint, he carried in one hand a belt of red wampum and a bundle of little red sticks, and, in the other, a pipe-tomahawk from which fluttered an eagle feather.

He looked at Colonel Hawkins, and Hawkins looked at him. No word passed between them.

Then, with a lithe, light step, he crossed the fire place, stood a moment as though to inhale the aromatic smoke drifting about him, lifted his head with an indescribable movement of pride:

"*Listen,* sachems, chiefs, wise men of the Creek Confederacy," he began in a voice so beautiful that it startled me—"warriors of the East and South—and you Lost Men who hunt in lands no enemy can penetrate—and you Chocktahs and Cherokis and Chikasas and Chipewahs who love your birthlands which belong to you, and from which you have not yet been driven by ruthless Americans—

"*Continue to listen,* brothers of the Creek Confederacy, and you shall learn how these Americans have taken from the Miamis, Delawares, and Eel River Indians their lands upon the Wabash—"

At that, Colonel Hawkins interrupted sharply: "You are a Shawanese chief and you have nothing to do with the Miami country! The President of the United States determines such matters. That is the business of the Great Chief in Washington. Mind your own business; and if you have anything to say to my children the Creeks, say it and begone with your fool of a brother!"

The Prophet began to yell in fury, but I started toward him and he gave ground, making hideous faces at me.

"This business of yours must be stopped," I said to him. "Do you think Colonel Hawkins has called down the nations to listen to your foolery?"

He hissed at me, displaying black, toothless gums, and his scarlet rags and feathers quivered all over him like a bristling flamingo.

In the momentary quiet Tecumtha's wonderful voice broke clear and tranquil:

"Has not a Shawanese, born of a Creek mother, fire-right at a Creek council?" he demanded.

"Yes," said Colonel Hawkins.

Then Tecumtha cast aside his blanket and stood revealed in nearly six feet of half naked, painted symmetry:

"*Brothers:* Colonel Hawkins tells us that the seizure of the Miamis' lands is the concern of the Great Chief in Washington. I hope that the Holder of Heaven will put sense enough into his head to relinquish these lands. But who can tell? He is safe; he will not be injured by any war. He can sit safely in his lodge in Washington and drink his wine while you and I have to fight it out here!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page seventy-five]

"*Continue to listen!*

"Brothers: as I rode through your forests to this place, I heard strange and evil birds singing in the trees.

"Brothers: I am sorry that such birds sing in your woods and fields, and hope you will close your ears to them.

"*Continue to listen!*

"Brothers: I have come a long way to see you. I have come to open a magic path for you, and have cleared all trees from it, all briers and stones and every poisonous serpent, and have made for you pleasant fords through deep rivers, so that you shall neither drown nor stumble over alligators and crocodiles.

"Brothers: I have set a line of heavenly stars to guide you upon this path which stretches smoothly from Okichobi to the Ohio; and have entangled the moon in a high pine to light your feet at night; and have taken away all quicksands, saw-grass, and poison weeds, lest they obstruct and harm you.

"*Continue to listen!*

"Brothers: a tall tree fell in the Shawanese country, and we Shawanese found in the hollow under it a hatchet!

"Brothers: we have polished this hatchet and have showed it to the English.

"Brothers: we have shown it to the Wyandottes, and to the Miamis. And now we show it to you—"

He drew his war-axe from its beaded sheath and displayed it.

"*Continue to listen!*

"Brothers: together with this hatchet we bring you a little bundle of sticks painted red.

"Brothers: to show you that we speak the truth we also deliver to you this belt of scarlet wampum!"

Amid terrible silence he strode to the fire and held out the war-belt. The Chocktahs stared at it as though fascinated; no Cheroki offered to touch it; but a Chikasa sachem took it in his hand, held it for a few moments amid increasing excitement, then gravely placed it on the ground.

INSTANTLY the Black Cat sprang into the fire ring and kicked the belt toward Tecumtha. A Chikasa war-chief picked it up.

Then the great Shawanese war-chief took the belt from him, and, glaring past the Black Cat directly at Colonel Hawkins, hurled the red belt at his feet amid a stupendous roar of voices. Once more a Chikasa chief picked it up.

"Tecumtha," said Colonel Hawkins, "I understand you. And this is an evil thing you do. Any Indian in America who follows your example shall never again cast net, bend bow, light fire, or lay him down to rest upon the land where he was born!"

"Squirrels chatter," retorted Tecumtha scornfully. "Let my white colonel read these red sticks and set them in a row on the ground at his feet! They mark the course of the Ohio—which shall be the western boundary for all Yankees!"

He hurled the painted sticks at Hawkins. They fell scattering across the fire circle.

"Sir," said I to him, "shall I take that red belt from the Chikasas?"

"No."

The Chocktahs and Chipewahs were handling it, too. Barse whispered to me:

"They have accepted it, sare. Thees is ver' black day for United States!"

"Tecumtha," said Hawkins calmly, "have a care what you do. Your British allies will be defeated in the end, and will certainly desert you as they deserted the Six Nations in the War of the Revolution!

"Your people and any other people who follow you will be driven across the Mississippi and herded there under American bayonets till the last Indian shall be dead on earth! This war is no business of yours. It concerns only Great Britain and the United States. If you meddle in it you perish!

"Even if your dream of uniting all Indians in one vast confederacy and of driving the Americans from the West came true, the British would rudely awaken you and turn on you and take from you your lands, and drive you still farther westward!

"Think well what you are about in stirring up these Creek nations to make war upon the United States! And if you let loose your warriors against us, and against our helpless settlers, and their women and little children, neither your god nor ours will forgive you, and they and we shall punish the Shawanese nation to its utter extermination!"

"Do you know what my name means in the Shawanese language, my white colonel?" asked Tecumtha coolly. "It means 'Flying Tiger.' Consider it! And tell your young men to beware the tiger's leap!"

HE turned his back, walked swiftly to his horse, leaped upon it.

The Prophet already had scrambled aboard his nag, and sat atop like some hideous scarlet bird. The other Shawanese mounted their horses.

So they rode away, slowly, solemnly, Tecumtha leading; the Prophet bringing up the rear, chanting, twirling his painted lance:

"Neen a
Neen a,
Ta wa e ya
Ta wa e ya,
Bai baian,
As shan dan
O Shauwus hko gizhig oong a—
Neen a
Neen a—"

"Holowagus," sneered Barse, looking after him. "Dam' ol' fool! Oui, da! B'en sure! C'est Moowis lui-même—thee hell-bébé made by le bon Dieu out of dung and rags!"

Now, amid the stirring and confusion and the rising roar of excited voices, the chiefs and sachems of the Chikasas arose from their places in the council circle, wrapped their blankets around them, and, without a glance at Colonel Hawkins, departed in silence, carrying the red belt.

The chiefs and sachems of the Chipewahs followed them gravely, filing solemnly away toward the encampment of their nation, followed by hundreds of Chipewah warriors, women, and children.

For a little, the Chocktahs hesitated; their sachems turned to look across the fire at their old friend and respected agent, but their warriors stood with head averted and blankets drawn; and presently they, too, filed away, gloomily, without a sound, followed by a thousand men and women of the nation from whose crowding masses not a murmur nor a whisper was heard.

Other groups of Indians continued the exodus—Miamis in black and scarlet ceremonial paint; a few wild-looking Winnebagos and wolfish Wyandottes all attired in the barbaric splendour of otter pelts, beads, and brilliantly dyed deerskin. With them were some crazy-eyed pagans—Saukies and Mandans—wearing bulls' horns, and painted heavily in red and white and black.

Finally the Cherokis rose—a superb lot, light of skin, tall, shapely, their faces and bodies beautifully painted in circles and triangles of light green, white, lilac, and pale orange, under white-plumed turbans.

One after another their war-chiefs and sachems came to take the hand of Colonel Hawkins, press it, and depart in silence. But other Creeks did not look toward him as they left the circle.

All the flatwoods now swarmed with Indians streaming in throngs toward their several and unknown destinations.

I said quietly to Colonel Hawkins: "We appear to be in a somewhat perilous place, sir."

He gave me a heartbroken look; he had aged ten years within the hour.

"Sir," said he, "there is nothing more to be done in the Creek country. I shall leave for Washington."

"But—*can* you leave, sir?"

"I think so. I think that the Cherokis will see to that. I do not expect that the Creeks will begin their murderous business before they confer together. . . . What further orders are you under, Captain Brooke?"

"To try to intercept all British agents between the Ohio and the Perdido; scout north of Pensacola and in the vicinity of the Tallahassee; make my headquarters at Fort Mims, and establish contact by express with Andrew Jackson."

"Good God!" he said under his breath.

As he spoke I looked about for my youngster, but could not see her. She was not with Joe Barse and the Black Cat; nor could I see her slim, leather-clad figure among the savages anywhere. A shock passed through me, but, in the same instant, I caught sight of her, riding her horse and leading mine; and behind her, in double file, rode my Leather-legs led by Ben Glimming—a complete column in full marching order: batt horses, led horses, forage, the mounts of Barse and Black Cat, and our three rifles in buckets, ready to be slung over shoulder or saddle.

"Lord!" she murmured, "what a scrape you did get into to be sure!"

I gazed at her and at Glimming in silent wrath, incensed that she should take such a liberty, and that he should countenance it.

He observed the expression of my face and gave me a bewildered look. I turned on her as she pulled in her horse beside me. But before I could utter a word she put her arm around my neck and bent swiftly to whisper in my ear:

"I ordered them here in your name. I'll tell you why. One of the Shawanese chiefs with Tecumtha had *blue eyes!*"

"Wha-what!" I stammered.

"He was painted and half naked, like the others, but I noticed his blue eyes; and I watched him closely.

"And when Tecumtha and the Prophet got on their horses I ran into the woods and stood among the crowd to see them pass. They rode by so close to me that I could see their smeared eyelashes and smell their paint and bear's grease. And I looked at the blue-eyed Indian and knew him!"

"Who—"

"Hobbs! Noakes' murdering mate. And I heard him say in English, to Tecumtha, that there were five hundred guineas offered for your scalp and mine, and that he had positive orders to do your business for you."

"What did Tecumtha reply to that?" I whispered.

"I scarcely understood; but I think he said that you could not get out of the Creek country alive; and that Hobbs, whom he called McCanty, must continue on to the Seminole country and Pensacola."

HER arm was still clasped around my neck; I moved my face and placed my lips against her sun-tanned cheek and kissed her.

"Thank you, my dearest friend," I whispered. Her cool, smooth skin burned against mine a moment.

"You were in a rage and quite ready to flog me," she whispered; "so flog and be hanged—and if you kiss me again I'll bite like a coral snake!"

For an instant I felt the edge of her white teeth grazing my cheek bone, then she freed my neck of her arm and regained her saddle, laughing.

I said to Colonel Hawkins: "Will you take our escort into Mims' Fort, sir?"

"No," said he in a dull voice. "I shall not leave for another week or two."

"You dare remain, sir?"

He said that the Creek Confederacy would move cautiously toward a rupture with the United States.

Then he bade good-bye to Naia and kissed her hand; and we rode past him at salute, and away into the western forest.

Once, turning in my saddle to look back, I saw him standing in the sun, all alone by the dying fire.

"Ride close to me," I said bluntly to my youngster.

"You promise not to flog me, sir?"

"You are dear to me, and you know it damned well!"

"Am I so damned dear to you that you curse the tender circumstance?"

"For God's sake don't plague me," said I, "for I have the care of you and twenty men upon my mind and conscience—"

"And of some score horses, too, sir—"

"Barse!" said I harshly, "how does it happen that you and Black Cat noticed no blue-eyed Shawanese among them?"

"Begar," said Barse, scratching his head till the fox cap tilted over his humorous nose, "I was regard thees Tecumtha chief all time lak he goin' make cat-jump. Me, I don' see thees blue-eye Indian, sare. The eyes of madame are like the eyes of children who see where we see nothing."

"And you, Black Cat, where were your Indian eyes?" I demanded.

The Black Cat said something in an embarrassed voice to Barse, who interpreted: "He ver' chagrin', sare. He say eyes of Black Cat mus' be in he tail."

Laughter relieved us all.

AFTER a few miles we turned southward in order to cross any trail toward the Seminole country. A vast bog spread ahead of us.

Over it ran a muddy way of marl and sand, which seemed to stretch as far as the eye could see. Snakes and alligators basked on it; great, long-legged birds stalked along it, intent upon reptile-haunted pools.

Glimming looked at the road, aghast.

"Spanish man mek thees road," remarked Barse, "—Conquistador Espagnol. Ver' much snake, begar!"

I struck my horse with leather heels, but he only snorted and refused the road.

Then I got off and led him. A fat, whip-tailed snake rose from his coil and showed me a gaping maw that glistened as though lined with white silk. I killed him with a stick and tossed him into the slime.

Ahead of me a big, lumpy alligator suddenly humped up high on his four crooked legs, then moved toward the water. Another, nearly as big, sprang overboard in a single leap; and the splash startled thousands of water-birds into screaming flight.

Half a mile ahead the road crossed a low island set thick with reeds and gum trees. It commanded the narrow causeway.

"From yonder island," said I to Ben Glimming, "we can stop this trail to all messengers sent to inflame the Seminoles, and hold it against the entire Shawanese nation, if necessary."

He admitted it profanely.

I called to a rifleman named Wier to dismount and lead his horse alongside of mine, and together we would clear out the snakes.

He came forward, leading his horse, but when he reached me, for some reason or other he turned and looked behind him.

As he did so I heard a whizz and a splitting sound, and Wier fell flat on his back; and I saw that an arrow, feathered with scarlet, had struck him full in the eye and pierced his brain.

Before I could shout an order a shower of arrows whistled around us, striking the reeds, the water, bouncing and slithering over the hard ground.

"Carry your men forward!" I cried to Glimming, "and take cover on the island!"

"Trot out! Gallop!" echoed Glimming's voice.

I pulled my horse aside to let them pass. Poor Wier's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page seventy-seven]

horse joined them, galloping with empty saddle. I had lifted the dead Leather-leg and meant to save his body from mutilation. It was useless, now, and I laid him down where he had fallen, and turned to mount amid another whispering flight of arrows, and saw my youngster waiting for me. Her saddle bristled with red-feathered arrows and one hung from her cap.

"My God," said I in a passion, "will you get along and continue the movement, you little fool!"

"Hurry, sir," she begged of me; "—look behind you!"

I got to horse and turned my head. The flatwoods swarmed with naked, painted, running creatures, loosing their arrows as they came on, and now beginning to cast aside bow and quiver to open fire with their trade muskets.

Bang, bang, bang, came their shots as we kicked our horses into a run. Behind me I heard an English voice shouting; and I was trying to pull my rifle from the bucket when down came my horse, flinging me headlong.

I tried to get up, but a half-naked savage, blazing with paint, hurled his hatchet at me. The handle hit me, knocking me down again. As I staggered to my knees once more, Burke rode up and fired from his saddle, then drew his war-axe and began to whirl his horse in circles, striking about him in the rifle-smoke.

There were others there, too, and I heard Glimming cursing and Barse shouting amid a very hell of horses which surrounded me.

An Indian fired at me, so close that he set the fringe of my rifle-shirt afire. Somehow I got hold of his greasy body, but he was so oiled and painted that my grip slipped and I could not hold him or prevent him from reaching his knife.

For an instant, as we swayed there, locked together, panting, I saw his eyes were a blazing blue, and I knew I was clutching Hobbs in a death embrace.

Then he wrenched his arm from mine and disengaged his heavy knife; and, as he swung it, I heard Naia's voice crying, "Help, for God's sake!"—and she fired her pistol at him from her saddle, breaking his right arm.

The knife fell at the shot; I snatched it from the sand, but it was Burke's war-hatchet that severed the soul of Hobbs from his mangled body.

"Oh, hurry!" panted Naia's voice in my ears, "—get on to my horse—behind me—"

"Get out of this! You'll be killed!" I gasped.

"Burke!" she cried, "take him up behind you!"

At her cry Burke whirled his frantic nag and, bending, dragged me off my feet so that I scrambled up behind him.

And now our Leather-legs disengaged their horses from the yelling whirl around them, and we all turned bridle and rode for our lives.

And I saw my youngster's crazed horse bound forward into a superb stride beside us; saw Naia, wild with excitement, riding with upflung arm that clutched an empty pistol; and heard her childish treble pierce the galloping tumult:

"Yo-ho-e-lee! Yo-ho-e-lee!" as she lifted her voice in the terrific battle cry of the Nation of the Lost Men.

ALL that day and night we held the causeway amid a very bedlam of noise. "Yoho-ee-lee! Yoho-ee-lee!" came the terrible Seminole war-cry. "Ya-hio-hio-hio! Ya-hio-hio-hio!" yelped the Tallasees, banging away at us with their trade muskets.

Two or three times their naked shamans, hideously painted in red and white, came out on the wood's edge to make medicine with their magic wands and witch bags full of rags and feathers.

But they stamped and postured and rattled their gourds in vain, for no warrior ventured within range of our long brown rifles.

The causeway being too narrow to admit of more than two or three men abreast, we considered ourselves secure on our little island where we lay snug among the reeds and gum trees. Their arrows could not reach us at all, and the bullets that fell among us were already spent when they arrived.

After the sun went down we lighted splinter-wood torches at convenient rifle range. They fired at these, hitting them now and then, but not extinguishing them, and the flaming lightwood burned till sunrise.

Through Ben Glimming's pocket telescope I could see the body of poor Wier lying where he fell and stripped naked, but not scalped nor otherwise mutilated.

Joe Barse explained that a scalp taken was always considered an act of war; and that the southeastern nations had not as yet formally declared war against the United States.

He looked through the telescope, and so did the Black Cat and Ben Glimming who understood these matters. There seemed to be some British officers among the motley company which consisted of Indians of several nations —Shawanese, Creeks, Seminoles, and a western pagan here and there; but they all were in ceremonial paint and not in war-paint—showing that their murderous behaviour had been spontaneous and not premeditated.

Among them we discovered several outcast white men, and a number of maroons and quarter-bloods—roaming marauders from cane field or indigo vat—scum of the wilderness, ever ready for robbery and murder, war or no war.

Just now they were behaving like a parcel of baffled wildcats, prowling restlessly along the forest's sedgy edge, or gathering on the causeway to observe us as near as they dared venture. And I concluded that we must have stopped some of their forest-loping agents from the Seminole country, and that they realized they must take a longer cut to arrive there, or sneak back to the Ohio and to Colonel Proctor who doubtless sent them.

WE had lost by this sudden and wanton onset one rifleman, killed by a Tallasee war-arrow. No bullets had hit any of our men or horses. Arrows had, however, but they did not seem to be poisoned.

We were safe and we knew it when the sun rose over the marsh.

Naia did not wake as I disengaged myself from our doubled blanket. She lay like a flushed child, lips scarcely parted, breathing regularly, one sun-browned hand relaxed across the butt of her empty pistol.

Our Leather-legs smiled as they noticed it in passing, and Burke, kneeling beside her, gently disengaged the horse-pistol from her yielding fingers, wiped the powder stain from the palm, and took the weapon away to pick the flint, prime, and reload.

She was still asleep when our videttes called out to me from among the gum trees that a British officer, in full uniform, was advancing over the causeway followed by another officer of the Indian Department who carried a white flag.

I summoned Burke and asked him if he thought he could hit the flag without injuring the bearers. He said he thought he could, and, lying down, fired on the flag and hit it.

At that the red-coated officer stopped short and began to gesticulate and shout at us, but as we were not at war with the Creek nations I would not recognize his flag. Burke fired another shot over his head, and he and his comrade turned on their heels and walked back.

The firing had awakened my youngster, but when she learned what had happened she merely yawned and lay back in her blanket. Burke mended the fire and fetched her some breakfast; I sat by her while she ate. She had little appetite, seemed tired, yet lay regarding me with a glint of humour in her sleepy eyes.

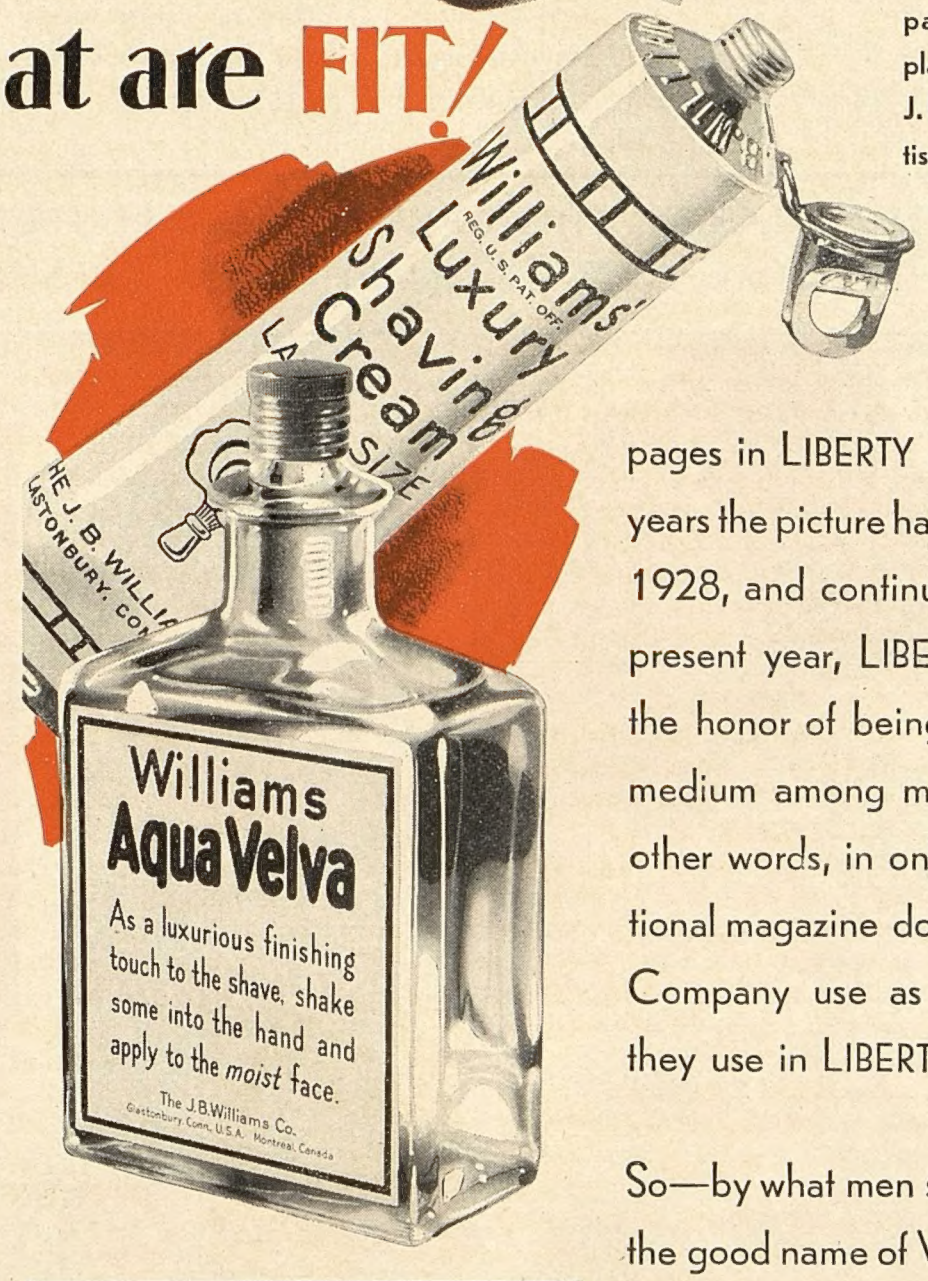
"Lord!" she murmured, "what a scrape you did get into to be sure! It should teach you not to stray too far from me, sir."

In a tempest of jealousy Naia nearly betrays her love for Captain Brooke. They quarrel, are reconciled, and all goes well. Then, as described in next week's installment, they are separated during a battle with the Indians.

NOTE—The picture on pages 72 and 73 is an interesting instance of the artist's historical accuracy. All the costumes and types are authentic. Seated, from left to right, the first three braves are Creeks, the fourth is a Cheroki, the fifth and sixth are Mandans, the seventh and eighth Winnebagos. The ninth is a Fox, the tenth (at extreme right) a Chipewah. Brooke is shown in typical Leather-leg dress.

By what men say to other men...

...by faces that are FIT!



The plates used on this page are the original plates used in a recent J. B. Williams Co. advertisement in LIBERTY.

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By the development of an utterly new type of flour—GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour—baking has been simplified remarkably for the housewife, *and the cause of most baking disappointments banished.*

"Kitchen-tested" means this flour has been *"Kitchen-tested"* in an oven just like yours, for *uniformity of result in home baking*, as every batch comes through the mill.

Most baking failures are traced to lack of uniformity in the flour used; two sacks of the same brand often giving greatly varying results *from the same recipe.*

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SPECIAL *"Kitchen-tested"* RECIPES: To further simplify home baking, special *"Kitchen-tested"* Recipes have been developed.

These recipes fit *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour exactly, and *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour fits them exactly. Thus they work out to a degree of scientific exactness and perfect uniformity that makes results unvarying. You know exactly what to expect *before* you start your baking.

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Please accept, free of charge, simplified recipes for 12 of Betty Crocker's most delicious baking creations. Recipes for the daintiest cakes, the finest cookies, the most popular pastries and hot breads. Famous recipes are *simplified* until thousands of women declare this new method makes success easy.

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Recipes Change Every 3 Months

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